



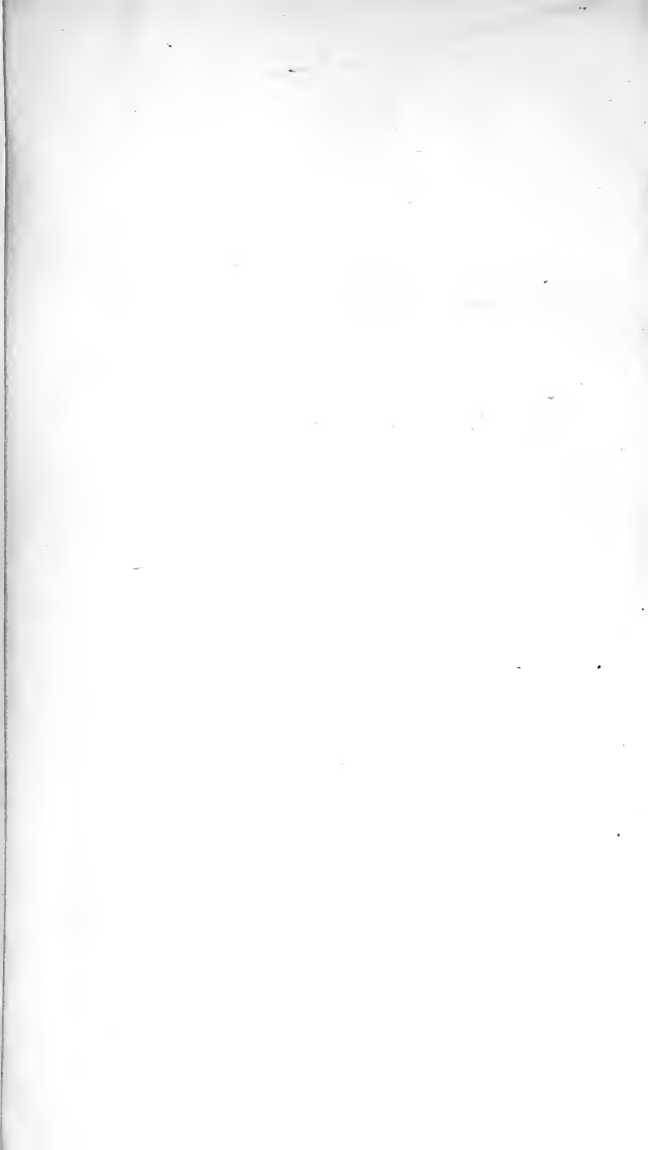
Glen. 107.

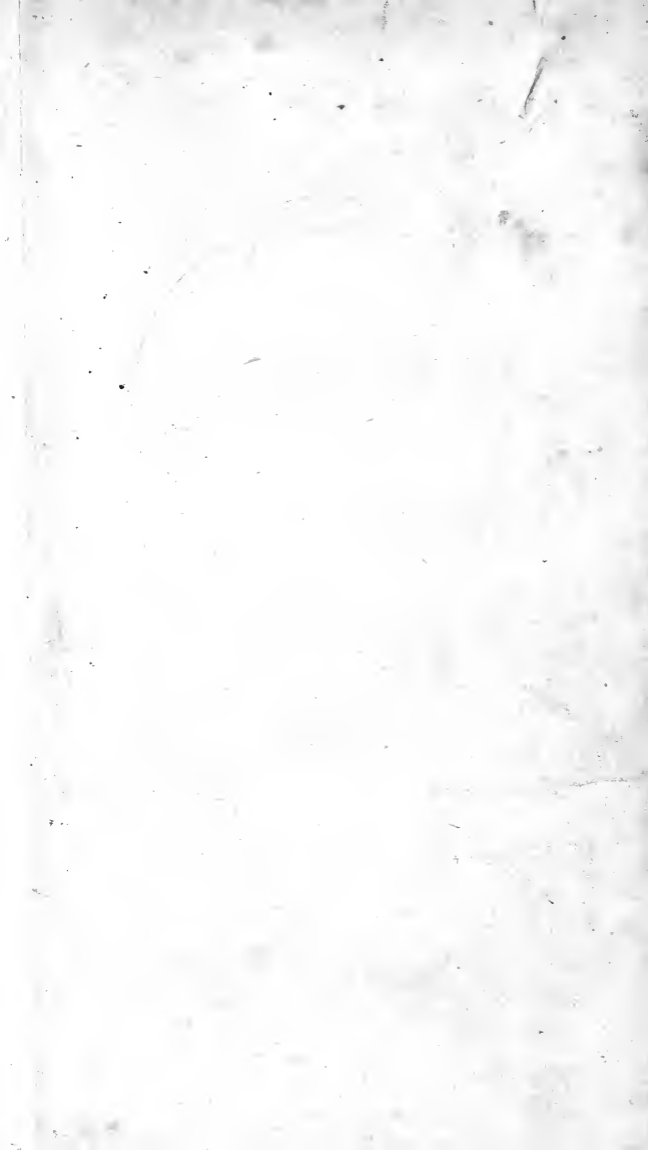
THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
Brise to the National Library of Scotland,
in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

28th January 1927.

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ALLAN RAMSAY

*Printed for George Risk at y^e Shakespears Head in Dame street
P. Simms Sculpsit*

X M: Pearson 92en 107

THE M: Pearson

TEA - TABLE
MISCELLANY:
OR,
A COLLECTION
OF
SCOTS SANGS.

When we behold her Angel Face,
Or when she sings with heav'nly Grace,
In what we hear and what we see,
How ravishing's the Harmony!
No Charms like *Celia's* Voice surprize,
Except the Musick of her Eyes. LANSDOWN.

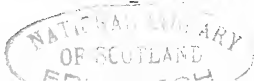
The TENTH EDITION.
Being the WHOLE that are contain'd in the THREE
VOLUMES, just Published.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

D U B L I N:

Printed by S. POWELL,

For GEORGE RISK, at the Shakespear's Head in
Dame's Street, M DCC XXXIV.







DEDICATION.

To ilka lovely *British* Lass,
Frae Ladies *Charlotte, Anne* and *Jean*,
Down to ilk bony finging *Bess*,
Wha dances barefoot on the *Green*.

DEAR LASSES,

YOUR most humble Slave,
Wha ne'er to serve you shall decline,
Kneeling wad your Acceptance crave,
When he presents this sma' Propine.

Then take it kindly to your Care,
Revive it with your tunefu' Notes;
Its Beauties will look sweet and fair,
Arising fastly through your Throat.

The wanton wee Thing will rejoice,
When tented by a sparkling Eye,
The Spinnet tinkling with her Voice,
It lying on her lovely Knee.

While Kettles dringe on Ingles dour,
 Or Clashes stay the lazy Lafs;
 Thir Sangs may ward you frae the fowr,
 And gayly vacant Minutes pass.

E'en while the Tea's fill'd reeking round,
 Rather than plot a tender Tongue,
 Treat a' the circling Lugs wi' Sound,
 Syne safely sip when ye have fung.

May Happines had up your Hearts,
 And warm you lang with loving Fires:
 May Powers propitious play their Parts,
 In matching you to your Desires.

A. RAMSAY.

P R E



P R E F A C E.



ALTHO' it be acknowledged, that our Scots Tunes have not lengthned Variety of Musick, yet they have an agreeable Gaiety and natural Sweetness, that make them acceptable wherever they are known, not only among our selves, but in other Countries. They are for the most part so chearful, that on hearing them well play'd or sung, we find a Difficulty to keep our selves from dancing. What further adds to the Esteem we have for them, is, their Antiquity, and their being universally known. Mankind's Love for Novelty would appear to contradict this Reason; but will not, when we consider, that for one that can tolerably entertain with Vocal or Instrumental Musick, there are fifty that content themselves with the Pleasure of hearing, and singing without the Trouble of being taught: Now, such are not Judges of the fine Flourishes of new Musick imported from Italy and elsewhere, yet will listen with

Pleasure to Tunes that they know, and can join within the Chorus. Say that our Way is only an harmonious speaking of merry, witty or soft Thoughts, after the Poet has dress'd them in four or five Stanzas; yet undoubtedly these must relish best with People, who have not bestowed much of their Time in acquiring a Taste for that downright perfect Musick, which requires none, or very little of the Poet's Assistance.

My being well assured, how acceptable new Words to known good Tunes would prove, engaged me to the making Verses for above sixty of them, in this Volume: About thirty more were done by some ingenious young Gentlemen, who were so well pleas'd with my Undertaking, that they generously lent me their Assistance; and to them the Lovers of Sense and Musick are oblig'd for some of the best Songs in the Collection. The rest are such old Verses as have been done time out of Mind, and only wanted to be cleared from the Dross of blundering Transcribers and Printers; such as, The Gaberlunzie-man, Muirland Willie, &c. that claim their Place in our Collection, for their merry Images of the low Character.

This Tenth Edition in Eight Years, and the general Demand for the Book by Persons of all Ranks, wherever our Language is understood, is a sure Evidence of its being acceptable. My worthy Friend Dr. Bannerman tells me from America,

Nor only do your Lays o'er Britain flow,
 Round all the Globe your happy Sonnets go;
 Here thy soft Verse, made to a *Scottish Air*,
 Are often sung by our *Virginian Fair*.
Camilla's warbling Notes are heard no more,
 But yield to *Last Time I came o'er the Moor*;
Hydaspes and *Rinaldo* both give way
 To *Mary Scot*, *Tweed-side* and *Mary Gray*.

From this Volume, Mr. Thomson (who is allowed by all, to be a good Teacher and Singer of Scots Songs) cull'd his Orpheus Caledonius, the Musick for both the Voice and Flute, and the Words of the Songs finely engraven in a folio Book, for the Use of Persons of the highest Quality in Britain, and dedicated to her Royal Highness, now her Majesty our most gracious Queen. This by the by I thought proper to intimate, and do my self that Justice which the Publisher neglected; since he ought to have acquainted his illustrious List of Subscribers, that the most of the Songs were mine, the Musick abstracted.

In my Compositions and Collections, I have kept out all Smut and Ribaldry, that the modest Voice and Ear of the fair Singer might meet with no Affront; the chief Bent of all my Studies being, to gain their good Graces: And it shall always be my Care, to ward off these Frowns that would prove mortal to my Muse.

Now, Little Book, go your ways; be assured of favourable Reception wherever the Sun shines on the free-born chearful Briton; steal your self into the Ladies Bosoms. Happy Volume! you are to live too as long as the Song of Homer in Greek and English, and mix your Ashes only with the Odes of Horace. Were it but my Fate, when old and ruffled, like you to be again reprinted, what a curious Figure would I appear on the outmost Limits of Time, after a thousand Editions? Happy Volume! you are secure, but I must yield: please the Ladies, and take care of my Fame.

In Hopes of this, fearless of coming Age,
 I'll smile thro' Life; and when for Rhime renown'd,
 I'll calmly quit the Farce and giddy Stage,
 And sleep beneath a flow'ry Turff full sound.



Bonny



Bonny CHRISTY.

HOW sweetly smells the Simmer green!
 Sweet taste the Peach and Cherry;
 Painting and Order please our Een,
 And Claret makes us merry:
 But finest Colours, Fruits and Flowers,
 And Wine, tho' I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their Charms and weaker Powers,
 Compar'd with those of *Christy*.

When wand'ring o'er the flowry Park,
 No nat'ral Beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the Lark,
 And Birds in Consort chanting?
 But if my *Christy* tunes her Voice,
 I'm wrapt in Admiration;
 My thoughts with Extasies rejoice,
 And drap the hale Creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly Glance,
 I take the happy Omen,
 And aften mint to make Advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a Woman:
 But, dubious of my ain Desert,
 My Sentiments I smother;
 With secret Sighs I vex my Heart,
 For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate *Edie* by a Burn,
 His *Christy* did o'er-hear him;
 She doughtna let her Lover mourn,
 But ere he wist drew near him.
 She spake her Favour with a look,
 Which left nae Room to doubt her;
 He wisely this white Minute took,
 And flang his Arms about her,

My *Christy*! ——— witness, bonny Stream,
 Sic Joys frae Tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a Dream;
 O Love the maist surprising!
 Time was too precious now for Tauk;
 This Point of a' his Wilhes
 He wadna with set Speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on Kisses.

The Bush aboon Traquair.
wrote by a D^y Stewart

HEAR me, ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,
 I'll tell how *Peggy* grieves me,
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.
 My Vows and Sighs, like silent Air,
 Unheeded never move her;
 At the bonny Bush aboon *Traquair*,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That Day she smil'd, and made me glad;
 No Maid seem'd ever kinder;
 I thought my self the luckiest Lad,
 So sweetly there to find her.

I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,
 In Words that I thought tender;
 If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
 I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the Plain,
 The Fields we then frequented;
 If e'er we meet, she shews Disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.
 The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in *May*,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember;
 But now her Frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in *December*.

Ye rural Powers, who hear my Strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
 Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,
 Then let her Smiles relieve me.
 If not, my Love will turn Despair,
 My Passion no more tender,
 I'll leave the Bush aboon *Traquair*,
 To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

C.

An O D E.

To the Tune of, Polwarth on the Green.

TH O' Beauty, like the Rose
 That smiles on *Polwarth Green*,
 In various Colours shows,
 As 'tis by Fancy seen:
 Yet all its different Glories ly
 United in thy Face,
 And Virtue, like the Sun on high,
 Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace,

S6

So charming is her Air,
 So smooth, so calm her Mind,
 That to some Angel's Care
 Each Motion seems assign'd :
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful Moments fly,
 As if for Wings they stole the Ray
 She darteth from her Eye.

Kind am'rous *Cupids* while
 With tuneful Voice she sings;
 Perfume her Breath and Smile,
 And wave their balmy Wings:
 But as the tender Blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm,
 The Soul in blifsful Extasies
 Dissolveth in the Charm.

D.

T W E E D - S I D E.

WHAT Beauties does *Flora* disclose?
 How sweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed*?
 Yet *Mary's* still sweeter than those;
 Both Nature and Fancy exceed.
 Nor *Daisie*, nor sweet blushing *Rose*;
 Not all the gay Flowers of the Field,
 Not *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
 Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove;
 The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thrush,
 The Black bird, and sweet cooing Dove,
 With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.

Come,

the song of *Tweed Side* wrote by Robert
 Crawford of Auchincruives about 1731

Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
 Let us see how the Primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some Village on *Tweed*,
 And love while the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day?
 Does *Mary* not 'tend a few Sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to Rest;
 Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,
 To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,
 I'd steal an Ambrosial Kiss.

'Tis she does the Virgins excel,
 No Beauty with her may compare;
 Love's Graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest, where Thousands are fair;
 Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding *Tay*,
 Or the pleasanter Banks of the *Tweed*? C.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Woe's my Heart that we should sunder*.

IS *Hamilla* then my own?
 Oh! the dear, the charming Treasure:
 Fortune now in vain shall frown;
 All my future Life is Pleasure.

See how rich with youthful Grace,
 Beauty warms her ev'ry Feature;
 Smiling Heaven is in her Face,
 All is gay, and all is Nature.

See

See what mingling Charms arise,
 Rosy Smiles, and kindling Blushes;
 Love sits laughing in her Eyes,
 And betrays her secret Wishes.

Haste then from th' *Idalian Grove*,
 Infant Smiles, and Sports, and Graces;
 Spread the downy Couch for Love,
 And lull us in your sweet Embraces.

Softest Raptures, pure from Noise,
 This fair happy Night surround us;
 While a thousand sprightly Joys,
 Silent flutter all around us.

Thus unswor'd with Care or Strife,
 Heaven still guard this dearest Blessing;
 While we tread the Path of Life,
 Loving still, and still possessing.

S.

A S O N G.

LET's be jovial, fill our Glasses,
 Madness 'tis for us to think,
 How the World is rul'd by Asses,
 And the Wife are sway'd by Chink;
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Then never let vain Cares oppress us,
 Riches are to them a Snare;
 We're ev'ry one as rich as *Cræsus*,
 While our Bottle drowns our Care.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Wine

Wine will make us red as Roses,
 And our Sorrows quite forget :
 Come, let us fuddle all our Noses,
 Drink our selves quite out of Debt.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

When grim Death is looking for us,
 We are toping at our Bowls,
Bacchus joining in the Chorus :
 Death, be gone, here's none but Souls.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

God-like *Bacchus* thus commanding,
 Trembling Death away shall fly,
 Everafter understanding,
 Drinking Souls can never die.
Fa, la, ra, &c.

Muirland Willie.

HARKEN and I will tell you how
 Young *Muirland Willie* came to woo,
 Tho' he could neither say nor do ;
 The Truth I tell to you,
 But ay he cries, whate'er betide,
Maggy I'se ha'e her to be my Bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

On his Gray Yade as he did ride,
 With durk and Pistol by his Side,
 He priek'd her on wi' meikle Pride,
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
 Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Muir,
 Till he came to her Dady's Door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Good.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
 I care not for making meikle Din ;

What Answer gi' ye me ?

Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, Woer, sin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what Town ?
 I think my Doghter winna gloom .

On sick a Lad as ye .

The Woer he step'd up the House,
 And wow but he was wond'rous croule,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three Owfen in a Plough,
 Twa good gae'n Yads, and Gear enough,
 The Place they ca' it *Cadeneugh* ;

I scorn to tell a Lie :

Besides, I had frae the great Laird,
 A Peat-pat and a lang Kail-Yard,
With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the Town ;
 I wat on him she did na gloom ;
 But blinkit bonnilie .

The Lover he stended up in haste,
 And gript her hard about the Waste,
With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear,
 And for my sell ye need na fear,
 Troth try me whan ye like .

He took aff his Bonnet and spat in his Chew,
 He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou',
With a fal, &c.

The Maiden blusht and bing'd fu' law,
 She had na Will to say him na,
 But to her Dady she left it a',
 As they twa cou'd agree.
 The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kifs,
 Syne ran to her Dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, &c.

Your Doghter wad na say me na,
 But to your sell she has left it a',
 As we cou'd gree between us twa ;
 Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
 Now, Woer, quoth he, I ha'e na meikle,
 But sick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle,
With a fal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,
 Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
 Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free;
 Troth I dow do na mair.
 Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,
With a fal, &c.

The Bridal Day it came to pass,
 Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Lads;
 But sicken a Day there never was,
 Sic Mirth was never seen.
 This winsom Couple straked Hands,
 Mels John ty'd up the Marriage Bands,
With a fal, &c.

And

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
 Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.

Their Toys and Mutches were sae clean,
 They glanced in our Ladfes Een,
With a fal, &c.

Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and sick Din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
 The Minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
 And ay their Wames together met,
With a fal, &c.

Z.

The Promis'd Joy.

To the Tune of, *Carle and the King come*.

WHEN we meet again, Phely,
 When we meet again, Phely,
 Raptures will reward our Pain,
 And Loss result in Gain, Phely.

Long the Sport of Fortune driv'n,
 To Despair our Thoughts were giv'n,
 Our Odds will all be ev'n, Phely,
 When we meet again Phely, &c.

Now in dreary distant Groves,
 Tho' we moan like Turtle-doves,
 Suffering best our Virtue proves,
 And will enhance our Loves, Phely,
 When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy.

Joy will come in a Surprise,
'Till its happy Hour arise ;
Temper well your love-sick Sighs,
For Hope becomes the Wise, *Phely.*
When we meet again, Phely,
When we meet again, Phely,
Raptures will reward our Pain,
And Loss result in Gain, Phely.

M.

To DELIA on her drawing him to her
Valentine.

To the Tune of, *Black-ey'd Susan.*

YE Powers! was *Damon* then so blest,
To fall to charming *Delia's* Share,
Delia, the beauteous Maid, possessest
Of all that's soft, and all that's fair ?
Here cease thy Bounty, O indulgent Heav'n,
I ask no more, for all my Wish is giv'n.

I came, and *Delia* smiling show'd,
She smil'd, and show'd the happy Name ;
With rising Joy my Heart o'erflow'd,
I felt, and blest the new-born Flame.
May softest Pleasures careless round her move,
May all her Nights be Joy, and Days be Love.

She drew the Treasure from her Breast,
That Breast where Love and Graces play,
O Name beyond Expression blest !
Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
To be so lodg'd ! the Thought is Extasy,
Who would not wish in Paradise to ly ?

R.
The

*The Faithful Shepherd.*To the Tune of, *Auld lang syne.*

WHEN Flow'ry Meadows deck the Year,
 And sporting Lambkins play,
 When (pang'd Fields renew'd appear,
 And Musick wak'd the Day;
 Then did my *Chloe* leave her Bower,
 To hear my am'rous Lay,
 Warm'd by my Love, she vow'd no Pow'r
 Shou'd lead her Heart astray.

The warbling Quires from ev'ry Bough
 Surrounded our Couch in Throngs,
 And all their tuneful Arts bestow,
 To give us Change of Songs:
 Scenes of Delight my Soul possess'd,
 I bless'd, then hugg'd my Maid;
 I rob'd the Kisses from her Breast,
 Sweet as a Noon-day's Shade.

Joy so transporting never fails
 To fly away as Air,
 Another Swain with her prevails
 To be as false as fair.
 What can my fatal Passion cure?
 I'll never woo again;
 All her Disdain I must endure,
 Adoring her in vain.

What Pity 'tis to hear the Boy
 Thus sighing with his Pain;
 But Time and Scorn may give him Joy,
 To hear her sigh again.

Ah!

Ah! fickle *Chloe* be advis'd,
 Do not thy self beguile,
 A faithful Lover should be priz'd,
 Then cure him with a Smile.

*To Mrs. S. H. on her taking something
 ill I said.*

To the Tune of, *Hallow Ev'n.*

WH Y hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow?
 That beauteous Heav'n ere while serene;
 Whence do these Storms and Tempests flow,
 Or what this Gust of Passion mean?
 And must then Mankind lose that Light,
 Which in thine Eyes was wont to shine,
 And ly obscur'd in endless Night,
 For each poor silly Speech of mine?

Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
 That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
 Thy Beauty can make large amends:
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t'upbraid,
 Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
 And call thy Beauty to its Aid.

For *Venus* every Heart t'ensnare,
 With all her Charms has deck'd thy Face,
 And *Pallas* with unusual Care,
 Bids Wisdom heighten every Grace.
 Who can the double Pain endure?
 Or who must not resign the Field
 To thee, Celestial Maid, secure
 With *Cupid's* Bow, and *Pallas's* Shield?

If then to thee such Power is given,
 Let not a Wretch in Torment live,
 But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
 Since we must sin ere it forgive.
 Yet pitying Heaven not only does
 Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence,
 But even it self appeas'd bestows,
 As the Reward of Penitence.

H.

The Broom of Cowdenknows.

HO W blyth ilk Morn was I to see
 The Swain come o'er the Hill!
 He skipt the Burn, and flew to me:
 I met him with good Will.
O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom,
The Broom of Cowdenknows;
I wish I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb,
 While his Flock near me lay:
 He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
 And chear'd me a' the Day.
O the Broom, &c.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,
 The Burds stood listning by:
 E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his Melody,
O the Broom, &c.

While

While thus we spent our Time by turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Play :

I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.

O the Broom, &c.

Hard fate that I shou'd banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest Swain
That ever yet was born.

O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but faithfu' be ;
He staw my Heart: cou'd I refuse
What e'er he ask'd of me ?

O the Broom, &c.

My Doggie, and my little Kit
That hald my wee Soup Whey,
My Plaidy, Broach, and crooked Stick,
May now ly usefefs by.

O the Broom, &c.

Adieu ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
Farewel a' Pleasures there ;
Ye Gods restore to me my Swain,
Is a' I crave or care.

*O the Broom, the bonny bonny Broom,
The Broom of Cowdenknows :*

*I wish I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.*

S. R.

To C H L O E.

To the Tune of, *I wish my Love were in a Mire.*

O Lovely Maid! how dear's thy Pow'r?
 At once I love, at once adore:
 With Wonder are my Thoughts possess'd,
 While softest Love inspires my Breast.
 This tender Look, these Eyes of mine,
 Confess their am'rous Master thine;
 These Eyes with *Strephon's* Passion play,
 First make me love, and then betray.

Yes, charming Victor, I am thine,
 Poor as it is, this Heart of mine
 Was never in another's Pow'r,
 Was never pierc'd by Love before:
 In thee I've treasur'd up my Joy,
 Thou can't give Bliss, or Bliss destroy:
 And thus I've bound my self to love,
 While Bliss or Misery can move.

O should I ne'er possess thy Charms,
 Ne'er meet my Comfort in thy Arms;
 Were Hopes of dear Enjoyment gone,
 Still would I love, love thee alone.
 But like some discontented Shade
 That wanders where its Body's laid,
 Mournful I'd roam with hollow Glare,
 For ever exil'd from my Fair.

L

Upon

*Upon hearing his Picture was in C H L O E's
Breast.*

To the Tune of, *The fourteenth of October.*

YE Gods! was *Strephon's* Picture blest
With the fair Heaven of *Chloe's* Breast?
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring Heart,
Oh gently throb, — too fierce thou art.
Tell me, thou brightest of thy Kind,
For *Strephon* was the Bliss design'd?
For *Strephon's* Sake, dear charming Maid,
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring Shade?

And thou blest Shade, that sweetly art
Lodg'd so near my *Chloe's* Heart,
For me the tender Hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched Master's ardent Prayer,
Ingrossing all that beauteous Heaven,
That *Chloe*, lavish Maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: Were I Lord
Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford,
I'd be a Miser too, nor give
An Alms to keep a God alive.
Oh smile not thus, my lovely Fair,
On these cold Looks that lifeless Air,
Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,
With eager Love and soft Desire.

'Tis true thy Charms, O powerful Maid,
To Life can bring the silent Shade:

B

Thou

Thou can'st surpass the Painter's Art,
 And real Warmth and Flames impart.
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever lov'd and lov'd but thee :
 Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

Song for a Serenade.

To the Tune of, *The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

TEACH me, *Chloe*, how to prove
 My boasted Flame sincere :
 'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
 And hard to hide my Care.

Sleep in vain displays her Charms,
 To bribe my Soul to rest,
 Vainly spreads her silken Arms,
 And courts me to her Breast.

Where can *Strephon* find Repose,
 If *Chloe* is not there ?
 For ah! no Peace his Bosom knows,
 When absent from the Fair.

What tho' *Phœbus* from on high
 Withholds his chearful Ray,
 Thine Eyes can well his Light supply,
 And give me more than Day.

L.

LOVE

LOVE is the Cause of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring Stream a fair Shepherdess lay,
 Be so kind O ye Nymphs, I oftimes heard her say
 Tell *Strephon* I die, if he passes this Way,
And that Love is the Cause of my Mourning.
 False Shepherds that tell me of Beauty and Charms,
 You deceive me, for *Strephon's* cold Heart never warms;
 Yet bring me this *Strephon*, let me die in his Arms,
Oh Strephon! the Cause of my Mourning.

But first, said she, let me go
 Down to the Shades below,
 E'er ye let *Strephon* know,
 That I have lov'd him so:

Then on my pale Cheek no Blushes will show
That Love was the Cause of my Mourning,

Her Eyes were scarce closed when *Strephon* came by,
 He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew nigh;
 But finding her breathless, Oh Heavens! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! the Cause of my Mourning.

Restore me my *Chloris*, ye Nymphs use your Art:
 They sighing, reply'd, 'Twas your self shot the Dart
 That wounded the tender young Shepherdess' Heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with Mourning.

Ah then is *Chloris* dead,
 Wounded by me! he said;
 I'll follow thee, chaste Maid,
 Down to the silent Shade:

Then on her cold snowy Breast leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with Mourning.

X.

To Mrs. A. H. on seeing her at a Consort.

To the Tune of, *The bonniest lass in a' the World.*

LOOK where my dear *Hamilla* smiles,
 Hamilla! heavenly Charmer;
See how with all their Arts and Wiles
 The *Loves* and *Graces* arm her.
A Blush dwells glowing on her Cheeks,
 Fair Seats of youthful Pleasures,
There Love in smiling Language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy Treasures.

O fairest Maid, I own thy Pow'r,
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my Anguish.
But ease, O Charmer, ease my Care,
 And let my Torments move thee;
As thou art fairest of the Fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

2. C.

The Bonny SCOT:

To the Tune of, *The Boat-man.*

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea,
 And please the canny Boat-man;
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny *Scot-Man*:

In

In haly Bands
 We join'd our Hands,
 Yet may not this discover,
 While Parents rate
 A large Estate,
 Before a faithfu' Lover.

But I loor chuse in *Highland* Glens
 To herd the Kid and Goat-man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little Ends
 Refuse my bonny *Scot-Man*.
 Wae worth the Man
 Wha first began
The base ungenerous Fashion,
 Frae greedy Views,
 Love's Art to use,
 While Strangers to its Passion.

Frae foreign Fields, **my** lovely Youth,
 Haste to thy longing Lassie,
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy Mouth,
 And in her Bosom haws thee.
 Love gi'es the Word,
 Then haste on Board,
 Fair Winds and tenty Boat-man,
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,
 Frae yonder Shore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scot-man*.

Scornfu' NANSY.

To its own Tune.

NANSY to the *green Wood gane,*
 To hear the *Gowdspink* chat'ring,
 And *Willie* he has followed her,
 To gain her Love by flatt'ring:
 But a' that he cou'd say or do,
 She geck'd and scorned at him,
 And ay when he began to woo,
 She bad him mind wha' gat him.

What ails ye at my Dad, quoth he,
 My Minny or my Aunty?
 With *Crowdy Moudy* they fed me,
Lang-Kail and *Ranty Tanty* :
 With *Bannocks* of good *Barly-Meal,*
 Of thae there was right Plenty,
 With chapped *Stocks* fou butter'd well,
 And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my Father was nae Laird,
 'Tis *Daffin* to be vaunty,
 He keepit ay a good *Kail yard,*
 A *H2' House* and a *Pantrie* :
 A good blew bonnet on his Head,
 An *Owrlay* 'bout his *Cragy,*
 And ay until the Day he died,
 He rade on good *Shanks Nagy.*

Now Wae and Wander on your Snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny *Nansy* ?
 Wad ye compare ye're fell to me,
 A *Docken* till a *Tansie* ?

I have a Wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple *Sandy*;
 And weil I wat his bonny Mou'
 Is sweet like Sugar-Candy.

Wow *Nansy*, what needs a' this Din?
 Do I not ken this *Sandy*?
 I'm sure the Chief of a' his Kin
 Was *Rob* the Beggar Randy:
 His Minny *Meg* upo' her Back
 Bare baith him and his Billy;
 Will ye compare a nasty Pack
 To me your winsome *Willy*?

My Gutchter left a good braid Sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my Word,
 It is baith stout and trusty;
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my Lugs in Pawn,
 That he shall get a Heezy.

Then *Nansy* turn'd her round about,
 And said, did *Sandy* hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a Clout;
 I ken he disna fear ye:
 Sae had ye'r Tongue and say nae mair;
 Set somewhere else your Fancy;
 For as lang's *Sandy's* to the fore,
 Ye never shall get *Nansy*.

Z.

Slighted Nanfy.

To the Tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

TIS I have seven braw new Gowns,
 And ither seven better to mak,
 And yet for a' my new Gowns,
 My Wooer has turn'd his Back.
 Besides I have seven Milk-Ky,
 And *Sandy* he has but three;
 And yet for a' my good Ky,
 The Ladie winna ha'e me.

My Dady's a Delver of Dikes,
 My Mither can card and spin,
 And I am a fine fodgeL Lafs,
 And the Siller comes linking in:
 The Siller comes linking in,
 And it is fou fair to see,
 And fifty Times wow! O wow!
 What ails the Lads at me?

When ever our *Baty* does bark,
 Then fast to the Door I rin,
 To see gin ony young Spark
 Will light and venture but in:
 But never a ane will come in,
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
 Syne far ben the House I rin;
 And a weary Wight am I.

When I was at my first Pray'rs,
 I pray'd but anes i' the Year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young Lad,
 And a Lad with muckle Gear,

When

When I was at my neist Pray'rs,
 I pray'd but now and than,
 I fash'd na my Head about Gear,
 If I get a handsome young Man.

Now when I'm at my last Pray'rs,
 I pray on baith Night and Day,
 And O! If a Beggar wad come,
 With that same Beggar I'd gae.
 And O! and what'll come o' me?
 And O, what'll I do?
 That sick a braw Lassie as I
 Shou'd die for a Wooer I trow.

Lucky Nanfy.

To the Tune of, *Dainty Davie.*

WHILE Fops in soft *Italian Verse*,
 Ilk fair ane's Een and Breast reherse,
 While Sangs abound and Scene is scarce,
 These Lines I have indited:
 But neither Darts nor Arrows here,
Venus nor *Cupid* shall appear,
 And yet with these fine Sounds I swear,
 The Maidens are delighted.
I was ay telling you,
Lucky Nanfy, lucky Nanfy,
Auld Springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor Snaw with *Crimson* will I mix,
 To spread upon my Lassie's Cheeks,
 And syne the unmeaning Name perfix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.

I'll fetch nae Smile frae *Jove*,
 My Height of Extasy to prove,
 Nor sighing,—thus—present my Love
 With Roseseek and Lillies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had amaist forgot
 My Mistress, and my Sang to boot,
 And that's an unco' Faut I wate :
 But, *Nansy*, 'tis nae Matter.
 Ye see I clink my Verse wi' Rhime,
 And ken ye, that atones the Crime ;
 Forby, how sweet my Numbers chime,
 And slide away like Water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonsy Fair,
 Thy runkled Cheeks and lyart Hair,
 Thy haff shut Een and hodling Air,
 Are a' my Passion's Fewel.
 Naeskyring Gowk, my Dear, can see,
 Or Love, or Grace, or Heaven in thee ;
 Yet thou has Charms anew for me,
 Then smile, and be na cruel.

*Leeze me on thy Snawy Pow,
 Lucky Nansy, lucky Nansy,
 Dryest Wood will eisthest low,
 And Nansy sae will ye now.*

Troth I have sung the Sang to you,
 Which ne'er anither Bard wad do ;
 Hear then my charitable Vow,
 Dear venerable *Nansy*.
 But if the Warld my Passion wrang,
 And say, ye only live in Sang,
 Ken I despise a slandering Tongue,
 And sing to please my Fancy.

Leeze me on thy, &c.

A SCOTS CANTATA.

The Tune after an *Italian* Manner.*Compos'd by Signior Lorenzo Bocchi.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

B L A T E *Jonny* faintly told fair *Jean* his Mind,
Jeany took Pleasure to deny him lang;
 He thought her Scorn came frae a Heart unkind,
 Which gart him in despair tune up his Sang.

A I R.

O bonny Laffie, since 'tis fae,
 That I'm despis'd by thee,
 I hate to live; but O I'm wae,
 And unko sweer to die.
 Dear *Jeany*, think what dowy Hours
 I thole by your Dildain,
 Ah! should a Breast fae fast as yours,
 Contain a Heart of Stane?

R E C I T A T I V E.

These tender Notes did a' her Pity move,
 With melting Heart she listned to the Boy;
 O'ercome she smil'd, and promis'd him her Love:
 He in return thus sang his rising Joy.

A I R.

Hence frae my Breast, contentious Care,
 Ye've tint the Power to pine,
 My *Jeany's* good, my *Jeany's* fair,
 And a' her Sweets are mine.

O spread thine Arms, and gi'e me Fowls
 Of dear enchanting Blifs,
 A thousand Joys around thy Mouth,
 G'e Heaven with ilka Kifs.

The T O A S T.

To the Tune of, *Saw ye my PEGGY.*

COME let's ha'e mair Wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loos nae Dwining,

Let's be blyth and free.

Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir,
 Ye're Miftrefs, *Robie*, gi'es her,
 We'll drink her Health wi' Pleasure,
 Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let *Peggy* warm ye,
 That's a Lafs can charm ye,
 And to Joys alarm ye,
 Sweet is she to me.

Some Angel ye wad ca' her,
 And never wish an brawer,
 If ye bare-headed saw her,
 Kilted to the Knee.

PEGGY a dainty Lafs is.
 Come let's join our Glasses,
 And refresh our Haufes,
 With a Health to thee.

Let Goofs their Cash be clinking,
 Be Statesmen tint in thinking,
 While we with Love and Drinking,
 Give our Cares the Lie.

*Magie's Tocher**To its ain Tune.*

THE Meal was dear short syne,
 We buckl'd us a' the gither;
 And *Magie* was in her Prime,
 When *Willie* made Courtship till her:
 Twa Pistals charg'd bequefs,
 To gie the courting Shot;
 And syne came ben the Lafs,
 Wi' Swats drawn frae the Butt.
 He first speer'd at the Guidman,
 And syne at *Giles* the Mither,
 And ye wad gi's a Bit Land,
 Wee'd buckle us e'en the gither,

My Daughter ye shall hae,
 I'll gi' you her by the Hand;
 But I'll part wi' my Wife by me Fae,
 Or I part wi' my Land.
 Your Tocher it fall be good,
 There's nane fall hae its Maik,
 The Lafs bound in her Snood,
 And *Crummie* who kens her Stake:
 With an au'd Bedden o' Claiths,
 Was left me by my Mither.
 They're jet black o'er wi' Flaes,
 Ye may cudle in them the gither.

Ye speak right well, Guidman,
 But ye maun mend your Hand,
 And think o' Modesty,
 Gin ye'll not quat your Land:
 We are but young, ye ken,
 And now we're gawn the gither.

A House is butt and benn,
 And *Crummie* will want her Fother.
 The Bairns are coming on,
 And they'll cry, O their Mither!
 We have nouter Pot nor Pan,
 But four bare Legs the gither.

Your Tocher's be good enough,
 For that ye need na fear,
 Twa good Stilts to the Pleugh,
 And ye your sell maun steer :
 Ye shall hae twa good Pocks
 That anes were o' the Tweel,
 The t'ane to had the Grots,
 The ither to had the Meal :
 With ane auld Kist made of Wans;
 And that fall be your Coffe,
 Wi' aiken Woody-Bands,
 And that may had your Tocher.

Consider well, Guidman,
 We hae but borrow'd Gear,
 The Horse that I ride on
 Is *Sandy Wilson's* Mare :
 The Saddle's name of my ain,
 An thae's but borrow'd Boots,
 And whan that I gae hame,
 I maun tak to my Coots :
 The Cloak is *Geordy Watt's*,
 That gars me look fae Crouse ;
 Come fill us a Cogue of Swats,
 We'll make nae mair toom Ruse.

I like you well, young Lad,
 For telling me fae plain,
 I married when little I had
 O' Gear that was my ain.

But sin that Things are sae,
 The Bride she maun come furth;
 Tho' a' the Gear she'll ha'e,
 It'll be but little worth.
 A Bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on *Giles* the Mither:
 Content am I, quo' she,
 E'en gar the Hissie come hither:
 The Bride she gade till her Bed,
 The Bridegroom he came till her;
 The Fidler crap in at the Fit,
 An they cudl'd it a' the gither.

Z

A S O N G,

To the Tune of, *Blink over the Burn* sweet *Bettie*.

L E A V E Kindred and Friends, *sweet Betty*,
 Leave Kindred and Friends for me;
 A Hur'd thy Servant is stedd
 To Love, to Honour, and Thee.
 The Gifts of Nature and Fortune,
 May fly, by Chance as they came;
 The'yre Grounds the Destines sport on,
 But Virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my Fancy were roving,
 Thy Charms so heavenly appear,
 That other Beauties disproving,
 I'd worship thine only, my Dear.
 And shou'd Life's Sorrows embitter
 The Pleasure we promis'd our Loves,
 To share them together is fitter,
 Than moan assunder, like Doves.

Oh!

Oh! were I but once so blessed,
 To grasp my Love in my Arms!
 By thee to be grasp'd! and kissed!
 And live on thy Heaven of Charms!
 I'd laugh at Fortune's Caprices,
 Shou'd Fortune capricious prove;
 Tho' Death shou'd tear me to Pieces,
 I'd die a Martyr to Love.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *The bonny Gray-ey'd Morning.*

C E L E S T I A L Muses, tune your Lyres,
 Grace all my Raptures with your Lays,
 Charming, enchanting *Kate* inspires,
 In lofty Sounds her Beauties praise:
 How undesigning she displays
 Such Scenes as ravish with Delight;
 Tho' brighter than Meridian Rays,
 They dazle not, but please the Sight.

Blind God give this, this only Dart,
 I neither will nor can her harm,
 I would but gently touch her Heart,
 And try for once if that cou'd charm.
 Go, *Venus*, use your fav'rite Wile,
 As she is beauteous, make her kind,
 Let all your Graces round her smile,
 And sooth her till I comfort find.

When thus, by yielding, I'm o'erpaid,
 And all my anxious Cares remov'd,
 In moving Notes, I'll tell the Maid,
 With what pure lasting Flames I lov'd.
 Then shall alternate Life and Death,
 My ravish'd flutt'ring Soul possess,
 The softest tend'rest Things I'll breath,
 Betwixt each am'rous fond Care.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

SUBJECTED to the Pow'r of Love,
 By *Nell's* resistless Charms,
 The Fancy fix'd no more can rove,
 Or fly Love's soft Alarms.

Gay *Damon* had the Skill to shun
 All Traps by *Cupid* laid,
 Until his Freedom was undone
 By *Nell* the conquering Maid.

But who can stand the Force of Love
 When she resolves to kill?
 Her sparkling Eyes Love's Arrows prove,
 And wound us with our Will.

O happy *Damon*, happy Fair,
 What *Cupid* has begun,
 May faithful *Hymen* take a Care
 To see it fairly done.

S O N G.

Tune of, *Logan Water.**Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe.*

TELL me, *Hamilla*, tell me why
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft Embraces fly,
 And all his kind Endearments shun?

So flies the *Fawn*, with Fear oppress'd,
 Seeking its *Mother* ev'ry where,
 It starts at ev'ry empty Blast,
 And trembles when no Danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in View,
 To gaze the Glories of thy Face,
 Not with a hateful Step pursue,
 As Age, to rifle every Grace.

Cease then, dear *Wildness*, cease to toy,
 But haste all Rivals to outshine,
 And grown mature, and ripe for Joy,
 Leave *Mama's* Arms and come to mine.

W

*A South-Sea Sang.*Tune of, *For our lang biding here.*

WHEN we came to *London Town*,
 We dream'd of Gowd in *Gowpings* here,
 And rantinly ran up and down,
 In rising Stocks to buy a *Skair*:

We

We dastly thought to row in Rowth,
 But for our daffine paid right dear;
 The lave will fare the war in Trowth,
 For our lang bidding here.

But when we fand our Purfes toom,
 And dainty Stocks began to fa',
 We hang our Lugs, and wi' a Gloom,
 Girn'd at Stockjobbing ane and a'.
 If ye gang near the *South-Sea* House,
 The Whillywha's will grip ye'r Gear,
 Syne a' the lave will fare the war,
 For our lang bidding here.

Hap me with thy Petticoat.

O BELL, thy Looks have kill'd my Heart,
 I pass the Day in Pain,
 When Night returns I feel the Smart,
 And wish for thee in vain,
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;
 Have Pity and incline,
 And grant me for a Hap that charm-
 ing Petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd Fancy in amaze,
 Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
 Delusive Dreams ten thousand Ways,
 Present thee to my Arms:
 But waking think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those Pleasures, which can only cure
 This panting Breast of mine.

I faint.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just Reward that's due to Love,
 And let true Passion die.
 Oh! turn, and let Compassion seize
 That lovely Breast of thine;
 Thy Petticoat could give me Ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

sure Heaven has fitted for Delight
 That beauteous Form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its Law to flight,
 By hindring the Design.
 May all the Powers of Love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my Chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry Charm of thine.

Love inviting Reason.

A SONG to the Tune of, — *Chami ma chattle, ne
 duce skar mi.*

WHEN innocent Pastime our Pleasure did crown,
 Upon a green Meadow, or under a Tree,
 E'er *Annie* became a fine Lady in Town,
 How lovely and loving and bony was she?
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 Let ne'er a new Whim ding thy Fancy a-jee; —
 O! as thou art bony be faithfu' and cany,
 And favour thy *Jamie* wha doats upon thee.

Does

Does the Death of a Lintwhite give *Annie* the Spleen?
 Can tyning of Trifles be uneasy to thee?
 Can Lap-dogs and Monkeys draw Tears frae these Een,
 That look with Indifference on poor dying me?
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer a Paroquet to me;
 O! as thou art bony, be prudent and cany,
 And think on thy *Famie* wha doats upon thee.

Ah! thou'd a new Manto, or *Flanders* Lace-Head,
 Or yet a wee Cottie, tho' never sae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his Heart bleed,
 That anes had some Hope of purchasing thine.
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And dinna prefer ye' Fleegeries to me;
 O! as thou art bony, be solid and cany,
 And tent a true Lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a *Paris* Edition of new fangle *Sany*,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' Laces and Fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair *Annie*,
 And aim at these Benifons promis'd to me?
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And never prefer a light Dancer to me;
 O! as thou art bony, be constant and cany,
 Love only thy *Famie* wha doats upon thee.

O! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka sweet Hour,
 That slide away saftly between thee and me,
 E'er Squirrels, or Beaus, or Foppery had Pow'r
 To rival my Love and impose upon thee.
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' *Annie*,
 And let thy Desires be a' center'd in me;
 O! as thou art bony, be faithfu' and cany,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

The Bob of Dumblane.

LASSIE, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle,
 And I'll lend you my thripling Kame;
 For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar your keckle,
 If ye'll go dance the *Bob of Dumblane*.
 Haste ye, gang to the Ground of ye're Trunkies,
 Busk'ye braw and dinna think Shame;
 Consider in Time, if leading of Monkies
 Be better than dancing the *Bob of Dumblane*.

Be frank, my Lassie, lest I grow fickle,
 And take my Word and Offer again,
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle,
 Ye did nae accept of the *Bob of Dumblane*.
 The Dinner, the Piper and Priest shall be ready,
 And I'm grown dowie with lying my lane,
 Away then leave baith Minny and Dady,
 And try with me the *Bob of Dumblane*.

SONG, *complaining of Absence*

To the Tune of, *My Apron Deary*.

AH *Chloe!* thou Treasure, thou Joy of my Breast,
 Since I parted from thee, I'm a Stranger to Rest,
 I fly to the Grove, there to languish and mourn,
 There sigh for my Charmer, and long to return.
 The Fields all around me are smiling and gay,
 But they smile all in vain—my *Chloe's* away:
 The Field and the Grove can afford me no ease,——
 But bring me my *Chloe*, a Defart will please.

No Virgin I see that my Bosom alarms,
 I'm cold to the fairest, tho' glowing with Charms;
 In vain they attack me, and sparkle the Eye;
 These are not the Looks of my *Chloe*, I cry.
 These Looks were bright Love like the Sun fits en-
 thron'd,
 And smiling diffuses his Influence round,
 'Twas thus I first view'd thee, my Charmer, amaz'd;
 Thus gaz'd thee with Wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd:

Then, then the dear Fair one was still in my Sight,
 It was Pleasure all Day, it was Rapture all Night:
 But now by hard Fortune remov'd from my Fair,
 In Secret I languish, a Prey to Despair.
 But Absence and Torment abate not my Flame,
 My *Chloe*'s still charming, my Passion the same;
 O! would she preserve me a Place in her Breast,
 Then Absence would please me, for I would be blest.
 R.

A S O N G,

To the Tune of, *I fixed my Fancy on her.*

BRIGHT *Cynthia*'s Power divinely great,
 What Heart is not obeying?
 A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
 And in her Eyes are playing.
 She seems the Queen of Love to reign,
 For she alone dispenses
 Such Sweets as best can entertain
 The Gust of all the Senses.

Her

Her Face a charming Prospect brings,
 Her Breath gives balmy Blisses;
 I hear an Angel when she sings,
 And taste of Heaven in Kisses.
 Four Senses thus she feasts with Joy,
 From Nature's richest Treasure:
 Let me the other Sense employ,
 And I shall die with Pleasure.

X

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I loo'd a bonny Lady.*

TELL me, tell me, charming Creature,
 Will you never ease my Pain?
 Must I die for every Feature?
 Must I always love in vain?
 The Desire of Admiration
 Is the Pleasure you pursue;
 Pray thee try a lasting Passion,
 Such a Love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you;
 For a Lover ought to dare:
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,
 Then you said I went too far.
 Are such giddy Ways befeeming?
 Will my Dear be fickle still?
 Conquest is the Joy of Women,
 Let their Slaves be what they will.

YOUR

Your Neglect with Torment fills me,
 And my desperate Thoughts increase;
 Pray consider, if you kill me,
 You will have a Lover less.
 If your wand'ring Heart is beating
 For new Lovers, let it be:
 But when you have done coquetting,
 Name a Day, and fix on me.

The R E P L Y.

IN vain, fond Youth, thy Tears give o'er;
 What more, alas! can *Flavia* do?
 Thy Truth I own, thy Fate deplore:
 All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those Sighs, and weep no more;
 Should Heaven and Earth with thee combine,
 'Twere all in vain, since any Power,
 To crown thy Love, must alter mine,

But if Revenge can ease thy Pain,
 I'll sooth the Ills I cannot cure,
 Tell that I drag a hopeless Chain,
 And all that I inflict endure.

X.

The Rose in Y A R R O W.

To the Tune of, *Mary Scot.*

TWAS Summer and the Day was fair,
 Resolv'd a while to fly from Care,
 Beguiling Thought, forgetting Sorrow,
 I wander'd o'er the Braes of *Yarrow*;

C

Till

Till then despising Beauty's Power,
 I kept my Heart, my own secure;
 But *Cupid's* Art did there deceive me,
 And *Mary's* Charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel Love no Bribe receive?
 No Ransom take for *Mary's* Slave?
 Her Frowns of Rest and Hope deprive me:
 Her lovely Smiles like Light revive me.
 No Bondage may with mine compare,
 Since first I saw this charming Fair:
 This beauteous Flower, this Rose of *Yarrow*,
 In Nature's Gardens has no Marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one Request,
 I'd ask to lye in *Mary's* Breast;
 There would I live or die with Pleasure,
 Nor spare this World one Moment's Leisure;
 Despising Kings and all that's great,
 I'd smile at Courts and Courtiers Fate;
 My Joy compleat on such a Marrow,
 I'd dwell with her and live on *Yarrow*.

But tho' such Bliss I ne'er should gain,
 Contented still I'll wear my Chain,
 In hopes my faithful Heart may move her;
 For leaving Life I'll always love her.
 What Doubts distract a Lover's Mind?
 That Breast, all Softness must prove kind;
 And she shall yet become my Marrow,
 The lovely beauteous Rose of *Yarrow*.

*The Fair Penitent.*A SONG—*To its own Tuffe.*

A Lovely Lass to a Fryer came
 To confess in a Morning early,
*In what, my Dear, are you to blame?
 Come own it all sincerely.*
 I've done, Sir, what I dare not name,
 With a Lad who loves me dearly.

The greatest Fault in my self I know,
 Is what I now discover.
*Then you to Rome for that must go,
 There Discipline to suffer.*
 Lake-a-day, Sir! if it must be so,
 Pray with me send my Lover.
*No, no, my Dear, you do but dream,
 We'll have no double Dealing;
 But if with me you'll repeat the same,
 I'll pardon your past failing.*
 I must own, Sir, tho' I blush for shame,
 That your Penance is prevailing.

X.

The last Time I came o'er the Moor.

THE last Time I came o'er the Moor,
 I left my Love behind me;
 Ye Powers! what Pain do I endure,
 When soft Ideas mind me?

Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd
 The beaming Day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely Maid,
 In fit retreats for Wooing.

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,
 Gazing and chafly sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd Time away,
 Till Night spread her black Curtain.
 I pity'd all beneath the Skies,
 Ev'n Kings when she was nigh me;
 In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,
 Where mortal Steel may wound me;
 Or cast upon some foreign Shore,
 Where Dangers may surround me:
 Yet Hopes again to see my Love,
 To feast on glowing Kisses,
 Shall make my Cares at Distance move,
 In Prospect of such Bliss.

In all my Soul there's not one Place,
 To let a Rival enter:
 Since she excels in every Grace,
 In her my Love shall center.
 Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,
 Their Waves the Alps shall cover;
 On Greenland Ice shall Roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next Time I go o'er the Moor,
 She shall a Lover find me;
 And that my Faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me;

Then *Hymen's* sacred Bonds shall chain
 My Heart to her fair Bosom,
 There, while my Being does remain,
 My Love more fresh shall blossom.

The Lass of Peaty's Mill.

THE Lass of *Peaty's* Mill,
 So bonny, blyth, and gay,
 In spite of all my Skill,
 Hath stole my Heart away.
 When tedding of the Hay
 Bare-headed on the Green,
 Love 'midst her Locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her Een.

Her Arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their Dawn,
 To Age it would give Youth,
 To press 'em with his Hand.
 Thro' all my Spirits ran
 An Extacy of Blifs,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy Kiss.

Without the help of Art,
 Like Flowers which grace the Wild,
 She did her Sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd,
 Her Looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected Pride,
 She me to Love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my Bride.

© had I all that Wealth
Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,
 Insur'd long Life and Health,
 And Pleasures at my Will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bony she,
 The Lads of *Peaty's* Mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful Guardians of the Fair,
 Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,
 Or my dear *Delia* take a Care,
 And represent her Lover,
 With all the Gaiety of Youth,
 With Honour, Justice, Love and Truth;
 Till I return, her Passions sooth,
 For me, in Whispers move her,

Be careful no base sordid Slave,
 With Soul sunk in a golden Grave,
 Who knows no Virtue but to save,
 With glaring Gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me, who know how to be kind,
 And have mair Plenty in my Mind,
 Than one who's ten Times richer.

Let all the World turn upside down,
 And Fools run an eternal Round,
 In Quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain Ambition.

Down the Burn DAVIE.
Collected by George Crawford the author

WHEN Trees did bud, and Fields were green,
 And Broom bloom'd fair to see;
 When *Mary* was compleat Fifteen,
 And Love laugh'd in her Eye;
 Blyth *Davie's* Blinks her Heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the Burn, Davie, Love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now *Davie* did each Lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this Burnside,
 And *Mary* was the bonniest Lass,
 Just meet to be a Bride;
 Her Cheeks were rosie, red and white;
 Her Een were bonny blue;
 Her Looks were like *Aurora* bright,
 Her Lips like dropping Dew.

As down the Burn they took their Way,
 What tender Tales they said!
 His Cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And with her Bosom play'd;
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder Vale they lean'd them down;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless Play,
 And naithing sure unmeet;
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a Wa'k sae sweet;

And

And that they aften shou'd return
 Sic Pleasure to renew,
 Quoth *Mary*, Love, I like the Burn,
 And ay shall follow you.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Gilder-Roy*

AH! *Cloris*, cou'd I now but sit
 As unconcern'd, as when
 Your Infant Beauty cou'd beget
 No Happiness nor Pain.
 When I this Dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming Day,
 I little thought that rising Fire,
 Wou'd take my Rest away.

Your Charms in harmless Childhood lay,
 As Metals in a Mine;
 Age from no Face takes more away,
 Than Youth conceal'd in thine :
 But as your Charms insensibly
 To their Perfection prest ;
 So Love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my Breast.

My Passion with your Beauty grew,
 While *Cupid* at my Heart,
 Still as his Mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new flaming Dart,
 Each gloried in their wanton Part ;
 To make a Lover, he
 Employ'd the utmost of his Art ; —
 To make a Beauty, she.

X.
 A S O N G.

*Sir Peter Halket of Pittferan the
 author — he married her the Heiress of
 Pittferan*

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *The yellow-hair'd Laddie.*

YE Shepherds and Nymphs that adorn the gay Plain;
 Approach from your Sports, and attend to my Strain
 Amongst all your Number a Lover so true,
 Was ne'er so undone, with such Bliss in his View.

Was ever a Nymph so hard-hearted as mine?
 She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine,
 She does not disdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
 But calmly and mildly resigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend; but her Lover denies,
 She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs;
 A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,
 Inspires me with Hope, and yet bids me despair!

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears:
 Her Answer confounds, while her Manner endears;
 When softly she tells me to hope no Relief,
 My trembling Lips blest her in spite of my Grief.

By Night, while I slumber, still haunted with Care,
 I start up in Anguish, and sigh for the Fair:
 The Fair sleeps in Peace, may she ever do so!
 And only when dreaming imagine my Wo.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
 Nor think she should love, whom she cannot admire:
 Hush all thy complaining, and dying her Slave,
 Commend her to Heaven, and thy self to the Grave.

X.
 S O N G.

S O N G.

To the tune of, *When she came ben she bobed.*

COME, fill me a Bumper, my jolly brave Boys,
Let's have no more Female Impert'nence and
Noise;

For I've try'd the Endearments and Pleasures of Love,
And I find they're but Nonsense and Whimsies, by *Jove.*

When first of all *Betty* and I were acquaint,
I whin'd like a Fool, and she sigh'd like a Saint:
But I found her *Religion*, her *Face* and her *Love*,
Were *Hypocrisy*, *Paint*, and *Self-Interest*, by *Jove.*

Sweet *Cecil* came next with her languishing Air,
Her *Out-side* was orderly, modest and fair;
But her Soul was *sophisticate*, so was her *Love*,
For I found she was only a *Strumpet*, by *Jove.*

Little double guilt *Jenny's* Gold charm'd me at last:
You know *Marriage* and *Money* together does best.
But the *Baggage* forgetting her *Vows* and her *Love*,
Gave her Gold to a *sniv'ling* dull *Coxcomb*, by *Jove.*

Come fill me a Bumper then, jolly brave Boys;
Here's a Farewel to Female Impert'nence and Noise:
I know few of the Sex that are worthy my Love;
And for *Strumpets* and *Filts*, I abhor them, by *Jove.*

L.

DUM.

DUMBARTON'S Drums.

DUMBARTON'S Drums beat bonny--O,
 When they mind me of my dear *Fonny*--O;
 How happy am I,
 When my Soldier is by,
 While he kisses and blesses his *Annie*--O!
 'Tis a Soldier alone can delight me--O,
 For his graceful Looks do invite me--O
 While guarded in his Arms,
 I'll fear no War's alarms,
 Neither Danger nor Death shall e'er fright me--O!

My Love is a handsome Laddie--O,
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy--O:
 Tho' Commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this Year;
 For he shall serve no longer a Cadie--O.
 A Soldier has Honour and Bravery--O,
 Unacquainted with Rogues and their Knavery--O:
 He minds no other Thing,
 But the Ladies or the King:
 For every other Care is but Slavery--O.

Then I'll be the Captain's Lady--O,
 Farewel all my Friends and my Dady--O;
 I'll wait no more at Home,
 But I'll follow with the Drum,
 And when e'er that beats, I'll be ready--O.
Dumbarton's Drums sound bonny--O,
 They are sprightly like my dear *Fonny*--O:
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my Soldier's Knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his *Annie*--O!

C.

And

Auld lang syne.

SHOULD auld Acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with Scars?
 These are the noble Hero's Lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
 Welcome my VARO, as my Breast,
 Thy Arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each Bough,
 A thousand *Cupids* play,
 While thro' the Groves I walk with you,
 Each Object makes me gay:
 Since your Return, the Sun and Moon
 With brighter Beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft Notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise the Court and Din of State;
 Let that to their Share fall,
 Who an esteem such Slav'ry great,
 While bounded like a Ball:
 But sunk in Love, upon my Arms
 Let your brave Head recline,
 We'll please our selves with mutual Charms,
 As we did lang syne.

O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,
 You may pursue the Chace,
 And, after a blyth Bottle, end
 All Cares in my Embrace:

And in a vacant rainy Day
 You shall be wholly mine;
 We'll make the Hours run smooth away;
 And laugh at lang syne.

The Hero, pleas'd with the sweet Air,
 And Signs of generous Love,
 Which had been utter'd by the Fair,
 Bow'd to the Pow'rs above:
 Next Day, with Consent and glad Haste,
 Th' approach'd the sacred Shrine;
 Where the good Priest the Couple blest,
 And put them out of Pine.

The Lass of Livingston.

PAIN'D with her slighting *Jamie's* Love,
 Bell dropt a Tear—Bell dropt a Tear.
 The Gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear—Well pleas'd to hear.
 They heard the Praises of the Youth
 From her own Tongue,—From her own Tongue,
 Who now converted was to Truth,
 And thus she sung.—And thus she sung.

Blest Days when our ingen'ous Sex,
 More frank and kind—More frank and kind,
 Did not their lov'd Adorers vex;
 But spoke their Mind,—But spoke their Mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Wou'd he return—Wou'd he return,
 She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
 Or cause him mourn—Or cause him moura.

Why lov'd I the deserving Swain,
 Yet still thought Shame.—Yet still thought Shame,
 When he my yielding Heart did gain,
 To own my Flame.—To own my Flame?
 Why took I Pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy—And seem too coy?
 Which makes me now alas lament
 My slighted Joy—My slighted Joy.

Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
 Own your Desire—Own your Desire,
 While Love's young Power with his soft Wing
 Fans up the Fire—Fans up the Fire.
 O do not with a silly Pride,
 Or low Design—Or low Design,
 Refuse to be a happy Bride,
 But answer plain—but answer plain,

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
 With flowing Eyes—With flowing Eyes.
 Glad Jamie heard her all the Time,
 With sweet Surprise—With sweet Surprise.
 Some God had led him to the Grove;
 His Mind unchang'd—His Mind unchang'd,
 Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, my Love,
 I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd!

Peggy, I must love thee.

AS from a Rock past all Relief,
 The shipwreckt Colin spying
 His native Soil, o'ercome with Grief,
 Half sunk in Waves, and dying:

With the next Morning Sun he spies
 A Ship, which gives unhop'd. Surprise;
 New Life springs up, he lifts his Eyes
 With Joy, and waits her Motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I scorn'd was, and deserted,
 Low with Despair my Spirits mov'd,
 To be for ever parted :
 Thus droop'd I, till divinest Grace
 I found in *Peggy's* Mind and Face;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But Virtue more engaging.

Then now, since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying ;
 Let Beauty yield to manly Wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying :
 I'll haste dull Courtship to a Close,
 Since Marriage can my Fears oppose ;
 Why should we happy Minutes lose,
 Since, *Peggy*, I must love thee ?

Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a Lover's Duty,
 To sigh, and sacrifice their Ease,
 Doating on a proud Beauty :
 Such was my Case for many a Year,
 Still Hope succeeding to my Fear,
 False *Betty's* Charms now disappear,
 Since *Peggy's* far outshine them.

O D E.

HENCE every Thing that can
 Disturb the Quiet of Man;
 Be blyth, my Soul,
 In a full Bowl
 Drown thy Care,
 And repair
 The vital Stream :
 Since Life's a Dream,
 Let Wine abound,
 And Healths go round,
 We'll sleep more sound,
 And let the dull unthinking Mob pursue
 Each endless Wish, and still their Toil renew.

BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 They are twa bonny Lasses,
 They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-Brae,
 And theek'd it o'er wi' Rashes.
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter,
 But *Mary Gray's* twa pawky Een,
 They gar my Fancy falter.

Now *Bessy's* Hair's like a Lint-tap;
 She smiles like a *May*-morning,
 When *Phœbus* starts frae *Thetis'* Lap,
 The Hills with Rays adorning :

White is her Neck, fast is her Hand,
 Her Waist and Feet's fu' genty,
 With ilka Grace she can command;
 Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And *Mary's* Locks are like a' Crow,
 Her Eyes like Diamonds glances;
 She's ay sae clean, red up and brow,
 She kills whene'er she dances:
 Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,
 She blooming, tight and tall is;
 And guides her Airs sae gracefu' still,
 O *Jove!* The's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,
 Ye unco' sair oppress us;
 Our Fancies jee between you twa,
 Ye are sic bonny Lassies:
 Wae' me! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by Law we're stented;
 Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,
 And be with ane contented.

I'll never leave thee.

J O N N Y.

TH O' for seven Years and mair, Honour should
 reave me,

To Fields where Cannons rair, thou need na grieve
 thee :

For deep in my Spirits thy Sweets are indented;
 And Love shall preserve ay what Love has imprinted.

Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,

Gang the Warld as it will, Dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y,

NELLY.

O *Jonny*, I'm jealous whene'er ye discover,
 My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover;
 And nought i' the World wad vex my Heart fairer,
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
 A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

JONNY.

My *Nelly*, let never sic Fancies oppress ye,
 For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly care's ye:
 Your blooming fast Beauties first beeted Love's Fire,
 Your Virtue and Wit make it ay flame the higher.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the World as it will, Dearest, believe me,

NELLY.

Then, *Jonny*, I frankly this Moment allow ye,
 To think me your Mistress, for Love gars me trow ye;
 And gin ye prove fause, to ye'r sell be it said then,
 Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden:
 Reave me, reave me, Heavens! it wad reave me
 Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

JONNY.

Bid Icehoggles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
 And fair Summer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy:
 Bid *Britons* think ae Gate, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The Starns shall gang wicher shins e'er I deceive thee.

My

My Deary, if thou Die.

L O V E never more shall give me Pain,
 My Fancy's fix'd on thee;
 Nor ever Maid my Heart shall gain,
 My *Peggy*, if thou die.

Thy Beauties did such Pleasure give,
 Thy Loves so true to me:
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My Deary, if thou die.

If Fate shall tear thee from my Breast,
 How shall I lonely stray?
 In dreary Dreams the Night I'll waste,
 In Sighs the silent Day.
 I ne'er can so much Virtue find,
 Nor such Perfection see:
 Then I'll renounce all Woman-kind,
 My *Peggy*, after thee.

No new-blown Beauty fires my Heart
 With *Cupid's* raving Rage,
 But thine, which can such Sweets impart,
 Must all the World engage.
 'Twas this that like the Morning Sun
 Gave Joy and Life to me;
 And when its destin'd Day is done,
 With *Peggy* let me die.

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous Love,
 And in such Pleasure share;
 You who its faithful Flames approve,
 With Pity view the Fair.

Restore my Peggy's wonted Charms,
 Those Charms so dear to me;
 Oh! never rob them from those Arms:
 I'm lost, if Peggy die.

C.

My Jo Janet.

SWEET Sir, for your Courtesie,
 When ye come by the *Bass* then;
 For the Love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a Keeking-glass then.
Keek into the Draw-well,
 Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,
My Jo Janet.

Keeking in the Draw-well clear,
 What if I shou'd fa' in,
 Syne a' my Kin will say and swear,
 I drown'd my sell for Sin.
Had the better be the Brae,
 Janet, Janet;
Had the better be the Brae,
My Jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your Courtesie.
 Coming through *Aberdeen* then,
 For the Love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a Pair of Shoon then.
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet;
Ae Pair may gain ye haff a Year,
My Jo Janet.

But

But what if dancing on the Green,
 And skipping like a Mawking,
 If they should see my clouted Shoon,
 Of me they will be taulking.

Dance ay laigh, and late at E'en,

Janet, Janet,
Syne a' their Faunts will no be seen,
 My Jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your Courtesy,
 When ye gae to the Cross then,

For the Love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a pacing Horle then;

Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,

Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your Spining-wheel,
 My Jo Janet.

My Spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,

The Rock o't winna stand, Sir,

To keep the Temper-pin in tiff,

Employs aft my Hand, Sir,

Make the best o't that ye can,

Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a Man,
 My Jo Janet.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *John Anderson my Jo.*

WHAT means this Nicenels now of late,
 Since Time that Truth doth prove?
 Such Distance may consist with State,
 But never will with Love.

'Tis either Cunning or Disdain
That does such ways allow;
The first is base, the last is vain:
May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your Part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not ha'ff that Art:
For if you chance a Look to cast,
That seems to be a Frown,
I'll give you all the Love that's past,
The rest shall be my own.

Auld ROB MORIS.

MITHER.

AULD *Rob Moris* that wins in yon Glen,
He's the King of good Fellows, and Wale of
auld Men,
Has fourscore of black Sheep, and fourscore too;
Auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

Ha'd your Tongue, Mither, and let that abee:
For his Eild and my Eild can never agree:
They'll never agree, and that will be seen!
For he is fourscore, and I'm but fifteen.

MITHER.

Ha'd your Tongue, Doughter, and lay by your Pride,
For he's be the Bridegroom, and ye's be the Bride;
He shall ly by your Side, and kifs ye too,
Auld Rob Moris is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGH-

DOUGHTER.

Auld *Rob Moris*, I ken him fou weel,
 His A—— it sticks out like ony Peet-creel,
 He's out-shin'd, in-knee'd, and ringle-ey'd too;
 Auld *Rob Moris* is the Man I'll ne'er loo.

MITHER.

Tho' auld *Rob Moris* be an elderly Man,
 Yet his auld Brafs it will buy a new Pan;
 Then, Doughter, ye shou'dna be fae ill to shoo,
 For auld *Rob Moris* is the Man ye maun loo.

DOUGHTER.

But auld *Rob Moris* I never will hae,
 His Back is fae stiff, and his Beard is grown grey;
 I had titter die than live wi' him a Year;
 Sae mair of *Rob Moris* I never will hear.

Q.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Come kiss with me, come clap with me, &c.*

PEGGY.

MY *Jocky* blyth for what thou hast done,
 There is nae help nor mending;
 For thou hast jog'd me out of Tune,
 For a' thy fair pretending.
 My Mither sees a Change on me,
 For my Complexion dashes,
 And this, alas! has been with thee
 Sae late among the Rashes.

JOCKY.

My *Peggy*, what I've said I'll do,
 To free thee frae her Scouling;
 Come then and let us buckle to,
 Nae langer let's be fooling:

For her Content I'll instant wed,
 Since thy Complexion dashes;
 And then we'll try a Feather-bed,
 'Tis faster than the Rasches.

PEGGY.

Then *Jocky* since thy Love's sae true,
 Let Mither scoul, I'm easy:
 Sae lang's I live, I ne'er shall rue
 For what I've done to please thee.
 And there's my Hand, I'll ne'er complain:
 O! well's me on the Rasches;
 When e'er thou likes I'll do't again,
 And a Feg for a' their Clashes.

Z.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Roth's Lament*; or *Pinky-house*.

AS *Sylvia* in a Forest lay,
 To vent her Woe alone;
 Her Swain *Sylvander* came that Way,
 And heard her dying Moan.
 Ah! is my Love (she said) to you
 So worthless and so vain:
 Why is your wonted Fondness now
 Converted to Disdain?

You vow'd the Light should Darknes turn,
 E'er you'd exchange your Love;
 In Shades now may Creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.

Was

Was it for this I Credit gave
 To ev'ry Oath you swore?
 But ah! it seems they most deceive,
 Who most our Charms adore.

'Tis plain your Drift was all Deceit,
 The Practice of Mankind:
 Alas! I see it but too late,
 My Love had made me blind:
 For you, delighted I could die:
 But oh! with Grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that credulous constant I
 Should by your self be kill'd.

This said,—all breathless, sick and pale,
 Her Head upon her Hand,
 She found her vital Spirits fail,
 And Senses at a Stand.
Sylvander then began to melt:
 But ere the Word was given,
 The heavy Hand of Death she felt,
 And sigh'd her Soul to Heaven.

M.

The young Laird and Edinburgh KATY.

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
 Coming down the Street, my Jo?
 My Mistrefs in her Tartan Screen,
 Fow bonny, braw and sweet, my Jo.
 My Dear, quoth I, thanks to the Night,
 That never wish'd a Lover ill,
 Since ye're out of your Mither's Sight,
 Let's take a Wauk up to the Hill.

O *Katy*, wiltu gang wi' me,
 And leave the dunsome Town a while;
 The Blossom's sprouting frae the Tree,
 And a the Summer's gawn to smile:
 The Mavis, Nightingale and Lark,
 The bleeting Lambs and whistling Hind,
 In ilka Dale, Green, Shaw and Park,
 Will nourish Health, and glad ye'r Mind.

Soon as the clear Goodman of Day
 Bends his Morning Draught of Dew,
 We'll gae to some Burn-side and play,
 And gather Flowers to busk ye'r Brow.
 We'll pou the Daifies on the Green,
 The lucken Gowans frae the Bog;
 Between Hands now and then we'll lean,
 And sport upo' the Velvet Fog.

There's up into a pleasant Glen,
 A wee piece frae my Father's Tower,
 A canny, fast and flow'ry Den,
 Which circling Birks have form'd a Bower:
 When e'er the Sun grows high and warm,
 We'll to the cauler Shade remove,
 There will I lock thee in mine Arm,
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

KATY'S Answer.

MY Mither's ay glowran o'er me,
 Tho' she did the same before me;
 I canna get leave
 To look to my Looove,
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right

Right fain wad I take ye'r Offer,
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my Tocher;
 Then *Sandy*, ye'll fret,
 And wyte ye'r poor *Kate*,
 When e'er ye keek in your toom Coffer.

For tho' my Father has plenty
 Of Siller and Plenishing dainty,
 Yet he's unco sweer
 To twin wi' his Gear;
 And fae we had need to be tenty.

Tutor my Parents wi' Caution,
 Be wylie in ilka Motion;
 Brag well o' ye'r Land,
 And there's my leal Hand,
 Win them, I'll be at your Devotion.

M A R Y S C O T.

HAPPY's the Love which meets Return,
 When in soft Flames Souls equal burn;
 But Words are wanting to discover
 The Torments of a hopeless Lover.
 Ye registers of Heav'n relate,
 If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate,
 Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the Flower of *Yarrow*.

Ah no! her Form's too heavenly fair,
 Her Love the Gods above must share;
 While Mortals with Despair explore her,
 And at a Distance due adore her.

O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,
 Revive and blefs me with a Smile:
 Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
 Sighing Swain the Banks of *Yarrow*.

Be hush, ye Fears, I'll not despair,
 My *Mary*'s tender as she's fair;
 Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish,
 She is too good to let me languish;
 With Success crown'd I will not envy
 The Folks who dwell above the Sky;
 When *Mary Scot*'s become my Marrow,
 We'll make a Paradise on *Yarrow*.

Wine and Musick, an Ode.

SYMON.] O *Colin*, how dull is't to be
 When a Soul is sinking wi' Pain,
 To one who is pained like me,
 My Life's grown a Load,
 And my Faculties nod,
 While I sigh for cold *Feanie* in vain,
 I'm slain, I'm slain, I'm slain,
 The Wound it is mortal and deep,
 My Pulses beat low in each Vein,
 And threaten eternal Sleep.

COLIN.] Come here's the best Cure for thy Wounds,
 A Cure for all thy Wounds,
 The Bowl, the Bowl, the Bowl,
 O Boy, the Cordial Bowl!
 With soft harmonious Sounds,

Wounds,

Wounds, Wounds, Wounds, these can cure all Wounds,
 With soft harmonious Sounds,
 And pull off the Cordial Bowl:
 Tune, tune, tune, O *Symon* tune thy Soul.

Above the Gods bienly bouze,
 When round they meet in a Ring,
 They cast away Care, and carouse
 Their *Nectar*, while they sing.
 Then drink, drink, drink and sing,

These make the Blood circle fine,
 Strike up the *Musick*,
 The safest *Physick*,
 Compounded with sparkling *Wine*.

To the Ph---- An O D E.

Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte.————— H O R.

LOOK up to *Pentland's* tousing Taps,
 Buried beneath great Wreaths of Sna',
 O'er ilka Cleugh, ilk Scar and Slap,
 As high as ony *Roman* Wa'.

Driving their Baws frae Whins or Tee,
 There's no ae Gowffer to be seen,
 Nor douffer Fowk wyding a-jee
 The Byas's Bowls on *Tamson's* Green.

Then sling on Coals, and ripe the Ribs,
 And beek the House baith Butt and Ben,
 That Mutchken Stoup it hads but Dribs,
 Then let's get in the tappit Hen.

D 5.

Good

Good Claret best keeps out the Cauld,
 And drives away the Winter soon,
 It makes a Man baith gash and bauld,
 And heaves his Saul beyond the Moon.

Leave to the Gods your ilka Care,
 If that they think us worth their While,
 They can a Rowth of Blessings spare,
 Which will our fashious Fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
 That will they do, should we gang wood;
 If they command the Storms to blow,
 Then upo' Sight the Hailstones thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, Bequiet,
 The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
 But cour into their caves, and wait
 The high Command of supreme J O V E.

Let neist Day come as it thinks fit,
 The present Minute's only ours,
 On Pleasure let's imploy our Wit,
 And laugh at Fortune's feckless Powers.

Be sure ye dinna quat the Grip
 Of ilka Joy when ye are young,
 Before auld Age your Vitals nip,
 And lay ye twafald o'er a Rung.

Sweet Youth's a blyth and heartsome Time,
 Then Lads and Lassies while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast Minutes of Delyte,
 When *Fenny* speaks beneath her Breath,
 And kisses, laying a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;
 Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away,
 And hide her sell in some dark Nook:

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place
 Where lies the Happiness ye want,
 And plainly tells you to your Face,
 Nineteen Nae-says are haff a Grant.

Now to her heaving Bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a Kiss,
 Frae her fair Finger whop a Ring,
 As Taiken of a future Bliss.

These Bennifons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods indulgent Grant:
 Then, surly Carles, whisht, forbear
 To plague us with your whining Cant.

* To R---- H---- B----, an ODE.

*Nullum Vae sacra vite prius severis arborem,
 Circa nitens solum Tiburis & mania Catilia.* H O R.

O B ——— could these Fields of thine
 Bear as in *Gaul* the juicy Vine,

How

How sweet the bonny Grape wou'd shine
 On Wa's, where now
 Your Apricocks and Branches fine
 Their Branches bow?

Since human Life is but a Blink,
 Why should we its short Joys sink?
 He disna live that canna link

The Glafs about ;
 When warm'd with Wine, like Men we think,
 And grow mair stout;

The cauldrie Carles clog'd wi' Care,
 Wha gathering Gear gang hyte and gare,
 If ramn'd wi' Red, they rant and rair

Like mirthfu' Men;
 It soothly shaws them they can spare
 A Rowth to spend;

What Soger when with Wine he's bung
 Did e'er complain he had been dung,
 Or of his Toil, or empty spung?

Na, o'er his Glafs,
 Nought but braw Deeds employ his Tongue,
 Or some sweet La's;

Yet Trowth, 'tis proper we should stint
 Our sells to a fresh mod'rate Pint;
 Why should we (the blyth Blessing) mint

To waste or spill?
 Since, aften, when our Reason's tint
 We may do ill,

Let's set these hair-brain'd Fowk in view,
 That when they're stupid, mad and fow,

Do brutal Deeds, which aft they rue
 For a' their Days,
 Which frequently prove very few
 To such as these.

Then let us grip our Blifs mair ficker,
 And tape our Heel, and fprightly Liquor,
 Which fober tane makes Wit the quicker,
 And Sense mair keen;
 While graver Heads that's muckle thicker
 Grane wi' the Spleen.

May ne'er fuch wicked Fumes arife
 In me, fhall break a' facred Ties,
 And gar me like a Fool defpife
 With Stifnefs rude;
 Whatever my beft Friends advife,
 Tho' ne'er fae good.

'Tis beft then to evite the Sin
 Of bending till our Sauls gae blin;
 Left like our Glafs our Breaths grow thin,
 And let Fowk peep
 At ilka Secret hid within,
 That we fhould keep.

O'er Bogie.

I Will awa' wi' my Love,
 I will awa' wi' her,
 Tho' a' my Kin had fworn and faid,
 I'll o'er Bogie wi' her.

If I can get but her Consent,
 I dinna care a Strae,
 Tho' ilka ane be discontent,
 Awa' wi' her I'll gae,
I will awa', &c.

For now she's Mistrefs of my Heart,
 And wordy of my Hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For Siller or for Land.
 Let Rakes delight to swear and drink,
 And Beaus admire fine Lace,
 But my chief Pleasure is, to blink
 On *Betty's* bony Face.
I will awa', &c.

There a' the Beauties do combine,
 Of Colour, Treats and Air,
 The Saul that sparkles in her Een
 Makes her a Jewel rare :
 Her flowing Wit gives shining Life
 To a' her other Charms ;
 How blest I'll be, when she's my Wife,
 And lockt up in my Arms!
I will awa', &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,
 While o'er her Sweets I range,
 I'll cry, Your humble Servant, King,
 Shamefa' them that wad change
 A Kiss of *Betty*, and a Smile ;
 Abeit ye wad lay down
 The Right ye hae to *Britain's* Isle,
 And offer me ye'r Crown.
I will awa', &c.

O'er the Moor to MAGGY.

AND I'll o'er the Moor to *Maggy*,
 Her Wit and Sweetness call me,
 Then to my Fair I'll shew my Mind,
 Whatever may befall me.
 If she love Mirth, I'll learn to sing,
 Or likes the Nine to follow,
 I'll lay my Lugs in *Pindus'* Spring,
 And invoke *Apollo*.

If she admire a martial Mind,
 I'll sheathe my Limbs in Armour!
 If to the softer Dance inclin'd,
 With gayest Airs I'll charm her:
 If she love Grandeur, Day and Night
 I'll plot my Nation's Glory,
 Find Favour in my Prince's Sight.
 And shine in future Story.

Beauty can Wonders work with ease,
 Where Wit is corresponding;
 And bravest Men know best to please,
 With Complaisance abounding.
 My bony *Maggy's* Love can turn
 Me to what Shape she pleases,
 If in her Breast that Flame shall burn,
 Which in my Bosom blazes.

*Polwart on y' green composed by Captain
John Mc'Gregor of (88) Brochaldie*

Polwart on the GREEN.

AT Polwart on the Green
If you'll meet me the Morn,
Where Lasses do convene
To dance about the Thorn,
A kindly Welcome you shall meet
Frae her wha likes to view
A Lover and a Lad compleat,
The Lad and Lover you.

Let dorty Dames say Na,
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the Sna',
While inwardly they bleez;
But I will frankly shaw my Mind,
And yield my Heart to thee;
Be ever to the Captive kind,
That lang's na to be free.

At Polwart on the Green,
Amang the new-mawn Hay,
With Sangs and Dancing keen
We'll pass the heartsome Day.
At Night, if Beds be o'er thrang laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear Lad,
To take a Part of mine.

John Hay's bony Lassie.

BY smooth winding Tay a Swain was reclining,
Ait cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
My

My fell thus away, and darna discover
To my bony *Hay* that I am her Lover ?

Nae mair it will hide, the Flame waxes stranger ;
If she's not my Bride, my Days are nae langer :
Then I'll take a Heart, and try at a venture,
May be, e'er we part, my Vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as *Aurora*,
When Birds mount and sing, bidding Day a Good-
morrow :

The Sward of the Mede, enamell'd with Daifies,
Look wither'd and dead, when twin'd of her Graces.

But if she appear where Verdures invite her,
The Fountains run clear, and Flowers smell the sweet-
er :

'Tis Heaven to be by, when her Wit is a flowing,
Her Smiles and bright Eye set my Spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded ;
Struck dumb with Amaze, my Mind is confounded ;
I'm all in a Fire, dear Maid to care's ye,
For a' my Desire is *Hay's* bony Lassie.

Katharine Ogie.

AS walking forth to view the Plain,
Upon a Morning early,
While *May's* sweet Scent did cheer my Brain,
From Flowers which grow so rarely :
I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,
She shin'd tho' it was fogie ;
I ask'd her Name : Sweet Sir, she said ;
My Name is *Katharine Ogie.*

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a Nymph so stately;
 So brisk an Air there did appear
 In a Country-Maid so neatly:
 Such natural Sweetness she display'd,
 Like a Lillie in a Bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd,
 Like this same *Katharine Ogie*.

Thou Flower of Females, Beauty's Queen,
 Who seest thee, sure must prize thee;
 Tho' thou art drest in Robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee:
 Thy handsome Air, and graceful Look,
 Far excels any clownish Rogie;
 Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,
 My charming *Katharine Ogie*.

O were I but some Shepherd-Swain!
 To feed my Flock beside thee,
 At boughting-time to leave the Plain,
 In milking to abide thee;
 I'd think my self a happier Man,
 With *Kate*, my Club, and Dogie,
 Than he who hugs his Thousands ten,
 Had I but *Katharine Ogie*.

Then I'd despise th' Imperial Throne,
 And Statesmen's dangerous Stations:
 I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
 I'd smile at conquering Nations;
 Might I carefs and still possess
 This Lafs, of whom I'm vogie;
 For these are Toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie*.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
For me so fine a Creature,
Whose Beauty rare makes her exceed
All other Works in Nature,
Clouds of Despair surround my Love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my Case ye Powers above,
Else I die for *Katharine Ogie*.

X.

Ann thou were my ain Thing.

OF Race divine thon needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
For Heaven's sake, Oh! favour me,
Who only lives to love thee.

*Ann thou were my ain Thing,
I would love thee, I would love thee;
Ann thou were my ain Thing,
How dearly would I love thee!*

The Gods one Thing peculiar have,
To ruin none whom they can save;
O! for their sake, support a Slave,
Who only lives to love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

To Merit I no Claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake,
What Man can name, I'll undertake,
So dearly do I love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

My

My Passion, constant as the Sun,
 Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
 Till Fates my Thread of Life have spun,
 Which breathing out, I'll love thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

Like Bees that suck the Morning Dew,
 Frae Flowers of sweetest Scent and Hew,
 Sae wad I dwell upo' thy Mou,
 And gar the Gods envy me.

Ann thou were, &c.

Sae lang's I had the Use of Light,
 I'd on thy Beauties feast my Sight,
 Syne in fast Whispers through the Night,
 I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

How fair and ruddy is my *Jeannie*,
 She move's a Goddess o'er the Green:
 Were I a King, thou shou'd be Queen,
 Nane but my fell aboon thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

I'd grasp thee to this Breast of mine,
 Whilst thou like Ivy, or the Vine
 Around my stronger Limbs shou'd twine,
 Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

Time's on the Wing, and will not stay,
 In shining Youth lets make our Hay,
 Since Love admits of nae Delay,
 O let nae Scorn undo thee.

Ann thou were, &c.

While Love does at his Altar stand,
 Hae there's my Heart, gi' me thy Hand,
 And, with ilk Smile thou shalt command
 The Will of him, wha loves thee.

Anna thou were, &c.

There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

MY sweetest *May*, let Love incline thee,
 T'accept a Heart which he designs thee;
 And, as your constant Slave regard it;
 Byne for its faithfulness reward it;
 'Tis Proof a-shot to Birth or Money,
 But yields to what is sweet and bony;
 Receive it then with a Kiss and a Smile,
 There's my Thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these Lips of thine are,
 Thy Bosom white, and Legs sae fine are,
 That when in Pools I see thee clean 'em;
 They carry away my Heart between 'em.
 I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
 O gin I had thee on a Mountain,
 Tho' Kith and Kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
 There's my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane through Flowr'y Hows I dander,
 Tenting my Flocks lest they should wander,
 Gin thou'll gae alang, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
 And gi'e my Thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
 O my dear Lassie, it is but Daffin
 To had thy Woer up ay niff naffin.
 That Na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
 O say, Yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

For

For the Love of JEAN.

JOCKY said to *Jeany*, *Jeany*, wilt thou do't ?
 Ne'er a fit, quo' *Jeany* for my Tocher good,
 For my Tocher good, I winna marry thee,
 E'ens ye like, quo *Jonny*, ye may let it be.

I ha' Gowd and Gear, I ha' Land enough,
 I ha' seven good Owfen ganging in the Pleugh,
 Ganging in a Pleugh, and linking o'er the Lee,
 And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

I ha' a good Ha' House, a Barn and a Byer,
 A Stack afore the Door, I'll make a rantin Fire;
 I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry shall we be,
 And gin ye winna tack me, I can let ye be.

Jeany said to *Jocky*, gin ye winna tell,
 Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the La's my fell,
 Ye're a bonny Lad, and I'm a Laffie free,
 Ye're welcomer to take me than to let me be.

Z.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Peggy I must love thee.*

BENEATH a Beech's grateful Shade,
 Young *Colin* lay complaining;
 He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a Maid,
 Without Hopes of obtaining;
 For thus the Swain indulg'd his Grief,
 Tho' Pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard Heart gives no Relief,
 Yet *Peggy* I must love thee.

Say,

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
 That thus you cruelly use him ?
 If Love's a Fault, 'tis that alone,
 For which you should excuse him :
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this Flame,
 This Fire by which I languish ;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching Anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive Plain,
 Where every Maid invites me ;
 For thee, sole Cause of all my Pain,
 For thee that only slights me :
 This Love that fires my faithful Heart
 By all but thee's commended ;
 Oh ! would'st thou act so good a Part,
 My Grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous Breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd Tenderness all over,
 Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing Lover.
 Alas ! tho' it should ne'er relent,
 Nor *Colin's* Care e'er move thee,
 Yet till Life's latest Breath is spent,
 My *Peggy*, I must love thee. C.

Genty Tibby, and son'sy Nelly.

To the Tune of, *Tibby Fowler in the Glen.*

TI B B Y has a Store of Charms,
 Her genty Shape our Fancy warms,
 How strangely can her sma' white Arms
 Fetter the Lad wha looks but at her ;

Frae

Frae'er Ankle to her slender Waffe,
 These Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her,
 Her rosie Cheek and rising Breast,
 Gar ane's Mouth gulsh bowt fou' o' Water.

Nelly's gawfy, fast and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken Flowers in *May*,
 Ilk ane that sees her cries *Ab hey!*
 She's bonny, O I wonder at her!
 The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,
 And Limbs fae plump invite to dawt her,
 Her Lips fae sweet, and Skin fae sleek,
 Gar mony Mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my Finger in a Bore,
 My Wison with the Maiden shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa Stars appear the gither?
 O Love! Why dost thou gi'e thy Fires
 Sae large? While we're oblig'd to neither
 Our spacious Sauls immense Desires,
 And ay be in a hankering Swither,

Tibby's Shape and Airs are fine,
 And *Nelly's* Beauties are divine;
 But since they can na baith be mine,
 Ye Gods give Ear to my Petition;
 Provide a good Lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this Provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In Prospect *plano* and Fruition.

Up in the Air.

NOW the Sun's gane out o' Sight,
 Beet the Ingle, and snuff the Light:
 In Glens the Fairies skip and dance,
 And Witches wallop o'er to *France*.

Up in the Air

On my bonny grey Mare,
 And I see her yet, and I see her yet.

Up in, &c.

The Wind's drifting Hail and Sna,
 O'er frozen Hags, like a Foot-ba';
 Nae Starnskeek through the Azure Slit,
 'Tis cauld, and mirk as ony Pit.

The Man i' the Moon

Is carousing aboon;

D'ye see, d'ye see, d'ye see him yet?

The Man, &c.

Take your Glafs to clear your Een,
 'Tis the Elixir heals the Spleen,
 Baith Wit and Mirth it will inspire,
 And gently puffs the Lovers Fire.

Up in the Air,

It drives away Care;

Ha'e wi' ye, ha'e wi' ye, and ha'e wi' ye, Lads, yet,

Up in, &c.

Steek the Doors, keep out the Frost;
 Come, *Willie*, gie's about ye'r Toft;
 Til't, Lads, and lilt it out,
 And let us ha'e a blythsome Bout.

Up wi't there, there,

Dinna cheat, but drink fair:

Huzza, huzza, and huzza, Lads, yet.

Up wi't, &c.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

G I N ye meet a bonny Lassie,
 Gi'e her a Kifs, and let her gae;
 But if ye meet a dirty Huffle,
 Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

Be sure ye dinna quat the Grip
 Of ilka Joy when you are young,
 Before auld Age your Vitals nip,
 And lay you twa fald o'er a Rung.

Sweet Youth's a blyth and heartsome Time;
 Then, Lads and Lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the Gowan in its Prime,
 Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast Minutes of Delyte,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her Breath,
 And kiffes, laying a' the Wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy Rook;
 Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away,
 And hide her self in some dark Nook.

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,
 Where lies the Happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your Face,
 Nineteen Nay-says are haff a Grant.

Now to her heaving Bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a Kifs:
 Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,
 As Taiken of a future Blifs.

These Bennisons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods indulgent Grant:
 Then furly Carles, whisht, forbear
 To plague us with your whining Cant.

PATIE and PEGGY.

PATIE.

BY the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
 And rowing Eye, which smiling tells the Truth,
 I guess, my Lassie, that as well as I,
 You're made for Love, and why should ye deny?

PEGGY.

But ken ye, Lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done:
 The Maiden that o'er quickly tines her Pow'r,
 Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
 Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.
 Red cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
 And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang haff Year.

PEGGY.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
 Into my *Patie's* Arms for good and a':
 But stint your Wishes to this frank Embrace,
 And mint nae farther till we've got the Grace.

PATIE.

O charming Armsfu'! Hence, ye Cares, away,
 I'll kifs my Treasure a' the live lang Day;
 A' Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again,
 Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

*Sun, gallop down the Westlin Skies,
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
O lash your Steeds, post Time away,
And haste about our Bridal Day:
And if you're wearied, honest Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.*

The Mill, Mill---O.

Beneath a green Shade I fand a fair Maid,
Was sleeping sound and still---O;
A' lowan wi' Love, my Fancy did rove
Around her with good Will---O :
Her Bosom I prest; but sunk in her Rest,
She stir'dna my Joy to spill---O;
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kifs'd, and kifs'd her my fill--O.

Oblig'd by Command in *Flanders* to land,
T' employ my Courage and Skill---O,
Frae'er quietly I staw, hoist Sails and awa',
For Wind blew fair on the Bill---O.
Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraising Fame
Tald me with a Voice right shrill---O,
My Lafs like a Fool had mounted the Stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the ill---O.

Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,
I ferlyng speer'd how she fell---O.
Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth she, Let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell--O.

Love

Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand,
 And bad her a' Fears expel---O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man
 Wha had done her the Deed my fell---O.

My bonny sweet Lafs on the gowany Grafs,
 Beneath the *Shilling-hill*---O,
 If I did Offence, I'll make ye amends
 Before I leave *Peggy's Mill*---O.
O the Mill, Mil---O, *and the Kill, Kill*---O,
And the cogging of the Wheel---O;
The Sack and the Sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
And round with a Sodger-reel---O.

COLIN and GRISY parting.

To the Tune of, *Woe's my Heart that we should sunder.*

WITH broken Words, and down-cast Eyes,
 Poor *Colin* spoke his Passion tender;
 And, parting with his *Grisy*, cries,
 Ah! woe's my Heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as Snow,
 But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder:
 From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go;
 It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
 No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,
 Nor Time nor Place shall ever change
 My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.



The Image of thy graceful Air,
 And Beauties which invite our Wonder;
 Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we funder.

Dear Nymph, believe your Swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder ;
 Then seal a Promise with a Kifs,
 Always to love me, tho' we funder.

Ye Gods, take care of my dear La's,
 That as I leave her I may find her :
 When that blest Time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never funder.

The Gaberlunzie-Man.

THE pawky auld Carle came o'er the Lee,
 Wi' many good E'ens and Days to me,
 Saying, Goodwife, for your Courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a silly poor Man?
 The Night was cauld, the Carle was wat,
 And down ayont the Ingle he sat ;
 My Daughter's Shoulders he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this Country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be !
 And I wad never think lang.
 He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld Minny ken
 What thir flee twa together were say'n,
 When wooing they were fae thrang.

And

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black,
 As e'er the Crown of my Dady's Hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,

And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.

And O! quoth she, ann I were as white
 As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
 I'd clead me braw, and Lady like,
 And awa' wi' thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot;
 They raise a wee before the Cock,
 And wylily they shot the Lock,
 And fast to the Bent are they gane.
 Up the Morn the auld Wife raise,
 And at her Leisure pat on her Claife;
 Syne to the Servants Bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor Man.

She gaed to the Bed where the Beggar lay,
 The Strae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her Hands, cry'd, Waladay,
 For some of our Gear will be gane.
 Some ran to Coffers, and some to Kists,
 But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
 She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
 I have lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
 The Kirn's to kirn, and Milk to earn,
 Gae butt the House, Lafs, and waken my Bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
 The Sheets were cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her Goodwife can say,
 She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And haste ye find these Traitors again;
 For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
 The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
 Some rade upo' Horse, some ran a-fit,
 The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit;
 She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
 But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the Lee,
 Fu' snug in a Glen, where nane cou'd see,
 The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,
 Cut frae a new Cheese a Whang:
 The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
 Tolo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his Aith,
 Quo' she, To leave thee I will be laith,
 My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my Minny I were wi' you,
 Illfardly wad she crook her Mou,
 Sic a poor Man she'd never trow,
 After the Gaberlunzie-man.
 My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
 And ha' na learn'd the Beggars Tongue,
 To follow me frae Town to Town,
 And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' Cauk and Keel I'll win your Bread,
 And Spindles and Whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,
 To carry the Gaberlunzie—O.
 I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,
 And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
 A Cripple and Blind they will ca' me,
 While we shall be merry and sing.

The CORDIAL:

To the Tune of, *Where shall our Goodman ly?*

H E.

W H E R E wad bonny *Anne* ly?
 Alane nae mair ye maun ly;
 Wad ye a Goodman try?
 Is that the Thing ye're laking?

S H E.

Can a Lafs sae young as I,
 Venture on the Bridal Tie,
 Syne down with a Goodman ly?
 I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

H E.

Never judge until ye try,
 Mak me your Goodman, I
 Shanna hinder you to ly,
 And sleep till ye be weary.

S H E.

What if I shou'd wauking ly,
 When the Hloboys are gawn by,
 Will ye tent me when I cry,
 My dear, I'm faint and iry?

H E.

In my Bosom thou shall ly,
 When thou waukrife art or dry,
 Healthy Cordial standing by,
 Shall presently revive thee.

S H E.

To your Will I then comply,
 Join us, Priest, and let me try
 How I'll wi' a Goodman ly,
 Wha can a Cordial give me.

E 5

K 20-

Ew-Bughts, MARION.

WILL ye go to the Ew-bughts, *Marion*,
 And wear in the Sheep wi' me;
 The Sun shines sweet, my *Marion*,
 But nae haff sae sweet as thee.
 O *Marion's* a bonny Lass,
 And the Blyth blinks in her Eye;
 And fain wad I marry *Marion*,
 Gin *Marion* wad marry me.

There's Gowd in your Garters, *Marion*,
 And Silk on your white Hauke-bane;
 Fu' fain wad I kiss my *Marion*
 At E'en when I come hame.
 There's braw Lads in *Earnshaw*, *Marion*,
 Wha gape and glowr with their Eye,
 At Kirk when they see my *Marion*;
 But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine Milk-ews, my *Marion*,
 A Cow and a brawny Quey,
 I'll gi'e them a' to my *Marion*,
 Just on her Bridal-Day;
 And ye's get a green Sey Apron,
 And Waistcoat of the *London* brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 When e'er ye gang to the Town.

I'm young and stout, my *Marion*;
 Nane dances like me on the Green;
 And gin ye forsake me, *Marion*,
 I'll e'en gae draw up wi' *Jean*.

*Sae put on your Pearlins, Marion,
 And Kyrle of the Cramasie ;
 And soon as my Chin has nae Hair on,
 I shall come West, and see ye.*

The blythsome Bridal.

FY let's a' to the Bridal,
 For there will be liting there ;
 For *Jocky's* to be married to *Maggy*,
 The *Lafs* wi' the *Gowden Hair*.
 And there will be *Lang-kail* and *Pottage* ;
 And *Bannocks* of *Barley meal* ;
 And there will be good *sawt Herring*,
 To relish a *Cog* of good *Ale*.
Fy let's a' to the Bridal, &c.

And there will be *Saney* the *Sutor*,
 And *Will* wi' the *meikle Mou* :
 And there will be *Tam* the *Blutter*,
 With *Andrew* the *Tinkler*, I trow ;
 And there will be *bow'd-legged Robbie*,
 With *thumblefs Katie's Goodman* ;
 And there will be *blue-cheeked Dowbie*,
 And *Lawrie* the *Laird* of the *Land*.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Sow libber Patie* ;
 And *plucky-fac'd Wat* i' the *Mill*,
Capper-nos'd Francie and *Gibbie*,
 That wins in the *How* of the *Hill* ;

And

And there will be *Alaster Sibbie*,
 Wha in with black *Bessy* did mool,
 With snivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,
 The Lafs that stands aft on the Stool.
Fylet us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Steenie*,
 And cost him gray Breeks to his Arse,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great Mercy it happen'd nae warfe:
 And there will be glead *Geordy Fanners*,
 And *Kirsh* with the Lilly-white Leg,
 Wha gade to the South for Manners,
 And bang'd up her Wame in *Mons-meg*.
Fylet us, &c.

And there will be *Juden Mc.lawrie*,
 And blinking daft *Barbara Mc.leg*,
 Wi' flae-lugged sharny-fac'd *Lawrie*,
 And shangy mou'd haluket *Meg*.
 And there will be happer-ars'd *Nansy*,
 And fairy-fac'd *Flowrie* by Name;
 Muck *Madie*, and fat hippit *Grisy*,
 The Lafs wi' the Gowden Wame.
Fylet us, &c.

And there will be *Girn-again-Gibbie*,
 With his glakit Wife *Fenny Bell*,
 And Misse-shin'd *Mungo Mc.apie*,
 The Lad that was Skipper himsel.
 There Lads and Lasses in Pearlings
 Will feast in the Heart of the Ha',
 On Sybows, and Rifarts, and Carlings,
 That are baith foddan and raw.
Fylet us, &c.

And

And there will be Fidges and Brachen,
 With Fourth of good Gabbocks of Skate,
 Powfowdy, and Drammock, and Crowdy,
 And caller Nowt-feet in a Plate.

And there will be Partans and Buckies,
 And Whytens and Speldens' enew,
 With singed Sheep-heads, and a Haggies,
 And Scadlips to sup till ye spew.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Iapper'd Milk Kebbucks,
 And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps,
 With Swats, and well scraped Paunches,
 And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps:
 And there will be Meal-kail and Castocks,
 With Skink to sup till ye rive;
 And Roasts to roast on a Brander,
 Of Flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrap Haddocks, Wilks, Dulse and Tangle,
 And a Mill of good Snifhing to prie;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be liltin'g there,
For Jocky's to be marry'd to Maggie,
The Lafs wi' the Gowden Hair.

Z:

The Highland Laddie.

THE Lawland Lads think they are fine,
 But O they're vain and gaudy!
 How much unlike that gracefu' Mein,
 And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie?

*O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,
My handsome charming Highland Laddie;
May Heaven still guard, and Love reward
Our Lawland Lass and her Highland Laddie.*

If I were free at Will to chuse
To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
I'd take young *Donald* without Trews,
With Bonnet blue, and belted Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The bravest Beau in Borrows-town,
In a' his Airs, with Art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown;
He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady:
Frae Winter's Cauld and Summer's Sun,
He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room, and silken Bed,
May please a Lawland Laird and Lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad
Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie,
And he ca's me his Lawland Lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his Love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my Highland Laddie,
 O my bonny, &c.

A L L A N - W A T E R ;

Or, *My Love Annie's very bonny.*

WHAT Number shall the Muse repeat?
 What Verse be found to praise my *Annie*?
 On her ten thousand Graces wait,
 Each Swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trod the happy Plain,
 She set each youthful Heart on Fire;
 Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,
 That *Annie* kindles new Desire.

This lovely Darling dearest Care,
 This new Delight, this charming *Annie*,
 Like Summer's Dawn, she's fresh and fair,
 When *Flora's* fragrant Breezes fan ye.
 All Day the am'rous Youths conveen,
 Joyous they sport and play before her;
 All Night, when she no more is seen,
 In blisful Dreams they still adore her.

Among the Crowd *Amyntor* came,
 He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to *Annie*;
 His rising Sighs express his Flame,
 His Words were few, his Wishes many.
 With Smiles the lovely Maid reply'd,
 Kind Shepherd, why should I deceive ye?
 Alas! your Love must be deny'd,
 This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young

Young *Damon* came with *Cupid's* Art,
 His Wyles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling,
 He stole away my Virgin Heart ;
 Cease, poor *Amyntor*, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter Beauty you may find,
 On yonder Plain the Nymphs are many ;
 Then chuse some Heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to *Damon* his own *Annie*.

C.

The Collier's bonny Lassie.

THE Collier has a Daughter,
 And O she's wond'rous bonny,
 A Laird he was that sought her,
 Rich baith in Lands and Money ;
 The Tutors watch'd the Motion
 Of this young honest Lover ;
 But Love is like the Ocean ;
 Wha can its Depth discover !

He had the Art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ;
 His Airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The Collier's bonny Lassie,
 Fair as the new-blown Lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,
 Secur'd the Heart of *Willy*.

He lov'd beyond Expression
 The Charms that were about her,
 And panted for Possession,
 His Life was dull without her.

After

After mature resolving,
 Close to his Breast he held her,
 In safest Flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her;

My bonny Collier's Daughter,
 Let naithing discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty Tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :
 For I have Gear in Plenty,
 And Love says, 'tis my Duty
 To ware what Heaven has lent me,
 Upon your Wit and Beauty.

Where H E L E N lies.

To _____ in Mourning.

AH! why those Tears in *Nelly's* Eyes?
 To hear thy tender Sighs and Cries,
 The Gods stands list'ning from the Skies,
 Pleas'd with thy Piety.
 To mourn the Dead, dear Nymph, forbear,
 And of one dying take a Care,
 Who views thee as an Angel fair,
 Or some Divinity.

O be less graceful, or more kind,
 And cool this Fever of my Mind,
 Caus'd by the Boy severe and blind;
 Wounded I sigh for thee;
 While hardly dare I hope to rise
 To such a Height by *Hymen's* Ties,
 To lay me down where *Helen* lies,
 And with thy Charms be free.

Then

Then must I hide my Love and die,
 When such a sovereign Cure is by ?
 No; she can love, and I'll go try,
 What'er my Fate may be ;
 Which soon I'll read in her bright Eyes,
 With those dear Agents I'll advise,
 They tell the Truth when Tongues tell Lyes,
 The least believ'd by me.

S O N G,

To the Tune of, *Gallowshiels.*

AH the Shepherd's mournful Fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
 To bear the scornful Fair-one's Hate,
 Nor dare disclose his Anguish.
 Yet eager Looks, and dying Sighs,
 My secret Soul discover,
 While Rapture trembling thro' mine Eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender Glance, the redning Check,
 O'erspread with rising Blushes,
 A thousand various Ways they speak
 A thousand various Wishes.

For oh! that Form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless Blush, and modest Air,
 So fatally beguiling.

Thy every Look, and every Grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee ;
 Till Death o'ertake me in the Chace,
 Still will my Hopes pursue thee.

Then when my tedious Hours are past,
 Be this last Blessing given,
 Low at thy Feet to breath my last,
 And die in sight of Heaven.

TO CLARINDA.

A S O N G,

To the Tune of, *I wish my Love were in a Mire,*

BEST as th' immortal God is he,
 The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while
 Softly speak and sweetly smile, &c.
 So spoke and smil'd the Eastern Maid,
 Like thine, Seraphick were her Charms,
 That in *Circasia's* Vineyards stray'd,
 And blest the wisest Monarch's Arms.

A thousand Fair of high Desert,
 Strave to enchant the amorous King;
 But the *Circasian* gain'd his Heart,
 And taught the Royal Bard to sing.
Clarinda thus our Sang inspires,
 And claims the smooth and highest Lays;
 But while each Charm our Bosom fires,
 Words seem too few to sound her Praise.

Her Mind in ev'ry Grace complete,
 To paint surpasses human Skill:
 Her Majesty, mixt with the Sweet,
 Let Seraphs sing her if they will.
 Whilst wond'ring, with a Ravish'd Eye,
 We all that's perfect in her view,
 Viewing a Sister of the Sky,
 To whom an Adoration's due.

A S O N G.

To the Tune, *Lochaber no more.*

FAREWEL to *Lochaber*, and farewell my *Fear*,
 Where heartsome with thee I've mony Day been;
 For *Lochaber* no more, *Lochaber* no more,
 We'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more.
 These Tears that I shed, they are a' for my Dear,
 And no for the Dangers attending on Weir,
 Tho' bore on rough Seas to a far bloody Shore,
 Maybe to return to *Lochaber* no more.

Tho' Harryeaues rise, and rise ev'ry Wind,
 They'll ne'er make a Tempest like that in my Mind,
 Tho' loudest of Thunder on lowder Waves roar,
 That's naithing like leaving my Love on the Shore,
 To leave thee behind me, my Heart is fair pain'd;
 By Ease that's inglorious, no Fame can be gain'd:
 And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave,
 And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then Glory my *feany* maun plead my Excuse,
 Since Honour commands me, how can I refuse?
 Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee,
 And without thy Favour, I'd better not be?
 I gae then, my Lafs, to win Honour and Fame;
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more.

The auld Goodman.

L A T E in an Evening forth I went,
 A little before the Sun gade down,
 And there I chanc'd by Accident,
 To light on a Battle new begun:
 A Man and his Wife was fawn in a Strife,
 I canna well tell ye how it began;
 But ay she wail'd her wretched Life,
 And cry'd ever alake, my auld Goodman.

H E.

Thy auld Goodman that thou tells of,
 The Country kens where he was born,
 Was but a silly poor Vagabond,
 And ilka ane leugh him to scorn;
 For he did spend, and make an End
 Of Gear that his Forefathers wan,
 He gart the Poor stand frae the Door,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman,

S H E.

My Heart alake, is liken to break,
 When I think on my winsome *John*,
 His blinkan Eye, and Gate sa free,
 Was naithing like thee, thou dofend Drone.
 His rosie Face and flaxen Hair,
 And a Skin as white as ony Swan,
 Was large and tall, and comely with all,
 And thou't never be like my auld Goodman.

H E.

Why dost thou pleen? I thee maintain;
 For Meal and Mawt thou disna want;
 But thy wild Bees I canna please,
 Now when our Gear'gins to grow scant.

Of Household-Stuff thou hast enough,
 Thou wants for neither Pot nor Pan;
 Of sicklike Ware he left thee bare,
 Sae tell nae mair of thy auld Goodman.

S H E.

Yes I may tell, and fret my fell,
 To think on these blyth Days I had,
 When he and I together lay
 In Arms into a well made Bed.
 But now I sigh and may be sad,
 Thy Courage is cauld, thy Colour wan,
 Thou falds thy Feet, and fa's asleep,
 And thou'lt ne'er be like my auld Goodman.

Then coming was the Night sae dark,
 And gane was a' the Light of Day;
 The Carle was fear'd to miss his Mark,
 And therefore wad nae langer stay.
 Then up he gat, and he ran his Way;
 I trow the Wife the Day she wan,
 And ay the O'erword of the Fray
 Was ever, *Alake my auld Goodman.*

Z

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Valiant Jocky.*

On a beautiful but very young Lady.

BEAUTY from Fancy takes its Arms,
 And ev'ry common Face some Breast may move,
 Some in a Look, a Shape, or Air, find Charms,
 To justify their Choice, or boast their Love.

But

But had the great *Apelles* seen that Face,
 When he the *Cyprian* Goddess drew,
 He had neglected all the Female Race,
 Thrown his first *Venus* by, and copied you.
 In that Design,
 Great Nature would combine
 To fix the Standard of her sacred Coin;
 The charming Figure had enhanc'd his Fame,
 And Shrines been rais'd to *Seraphina's* Name.

II.

But since no Painter e'er could take
 That Face, which baffles all his curious Art;
 And he that strives the bold Attempt to make,
 As well might paint the Secrets of the Heart:
 O happy Glass, I'll thee prefer,
 Content to be like thee inanimate,
 Since only to be gaz'd on thus by her,
 A better Life and Motion would create.
 Her Eyes would inspire,
 And like *Prometheus's* Fire,
 At once inform the Piece, and give Desire;
 The charming Phantom I would grasp, and flie
 O'er all the Orb, though in that Moment die.

III.

Let meaner Beauties fear the Day,
 Whose Charms are fading, and submit to Time;
 The Graces which from them it steals away,
 It with a lavish Hand still adds to thine.
 The God of Love in Ambush lies,
 And with his Arms surrounds the Fair,
 He points his conquering Arrows in these Eyes,
 Then hangs a sharpen'd Dart at every Hair.
 As with fatal Skill,
 Turn which Way you will,
 Like *Eden's* flaming Sword each Way you kill;
 So ripening Years improve rich Nature's Store,
 And give Perfection to the Golden Ore.

P.
Lass

Lafs with a Lump of Land.

GI'E me a Lafs with a Lump of Land,
 And we for Life shall gang the gither,
 Tho' daft or wife I'll never demand,
 Or black or fair, it maksna whether.
 I'm aff with Wit, and Beauty will fade,
 And Blood alane is no worth a Shilling;
 But she that's rich, her Market's made,
 For ilka Charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a Lafs with a Lump of Land,
 And in my bosom I'll hug my Treasure;
 Gin I had anes her Gear in my Hand,
 Shou'd Love turn dowf, it will find Pleasure.
 Laugh on wha likes, but there's my Hand,
 I hate with Poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
 Unless they bring Cash, or a Lump of Land,
 They'fe never get me to dance to their Fiddle.

There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags,
 And Siller and Gowd's a sweet Complexion;
 But Beauty, and Wit, and Virtue in Rags,
 Have tint the Art of gaining Affection.
 Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,
 And Castles, and Riggs, and Moors, and Meadows,
 And naithing can catch our modern Sparks,
 But well tocher'd Lasses or jointer'd Widows.

The COMPLAINT.

TO B. I. G.

To the Tune of, *When absent, &c.*

WHEN absent from the Nymph I love,
 I'd fain shake off the Chains I wear;
 But whilst I strive these to remove,
 More Fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
 My captiv'd fancy Day and Night
 Fairer and fairer represents
Belinda form'd for dear Delight,
 But cruel Cause of my Complaints.

All Day I wander through the Groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry Tree
 The happy Birds chirping their Loves,
 Happy compar'd with lonely me,
 When gentle Sleep with balmy Wings
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd Wight,
 A thousand Fears my Fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the Night.

Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,
 And all the Graces in her Train,
 With melting Smiles and killing Air
 Appears the Cause of all my Pain.
 A while my Mind delighted flies,
 O'er all her Sweets with thirling Joy,
 Whilst want of Worth makes Doubts arise,
 That all my trembling Hopes destroy.

Thus while my Thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er Transport and Desire:
 My Pulse beats high, my Cheeks appear
 All Roses, and mine Eyes all Fire.

When to my self I turn my View,
 My Veins grow chill, my Cheeks look wan :
 Thus whilst my Fears my Pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a Man.

The young Lass contra auld Man.

TH E Carle he came o'er the Croft,
 And his Beard new shaven,
 He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
 The Carle trows that I wad hae him.
 Howt away I winna hae him !
 Na forsooth I winna hae him !
 For a' his Beard new shaven,
 Ne'er a Bit will I hae him.

A filler Broach he gae me niest,
 To fasten on my Curchea nooked,
 I wor'd a wi' upon my Breast ;
 But soon alake! the Tongue o't crooked ;
 And fae may his, I winna hae him,
 Na forsooth I winna hae him !
 Antwice a Bairn's, a Lass's Jest ;
 Sae ony Fool for me may hae him.

The Carle has nae Fault but ane ;
 For he has Land and Dollars Plenty ;
 But wæs me for him ! Skin and Bane
 Is no for a plump Lass of twenty.
 Howt away, I winna hae him,
 Nay forsooth, I winna hae him,
 What signifies his dirty Riggs,
 And Cash without a Man with them,

But

But shou'd my canker'd Dady gar
 Me take him 'gainst my Inclination,
 I warn the Fumbler to beware,
 That Antlers dinna claim their Station.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him !
 Na forsooth, I winna hae him !
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly Band,
 Sae Lawty says, I shou'd na hae him.

VIRTUE and WIT.

The Preservatives of Love and Beauty.

To the Tune of, *Gillikranky.*

H E.

CONFESS thy Love, fair blushing Maid,
 For since thine Eye's consenting,
 Thy softer Thoughts are a' betray'd,
 And Nayfays no worth tenting.
 Why aims thou to oppose thy Mind,
 With Words thy Wish denying?
 Since Nature made thee to be kind,
 Reason allows complying.

Nature and Reason's joint Consent
 Make Love a sacred Blessing,
 Then happily that Time is spent,
 That's war'd on kind Caressing?
 Come then my *Katie* to my Arms,
 I'll be nae mair a Rover;
 But find out Heaven in a' thy Charms,
 And prove a faithful Lover.

F 3

S H E.

S H E.

What you design by Nature's Law,
 Is fleeting Inclination,
 That *Willy--Wisp* bewilds us a'
 By its Infatuation.
 When that goes out, Caresses tire,
 And Love's nae mair in Season,
 Syne weakly we blaw up the Fire,
 With all our boasted Reason.

H E.

The Beauties of inferior Cast
 May start this just Reflection;
 But Charms like thine maun always last,
 Where Wit has the Protection.
 Virtue and Wit, like *April Rays*,
 Make Beauty rise the sweeter;
 The langer then on thee I gaze,
 My Love will grow completer.

S O N G,

To the Tune of, *The happy Clown*.

IT was the charming Month of *May*,
 When all the Flowers were fresh and gay,
 One Morning by the break of Day,
 Sweet *Chloe*, chaste and fair;

From peaceful Slumber she arose,
 Girt on her Mantle and her Hose,
 And o'er the flow'ry Mead she goes,
 To breath a purer Air.

Her

Her Looks so sweet, so gay her Mein;
 Her handsome Shape and Dress so clean,
 She look'd all o'er like Beauty's Queen,
 Drest in her best Array.

The gentle Winds and purling Stream
 Effay'd to whisper *Chloe's* Name,
 The savage Beasts, till then ne'er tame,
 Wild Adoration pay.

The feather'd People one might see,
 Perch'd all around her on a Tree,
 With Notes of sweetest Melody
 They act a chearful Part.

The dull Slaves on the toilsome Plow,
 Their wearied Necks and Knees do bow,
 A glad Subjection there they vow,
 To pay with all their Heart.

The bleating Flocks that then came by,
 Soon as the charming Nymph they spy,
 They leave their hoarse and rueful Cry,
 And dance around the Brooks.

The Woods are glad, the Meadows smile,
 And *Forth* that foam'd, and roar'd e'er while,
 Glides calmly down as smooth as Oil,
 Thro' all its charming Crooks,

The finny Squadrons are content,
 To leave their wat'ry Element,
 In glazie Numbers down they bent,
 They flutter all along.

The Insects and each creeping thing,
 Join to make up the rural Ring,
 All frisk and dance, if she but sing,
 And make a jovial Throng.

Kind *Phæbus* now began to rise,
 And paint with Red the Eastern Skies,
 Struck with the Glory of her Eyes,
 He shrinks behind a Cloud.

Her Mantle on a Bough she lays,
 And all her Glory she displays,
 She left all Nature in Amaze,
 And skip'd into the Wood!

X.

Lady *Anne Bothwel's* Lament.

BALOW, my Boy, ly still and sleep,
 It gives me sore to hear thee weep ;
 If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
 Thy Mourning makes my Heart full sad.
 Balow, my Boy, thy Mother's Joy,
 Thy Father bred me great Annoy.
Balow, my Boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep,

II.

Balow, my Darling, sleep awhile,
 And when thou wak'st then sweetly smile ;
 But smile not as thy Father did,
 To cozen Maids, nay God forbid ;
 For in thine Eye, his Look I see,
 The tempting Look that ruin'd me,
Balow, my Boy, &c.

III.

III.

When he began to court my Love,
 And with his sugar'd Words to move,
 His tempting Face and flatt'ring Chear,
 In Time to me did not appear;
 But now I see that cruel he,
 Cares neither for his Babe nor me.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

IV.

Farewel, farewel, thou falsest Youth,
 That ever kiss'd a Woman's Mouth,
 Let never any after me,
 Submit unto thy Courtesy,
 For, if they do, O! cruel thou
 Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

V.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
 To yield thee all a Maiden durst,
 Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 Thy Faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy Love;
 But quick as Thought the Change is wrought,
 Thy Love's no more, thy Promise nought.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

VI.

I wish I were a maid again,
 From young Men's flattery I'd refrain,
 For now unto my Grief I find,
 They all are perjur'd and unkind:
 Bewitching Charms bred all my Harms
 Witness my Babe lies in my Arms.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

VII.

I take my Fate from bad to worse,
 That I must needs be now a Nurse,

And lull my young Son on my Lap,
 From me sweet Orphan take the Pap.
 Balow, my Child, thy Mother mild
 Shall wail as from all Blifs exil'd.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

VIII.

Balow, my Boy, weep not for me,
 Whose greatest Grief's for wronging thee,
 Nor pity her deserved Smart,
 Who can blame none but her fond Heart;
 For, too soon trusting latest finds,
 With fairest Tongues are falsest Minds.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

IX.

Balow, my Boy, thy Father's fled,
 When he the thriftless Son has play'd,
 Of Vows and Oaths, forgetful he
 Preferr'd the Wars to thee and me.
 But now perhaps thy Curse and mine
 Make him eat Acorns with the Swine.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

X.

But curse not him, perhaps now he,
 Stung with Remorse, is blessing thee:
 Perhaps at Death; for who can tell
 Whether the Judge of Heaven and Hell,
 By some proud Foe has struck the Blow,
 And laid the dear Deceiver low.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

XI.

I wish I were into the Bounds,
 Where he lies smother'd in his Wounds,
 Repeating as he pants for Air,
 My Name, whom once he call'd his Fair.

No Woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, tho' not forget.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

XII.

If Linen lacks, for my Love's Sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My Smock once for his Body meet,
And wrap him in that Winding-Sheet,
Ah me! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

Balow, my Boy, &c.

XIII.

Balow, my Boy, I'll weep for thee;
Too soon, alake, thoul't weep for me:
Thy Griefs are growing to a Sum,
God grant thee Patience when they come;
Born to sustain thy Mother's Shame,
A hapless Fate, a Bastard's Name.

*Balow, my Boy, by still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to hear thee weep.*

X.

S O N G.

She Raise and Loot me in.

THE Night her silent Sable wore,
And gloomy were the Skies:
Of glitt'ring Stars appear'd no more
Than those in Nelly's Eyes.
When at her Father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, shrowded only with her Smock,
Arose and loot me in.

Fast

Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
 She trembling stood aſham'd:
 Her ſwelling Breaſt and glowing Face,
 And ev'ry Touch enflam'd.
 My eager Paſſion I obey'd,
 Reſolv'd the Fort to win:
 And her fond Heart was ſoon betray'd
 To yield, and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expreſſing,
 Transporting was the Joy;
 I knew no greater Bleſſing,
 So bleſt a Man was I.
 And ſhe, all raviſh'd with Delight,
 Bid me oft come again;
 And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry Night
 She'd riſe and let me in.

But ah! at laſt ſhe prov'd with Bairn,
 And ſighing fat and dull,
 And I that was as much concern'd,
 Look'd e'en juſt like a Fool.
 Her lovely Eyes with Tears ran o'er,
 Repenting her raſh Sin:
 She ſigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour,
 That e'er ſhe looſt me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
 Or from ſuch Beauty part?
 I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
 The Charmer of my Heart;
 But wedded, and conceal'd our Crime:
 Thus all was well again,
 And now ſhe thanks the happy Time
 That e'er ſhe looſt me in.

Z:
 S O N G.

S O N G.

If Love's a sweet Passion.

IF Love's a sweet Passion, why does it torment?
 If a bitter, O tell me whence comes my Complaint?
 Since I suffer with Pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or grieve at my Fate, since I know 'tis in vain,
 Yet so pleasing the Pain is, so soft is the Dart,
 That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart?

I grasp her Hands gently, look languishing down,
 And by passionate Silence I make my Love known.
 But oh! how I'm blest'd when so kind she does prove,
 By some willing Mistake to discover her Love!
 When in striving to hide, she reveals all her Flame,
 And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.

How pleasing is Beauty? how sweet are the Charms?
 How delightful Embraces? how peaceful her Arms?
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
 'Tis taught us on Earth, and by all things above:
 And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes must yield,
 For 'tis Beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair Field.

X.

John Ochiltree.

HONEST Man *John Ochiltree;*
 Mine ane auld *John Ochiltree,*

Wile

Wilt thou come o'er the Moor to me,
And dance as thou was wont to do.

Alake, alake! I wont to do!

Ohon, Ohon! I wont to do!

Now wont to do's away frae me,

Frae silly auld John Ochiltree;

Honest Man *John Ochiltree,*

Mine ane auld *John Ochiltree;*

Come anes out o'er the Moor to me,

And do but what thou dow to do.

Alake, alake! I dow to do!

Walaways! I dow to do!

To whost and hirple o'er my Tree,

My bonny Moor-powt is a' I may do.

Walaways John Ochiltree,

For mony a Time I tell'd to thee,

Thou rade sae fast by Sea and Land,

And wadna keep a Bridle-hand;

Thou'd tine the Beast, thy sell wad die,

My silly auld *John Ochiltree.*

Come to my Arms my bonny thing,

And chear me up to hear thee sing;

And tell me o'er a' we hae done,

For Thoughts maun now my Life sustain.

Gae thy ways *John Ochiltree:*

Hae done! it has nae Sa'r wi' me,

I'll set the Beast in throw the Land,

She'll may be fa' in a better Hand.

Even sit thou there, and think thy fill,

For I'll do as I wont to do still.

Z:

S O N G.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Jenny beguild' the Webster.*

The auld Chorus.

*Up Stairs, down Stairs,
Timber Stairs fear me.
I'm laith to ly a' Night my lane,
And Jonny's Bed'sae near me.*

I.

O Mither dear, I' gin to fear,
Tho' I'm baith good and bony,
I winna keep; for in my Sleep
I start and dream of *Johny*.
When *Johny* then comes down the Glen,
To woo me, dinna hinder;
But with Content gi' your Consent;
For we twa ne'er can finder.

II.

Better to marry, than miscarry;
For Shame and Skaith's the Clink o't,
To thole the Dool, to mount the Stool,
I downa' bide to think o't;
Sae while 'tis Time, I'll shun the Crime,
That gars poor *Epps* gae whinging,
With Hainches fau, and Een sae blew,
To a' the Bedrals binding.

III.

Had *Eppy's* Apron bidden down,
The Kirk had ne'er a kend it;
But when the Word's gane thro' the Town,
Alake! how can she mend it,

Now *Tam* maun face the Minister,
 And she maun mount the Pillar ;
 And that's the Way that they maun gae,
 For poor Folk has nae Siller.

IV.

Now ha'd ye'r Tongue, my Daughter young,
 Reply'd the kindly Mither,
 Get *Johny's* Hand in haly Band,
 Syne wap ye'r Wealth together.
 I'm o' the Mind, if he be kind,
 Ye'll do your Part discreetly ;
 And prove a Wife, will gar his Life,
 And Barrel run right sweetly.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Wat ye wha I met Yestreen*, &c.

I.

OF all the Birds, whose tuneful Throats
 Do welcome in the verdant Spring,
 I far prefer the *Stirling's* Notes,
 And think she does most sweetly sing.
 Nor Trush, nor Linner, nor the Bird,
 Brought from the far *Canary Coast*,
 Nor can the Nightingale afford
 Such Melody as she can boast.

II.

When *Phœbus* southwards darts his Fires,
 And on our Plains he looks askance,
 The Nightingale with him retires,
 My *Stirling* makes my Blood to dance.

In spite of *Hyems'* nipping Frost,
 Whether the Day be dark or clear,
 Shall I not to her Health entoast,
 Who makes it Summer all the Year ?

III.

Then by thy self, my lovely Bird,
 I'll stroke thy Back, and kiss thy Breast ;
 And if you'll take my honest Word,
 As sacred as before the Priest ;
 I'll bring thee where I will devise
 Such various Ways to pleasure thee,
 The Velvet-fog thou wilt despise,
 When on the *Downy-hills* with me.

T.R.

S O N G.

To its own Tune.

IN *January* last,
 On *Munday* at Morn,
 As through the *Fields* I past,
 To view the *Winter Corn*,
 I looked me behind,
 And saw come o'er the *Knoll*,
 Ane glancing in her *Apron*,
 With a bonny brent *Brow*.

I said, *Good-Morrow*, fair *Maid* ;
 And she right courteously
 Return'd a *Beck*, and kindly said,
Good Day, sweet Sir, to you.

Ispear'd, my Dear, how far awa
 Do ye intend to gae?
 Quoth she, I mean a Mile or twa,
 Out o'er yon broomy Brae.

Fair Maid, I'm thankfu' to my Fate,
 To have sic Company;
 For I am ganging straight that Gate,
 Where ye intend to be.
 When we had gane a Mile or twain,
 I said to her, my Dow,
 May we not lean us on this Plain,
 And kifs your bonny Mou.

S H E.

Kind Sir, ye are a wi' mistane;
 For I am nane of these,
 I hope ye some mair Breeding ken,
 Than to ruffle Women's Claife:
 For may be I have chosen ane,
 And plighted him my Vow,
 Wha may do wi' me what he likes,
 And kifs me bonny Mou.

H E.

Na, if ye are contracted,
 I hae nae mair to say:
 Rather than be rejected,
 I will gie o'er the Play;
 And chuse anither, will respect
 My Love, and one me rew;
 And let me clasp her round the Neck,
 And kifs her bonny Mou.

S H E.

O Sir, ye are proud-hearted,
 And laith to be said Nay,
 Else ye wad ne'er a started
 For ought that I did say e

For Women in their Modesty
 At first they winna bow;
 But if we like your Company,
 We'll prove as kind as you.

Z.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I'll never leave thee.*

I.

O NE Day I heard *Mary* say,
 How shall I leave thee?
 Stay, dearest *Adonis*, stay,
 Why wilt thou grieve me.
 Alas! my fond Heart will break,
 If thou should leave me.
 I'll live and die for thy Sake;
 Yet never leave thee.

II.

Say, lovely *Adonis*, say,
 Has *Mary* deceived thee?
 Did e'er her young Heart betray
 New Love, that has griev'd thee?
 My constant Mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou may believe me.
 I'll love thee, Lad, Night and Day,
 And never leave thee.

III.

Adonis, my charming Youth,
 What can relieve thee?
 Can *Mary* thy Anguish sooth?
 This Breast shall receive thee.

My

My Passion can ne'r decay,
Never deceive thee :
Delight shall drive Pain away,
Pleasure revive thee.

IV.

But leave thee, leave thee, Lad,
How shall I leave thee ?
O! that Thought makes me sad,
I'll never leave thee.
Where would my *Adonis* fly ?
Why does he grieve me ?
Alas! my poor Heart will die,
If I should leave thee.

C.

Sleepy Body, drowsy Body.

I.

Somnolente,
*Qua*so repente,
Vigila, vive, me tange.
*Somnolente, qua*so, &c.

II.

Cum me ambiebas,
Videri volebas
Amoris negotiis aptus;
Sed factus maritus,
Es semisopitus,
Et semper à somnio captus.

III.

O sleepy Body,
And drowsy Body,
O wiltuna waken, and turn thee :

To

To drivel and draunt,
 While I sigh and gaunt,
 Gives me good Reason to scorn thee.

IV.

When thou shouldst be kind,
 Thou turns sleepy and blind,
 And snoters and snores far frae me.
 Wae light on thy Face,
 Thy drowfy Embrace
 Is enough to gar me betray three.

*General Lesly's March to Long-maston
 Moor.*

MARCH, march,
 Why the D—— do ye na march?
 Stand to your Arms, my Lads,
 Fight in good Order.
 Front about ye Musketeers all,
 Till ye come to the *English* Border.
 Stand till't, and fight like Men,
 True Gospel to maintain.
 The Parliament blyth to see us a coming.
 When to the Kirk we come,
 We'll purge it ilka Room,
 Frae *Popish* Relicks and a' sic Innovations,
 That a' the World may see,
 There's nane i' the Right but we,
 Of the auld *Scotish* Nation.
Fenny shall wear the Hood,
Focky the Sark of GOD;

And

And the Kist fou of Whistles,
 That make sic a Cleiro,
 Our Pipers braw,
 Shall hae them a'
 What e'er come on it.
 Busk up your Plaids, my Lads,
 Cock up your Bonnets.

March, March, &c.

Z.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *I'll gae ye be fain to follow me.*

H E.

A DIEU for a while my native green Plains,
 My nearest Relations, and neighbouring Swains,
 Dear *Nelly* frae these I'd start easily free,
 Were Minutes not Ages, while absent frae thee.

S H E.

Then tell me the Reason thou does not obey
 The Pleadings of Love, but thus hurries away;
 Alake, thou Deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
 Alover sae roving will never mind me.

H E.

The Reason unhappy, is owing to Fate
 That gave me a Being without an Estate,
 Which lays a necessity now upon me,
 To purchase a Fortune for Pleasure to thee.

S H E.

Small Fortune may serve where Love has the Sway,
 Then *Johny* be counsel'd na langer to stray,
 For while thou proves constant in Kindness to me,
 Contented I'll ay find a Treasure in thee.

H E.

H E.

O cease, my dear Charmer, else soon I'll betray,
 A Weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
 To Fondness which may prove a Ruin to thee,
 A Pain to us baith, and Dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye Streams, and witness ye Flowers,
 Bear witness ye watchful invisible Powers,
 If ever my Heart be unfaithful to thee,
 May naithing propitious e'er smile upon me.

S O N G.

To the Tune of

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny Bride;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny Marrow;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny Bride,
 Busk and go to the Braes of Yarrow;
 There will we sport and gather Dew,
 Dancing while Lavrocks sing the Morning;
 There learn frae Turtles to prove true;
 O Bell ne'er vex me with thy Scorning.

To Westling Breezes *Flora* yields,
 And when the Beams are kindly warming,
 Blythness appears o'er all the Fields,
 And Nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the Burns that trace the Mead,
 Tho' on their Banks the Roses blossom,
 Yet hastylie they flow to *Tweed*,
 And pour their Sweetness in his Bosom.

Haft

Haft ye, haft ye, my bony *Bell*,
 Haft to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
 With free Consent my Fears repel,
 I'll with my Love and Care reward thee.
 Thus sang I fastly to my Fair,
 Wha rais'd my Hopes with kind relenting!
 O Queen of Smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bony *Bell*'s consenting.

Corn Riggs are bony.

MY *Patie* is a Lover gay,
 His Mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new Hay,
 His Face is fair and ruddy.
 His Shape is handsome, middle Size;
 He's stately in his Wawking;
 The Shining of his Een surprize;
 'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

Last Night I met him on a Bawk,
 Where yellow Corn was growing,
 There mony a kindly Word he spake,
 That set my Heart a glowing.
 He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And loo'd me best of any;
 That gars melike to sing finfyne,
O Corn Riggs are bony.

Let Maidens of a filly Mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding are design'd,
 We chast'ly should be granting;

Then I'll comply, and marry *Pate*;
 And syne my Cockernony
 He's free to touzle air or late,
 Where Corn Riggs are bony.

Cromlet's Lilt.

SINCE all thy Vows, false Maid,
 Are blown to Air,
 And my poor Heart betray'd
 To sad Despair,
 Into some Wilderness,
 My Grief I will express,
 And thy Hard-heartedness,
 O cruel Fair.

Have I not graven our Loves
 On every Tree :
 In yonder spreading Groves,
 Tho' false thou be :
 Was not a solemn Oath
 Plighted betwixt us both,
 Thou thy Faith, I my Troth,
 Constant to be.

Some gloomy Place I'll find,
 Some doleful Shade,
 Where neither Sun nor Wind
 E'er Entrance had :

Into that hollow Cave,
 There will I sigh and rave,
 Because thou do'st behave
 So faithlesly.

Wild Fruit shall be my Meat,
 I'll drink the Spring,
 Cold Earth shall be my Seat:
 For Covering
 I'll have the starry Sky
 My Head to canopy,
 Until my Soul on high
 Shall spread its Wings.

I'll have no Funeral-Fire,
 Nor Tears for me :
 No Grave do I desire,
 Nor Obsequies:
 The courteous *Red-Breast* he
 With Leaves will cover me,
 And sing my Elegy,
 With doleful Voice.

And when a Ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee :
 O thou deceitful Dame,
 Whose Cruelty
 Has kill'd the kindest Heart
 That e'er felt *Cupid's* Dart,
 And never can desert
 From loving thee.

X.

S O N G.

S O N G.

We'll a' to Kelfo go.

AND I'll awa to bony *Tweed-side*,
 And see my Deary come throw,
 And he shall be mine
 Gif fae he incline,
 For I hate to lead *Apes* below.

While young and fair,
 I'll make it my Care,
 To secure my fell in a Jo ;
 I'm no sic a Fool
 To let my Blood cool ;
 And syne gae lead *Apes* below.

Few Words, bony Lad,
 Will eithly persuade,
 Tho' blushing, I dastly say no,
 Gae on with your Strain,
 And doubt not to gain,
 For I hate to lead *Apes* below.

Unty'd to a Man,
 Do what e'er we can,
 We never can thrive or dow :
 Then I will do well,
 Do better wha will,
 And let them lead *Apes* below.

Our Time is precious,
 And Gods are gracious,
 That Beauties upon us bestow ;
 'Tis not to be thought,
 We got them for nought,
 Or to be set up for Show.

'Tis carried by Votes,
 Come kilt up yere Coats,
 And let us to *Edinburgh* go,
 Where she that's bony
 May catch a *Fonny*,
 And never lead *Apes* below.

WILLIAM and MARGARET.

An old BALLAD.
 by *Mallett*

IT WAS at the fearful Midnight Hour,
 When all were fast asleep,
 In gilded *Margaret's* grimly Ghost,
 And stood at *William's* Feet.

Her Face was pale, like *April* Morn,
 Clad in a wintry Cloud;
 And Clay-cold was her Lilly-hand,
 That held her sable Shroud.

So shall the fairest Face appear,
 When Youth and Years are flown:
 Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,
 When Death has rest their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flower
 That sips the silver Dew;
 The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
 Just opening to the View.

But Love had, like the canker Worm,
 Consum'd her early Prime:
 The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek;
 She dy'd before her Time.

Awake!

Awake!—she cry'd, thy true Love calls,
 Come from her Midnight Grave;
 Now let thy Pity hear the Maid;
 Thy Love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
 When injur'd Ghosts complain,
 And aid the secret Fears of Night,
 To fright the faithless Man.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,
 Thy Pledge and broken Oath,
 And give me back my Maiden-Vow,
 And give me back my Troth.

How could you say, my Face was fair,
 And yet that Face forsake?
 How could you win my Virgin-Heart,
 Yet leave that Heart to break?

Why did you promise Love to me,
 And not that Promise keep?
 Why said you, that my Eyes were bright,
 Yet left these Eyes to weep?

How could you swear, my Lip was sweet,
 And made the Scarlet pale?
 And why did I, young wileless Maid,
 Believe the flatt'ring Tale?

That Face, alas! no more is fair;
 These Lips no longer red:
 Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
 And every Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sister is;
 This Winding-sheet I wear:
 And cold and weary lasts our Night,
 Till that last Morn appear.

But hark! ——— the Cock has warn'd me hence——
 A long and late Adieu!
 Come see, false Man! how low she lies,
 That dy'd for Love of you.

The Lark sung out, the Morning smil'd,
 And rais'd her glift'ring Head:
 Pale *William* quak'd in every Limb;
 Then, raving, left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place
 Where *Margaret's* Body lay,
 And stretch'd him o'er the green Grass Turf
 That wrapt her breathless Clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* Name,
 And thrice he wept full fore:
 Then laid his Cheek on her cold Grave,
 And Word spoke never more.

D. M

The COMPLAINT.

THE Sun was sunk beneath the Hill,
 The Western Cloud was lin'd with Gold:
 Clear was the Sky, the Wind was still,
 The Flocks were penn'd within the Fold,
 When in the Silence of the Grove,
 Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of Love.

Who

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant Rose,
 From the hard Rock or oozy Beech?
 Who from each Weed that barren-grows,
 Expects the Grape or downy Peach?
 With equal Faith may hope to find
 The Truth of Love in Womankind.

No Flocks have I, or fleecy Care,
 No Fields that wave with golden Grain,
 No Pastures green, or Gardens fair,
 A Woman's venal Heart to gain,
 Then all in vain my Sighs must prove,
 Whose whole Estate, alas! is Love.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
 Since Womens Hearts are bought and sold?
 They ask no Vows of sacred Truth;
 When e'er they sigh, they sigh for Gold.
 Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove; ———
 Thus I am scorn'd, — who have but Love.

To buy the Gems of *India's* Coast,
 What Wealth, what Riches would suffice?
 Yet *India's* Shore could never boast,
 The Lustre of thy Rival Eyes:
 For there the World too cheap must prove;
 Can I then buy? — who have but Love.

Then, *Mary*, since nor Gems, nor Ore
 Can with thy brighter self compare,
 Be just, as fair, and value more,
 Than Gems or Ore, a Heart sincere:
 Let Treasure meaner Beauties prove;
 Who pays thy Worth, must pay in Love.

S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Montrose's Lines.*

I Toss and tumble thro' the Night,
 And with th' approaching Day,
 Thinking when Darknes yields to Light,
 I'll banish Care away :

But when the glorious Sun doth rise,
 And chear all Nature round,
 All Thoughts of Pleasure in me dies;
 My Cares do still abound.

My tortur'd and uneasy Mind
 Bereaves me of my Rest;
 My Thoughts are to all Pleasure blind,
 With Care I'm still oppress'd:
 But had I her within my Breast,
 Who gives me so much Pain,
 My raptur'd Soul would be at Rest,
 And softest Joys regain.

I'd not envy the God of War,
 Bless'd with fair *Venus's* Charms,
 Nor yet the thundering *Jupiter,*
 In fair *Alcmena's* Arms:
Paris, with *Helen's* Beauty blest,
 Wou'd be a Jest to me;
 If of her Charms I were possess'd,
 Thrice happier I wou'd be.

But since the Gods do not ordain
 Such happy Fate for me,
 I dare not 'gainst their Will repin
 Who rule my Destiny.

With

With sprightly Wine I'll drown my Care,
 And cherish up my Soul;
 When e'er I think on my lost Fair,
 I'll drown her in the Bowl.

I. H. *Jamaica.*

The DECEIVER.

WITH tuneful Pipe, and hearty Glee;
 Young *Waty* wan my Heart;
 A blyther Lad ye cou'dna see,
 All beauty without Art.
 His winning Tale
 Did soon prevail
 To gain my fond Belief;
 But soon the Swain
 Gangs o'er the Plain,
 And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
 And leaves me full of Grief.

Tho' *Colin* courts with tuneful Sang,
 Yet few regard his Mane;
 The Lassies a'round *Waty* thrang,
 While *Colin's* left alane:
 In *Aberdeen*
 Was never seen
 A Lad that gave sic Pain,
 He daily wooes,
 And still pursues,
 Till he does all, till he does all,
 Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he has gain'd the Bliss,

Away then does he run,

And hardly will afford a Kiss,

To silly me, undone :

Bony Katy,

Maggy, Beatty,

Avoid the roving Swain ;

His wyly Tongue

Be sure to shun,

Or you, like me ; or you, like me,

Like me will be undone.

Z.

The Widow.

THE Widow can bake, and the Widow can brew,

The Widow can shape, and the Widow can sew,

And mony braw Things the Widow can do,

Then have at the Widow, my Laddie.

With Courage attack her baith early and late,

To kiss her and clapher ye mauna be blate,

Speak well and do better, for that's the best Gate

To win a young Widow, my Laddie.

The Widow she's youthfu', and never ae Hair;

The war of the Wearing, and has a good Skair

Of every Thing lovely ; she's witty and fair,

And has a rich Joynter, my Laddie.

What cou'd ye wish better your Pleasure to crown

Tnan a Widow, the bonyest Toast in the Town,

With naithing, but draw in your Stool and sit down,

And sport with the Widow, my Laddie ?

Then

Then till'er and kill'er with Courtesie dead,
 Tho' stark Love and Kindness be all ye can plead;
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed,
 With a bony gay Widow, my Laddie.
 Strike Iron while 'tis het, if ye'd have it to wald,
 For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the Woer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the Widow, my Laddie.

The Highland Lassie.

THE Lawland Maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour and unco sawfy,
 Sae proud they never can be kind,
 Like my good humour'd Highland Lassie,
O, my bony, bony Highland Lassie,
My hearty smiling Highland Lassie,
May never Care make thee less fair,
But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.

Than ony Lafs in Barrowstoun,
 Wha mak their Cheeks with Patches motie,
 I'd tak my Katie but a Gown,
 Bare footed in her little Cotie.
O my Lony, &c.

Beneath the Brier or Brecken Bush,
 When e'er I kiss and court my Dantie,
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My flighteren Heart gangs pittie pattie.
O my bony, &c.

O'er highest heathery Hills I'll stenn,
 With cockit Gun and Ratches tenty,
 To drive the Deer out of their Den,
 To feast my Lafs on Dishes dainty.
O my bony, &c.

There's nane shall dare by Deed or Word,
 'Gaint her to wag a Tongue or Finger,
 While I can wield my trusty Sword,
 Or frae my Side whisk out a Whinger.
O my bony, &c.

The Mountains clad with purple Bloom,
 And Berries ripe invite my Treasure,
 To range with me, let great Fowk gloom,
 While Wealth and Pride confound their Pleasure.
*O, my bony, bony Highland Lassie,
 My lovely smiling Highland Lassie,
 May never Care make thee less fair,
 But Bloom of Youth still blefs my Lassie.*

Jocky blyth and gay.

BLYTH Jocky young and gay,
 Is all my Heart's Delight,
 He's all my Talk by Day,
 And all my Dreams by Night.
 If from the Lad I be,
 'Tis Winter then with me;
 But when he tarries here,
 'Tis Summer all the Year.

When

When I and *Jocky* met,
 First on the flow'ry Dale,
 Right sweetly he me tret,
 And Love was all his Tale.
 You are the Lafs, said he,
 That staw my Heart frae me;
 O ease me of my Pain,
 And never shaw Disdain.

Well can my *Jocky* kyth
 His Love and Courtesie,
 He made my Heart full blyth;
 When he first spake to me.
 His Suit I ill deny'd,
 He kifs'd and I comply'd;
 Sae *Jocky* promis'd me,
 That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jocky* comes,
 Sad when he gangs away :
 'Tis Night when *Jocky* glooms,
 But when he smiles, 'tis Day.
 When our Eyes meet I pant,
 I colour, sigh and faint ;
 What Lafs that wad be kind,
 Can better tell her Mind ?

Had away frae me Donald.

O Come away, come away,
 Come away wi' me, *Fenny*;
 Sic Frowns I canna bear frae ane
 Whase Smiles anes ravish'd me, *Fenny*;

If you'll be kind, you'll never find
 That ought fall alter me, *Fenny*;
 For you're the Mistress of my Mind,
 What e'er you think of me, *Fenny*.

First when your Sweets enslav'd my Heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, *Fenny*;
 But now, alas! you act a Part
 That speaks Unconstancy, *Fenny*.
 Unconstancy is sic a Vice,
 Tis not befitting thee, *Fenny*;
 It suits not with your Virtue nice
 To carry sae to me, *Fenny*.

Her ANSWER.

O Had away, had away;
 Had away frae me, *Donald*;
 Your Heart is made o'er large for a ne,
 It is not meet for me, *Donald*;
 Some fickle Mistress you may find,
 Will jilt as fast as thee, *Donald*;
 To ilka Swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, *Donald*.

But I've a Heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with Honesty, *Donald*;
 I'll ne'er love Money, I'll love much,
 I hate all Levity, *Donald*:
 Therefore nae mair, with Art, pretend
 Your Heart is chain'd to mine, *Donald*;
 For Words of Falshood I'll defend,
 A roving Love like thine, *Donald*.

First when you courted, I must own,
 I frankly favour'd you, *Donald*;
 Apparent Worth, and fair Renown,
 Made me believe you true, *Donald*.
 Ilk Virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The Man esteem'd by me, *Donald*,
 But now, the Mask fallen aff, I scorn
 To ware a Thought on thee, *Donald*.

And now, for ever had away,
 Had away frae me, *Donald*;
 Gae seek a Heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, *Donald*:
 For I'll reserve my fell for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, *Donald*;
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loo Man, nor thee, *Donald*.

D O N A L D.

Then I'm thy Man, and false Report
 Has only tald a Lye, *Jenny*;
 To try thy Truth, and make us Sport,
 The Tale was rais'd by me, *Jenny*.

J E N N Y.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come away to me, *Donald*;
 I'm well content, ne'er to repent
 That I have smil'd on thee, *Donald*.

Todlen Butt, and Todlen Ben.

W H E N I've a Saxpence under my Thumb;
 Then I'll get Credit in ilka Town;

But

But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by !
 O! Poverty parts good Company.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 Coudna my Love come todlen hame.*

Fair-fa' the Goodwife, and fend her good Sale,
 She gi'es us white Bannocks to drink her Ale,
 Syne if that her Tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good Scour o't, and ca't awa'.

*Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a Neep come todlen hame.*

My Kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa Pint-stoups at our Bed's Feet;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
 What think ye of my wee Kimmer and I?

*Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
 Sae round as my Looe comes todlen hame.*

Leeze me on Liquor, my todlen Dow,
 Ye're ay fae good humour'd when weeting your Mou;
 When sober fae four, ye'll fight with a Flee,
 That'tis a blyth Sight to the Bairns and me.

*When todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a Neep ye come todlen hame.*

Z.

The auld Man's best Argument.

To the Tune of, *Widow are ye wawking.*

O Wha's that at my Chamber Door?
 "Fair Widow are ye wawking?"
 Auld Carle, your Suit give o'er,
 Your Love lies a' in tawking.

Gi'e

Gi'e me the Lad that's young and tight,
 Sweet like an *April* Meadow;
 'Tis sic as he can ble's the Sight
 And Bosom of a Widow.

" O Widow, wilt thou let me in,
 " I'm pawky, wise and thrifty,
 " And come of a right gentle Kin ;
 " I'm little mair than fifty."
 Daft Carle, dir your Mouth,
 What signifies how pawky,
 Or gentle born ye be, ——— bot Youth,
 In Love you're but a Gawky.

" Then, Widow, let these Guineas speak,
 " That powerfully plead clinkan,
 " And if they fail, my Mouth I'll steek,
 " And nae mair Love will think on."
 These court indeed, I maun confess,
 I think they make you young, Sir,
 And ten times better can express
 Affection, than your Tongue, Sir.

The Peremptor Lover.

To the Tune of, *Jahn Anderson my Jo.*

TIS not your Beauty, nor your Wit,
 That can my Heart obtain ;
 For they cou'd never conquer yet
 Either my Breast or Brain :
 For if you'll not prove kind to me,
 And true as heretofore,
 Henceforth I'll scorn your Slave to be
 Or doat upon you more.

Think

Think not my Fancy to o'ercome,
 By proving thus unkind;
 No smoothed Sight, nor smiling Frown,
 Can satisfy my Mind.

Pray let *Platonicks* play such Pranks,
 Such Follies I deride,
 For Love, at least, I will have Thanks,
 And something else beside.

Then open hearted be with me,
 As I shall be with you,
 And let our Actions be as free
 As Virtue will allow.

If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
 If true, I'll constant be;
 If Fortune chance to change your Mind,
 I'll turn as soon as you.

Since our Affections well ye know,
 In equal Terms do stand,
 'Tis in your Power to love or no,
 Mine's likewise in my Hand.
 Dispense with your Austerity,
 Unconstancy abhor,
 Or, by great *Cupid's* Deity,
 I'll never love you more.

What's that to you.

To the Tune of, *The glancing of her Apron.*

MY *Jenny* and I have toil'd
 The live lang Simmer Day,
 'Till we amast were spoil'd,
 At making of the Hay: Her

Her Kurchy was of Holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bony Brow,
 I whisper'd something in her Ear ;
 But what's that to you ?

Her Stockings were of *Kersey* green,
 As tight as ony Silk :
 O sic a Leg was never seen,
 Her Skin was white as Milk ;
 Her Hair was black as ane cou'd wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her Mou,
 O! *Jeany* daintylie can kifs ;
 But what's that to you ?

The Rose and Lilly baith combine,
 To make my *Jeany* fair,
 There is na Bennifon like mine,
 I have amaist nae Care ;
 Only I fear my *Jeany's* Face
 May cause mae Men to rew,
 And that may gar me say, Alas!
 But what's that to you ?

Conceal thy Beauties, if thou can,
 Hide that sweet Face of thine,
 That I may only be the Man
 Enjoys these Looks divine.
 O do not prostitute, my Dear,
 Wonders to common view,
 And I with faithful Heart shall swear,
 For ever to be true.

King *Solomon* had Wives anew,
 And mony a Concubine ;
 But I enjoy a Blifs mair true,
 His Joys were short of mine ;

And

And *Jeany's* happier than they,
 She seldom wants her Due,
 All Debts of Love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you?

S O N G.

To the *Absent* FLORINDA.

To the Tune of, *Queen of Sheba's March.*

COME, *Florinda*, lovely Charmer,
 Come and fix this wav'ring Heart,
 Let those Eyes my Soul rekindle,
 E're I feel some foreign Dart.

Come and with thy Smiles secure me,
 If this Heart be worth thy Care,
 Favour'd by my dear *Florinda*,
 I'll be true, as she is fair.

Thousand Beauties trip around me,
 And my yielding Breast assail;
 Come and take me to thy Bosom,
 E're my constant Passion fail.

Come, and like the radiant Morning,
 On my Soul serenely shine,
 Then those glimmering Stars shall vanish,
 Lost in the Splendor more divine.

Long this Heart has been thy Victim,
Long has felt the pleasing Pain;
Come, and with an equal Passion
Make it ever thine remain.

Then, my Charmer, I can promise,
If our Souls in Love agree,
None in all the upper Dwellings
Shall be happier than we.

A Bacchanal S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Auld Sir Symon the King.*

COME here's to the Nymph that I love,
Away ye vain Sorrows, away :
Far, far from my Bosom be gone,
All there shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the Sad and the Pensive;
Come fill up the Glasses around,
We'll drink till our Faces be ruddy,
And all our vain Sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my Fancy's exulting
With every gay blooming Desire,
My Blood with brisk Ardour is glowing,
Soft Pleasures my Bosom inspire.

My Soul now to Love is dissolving,
Oh Fate! had I here my fair Charmer,
I'd clasp her, I'd clasp her so eager,
Of all her Disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold, what has Love to do here
 With his Troops of vain Cares in Array,
 Avaunt idle pensive Intruder, —————
 He triumphs, he will not away.

I'll drown him, come give me a Bumper;
 Young *Cupid*, here's to thy Confusion. —————
 Now, now, he's departing, he's vanquish'd,
Adieu to his anxious Delusion.

Come, jolly God *Bacchus* here's to thee,
 Huzza Boys, huzza Boys, huzza,
 Sing Iö, sing Iö to *Bacchus* —————
 Hence all ye dull Thinkers withdraw.

Come, what should we do but be jovial,
 Come tune up your Voices and sing;
 What Soul is so dull to be heavy,
 When Wine sets our Fancies on Wing.

Come, *Pegasus* lies in this Bottle,
 He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high,
 Each of us a gallant young *Perseus*,
 Sublime we'll ascend to the Sky.

Come mount, or adieu, I arise,
 In Seas of wide Æther I'm drown'd,
 The Clouds far beneath me are sailing,
 I see the Spheres whirling around.

What Darkness, what Rattling is this,
 Thro' *Chaos*, dark Regions I'm hurl'd,
 And now, — — Oh my Head it is knockt
 Upon some confounded new World.

Now,

Now, now these dark Shades are retiring,
 See yonder bright blazes a Star,
 Where am I? ————— behold the *Empyream*,
 With flaming Light streaming from far. I. W. Q.

To Mrs. A. C.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *All in the Downs.*

WHEN Beauty blazes heavenly bright,
 The Muse can no more cease to sing,
 Than can the Lark with rising Light,
 Her Notes neglect with drooping Wing.
 The Morning shines, harmonious Birds mount high;
 The dawning Beauty smiles, and Poets fly.

Young *Annie's* budding Graces claim
 The inspir'd Thoughts and softest Lays,
 And kindle in the Breast a Flame,
 Which must be vented in her Praise.
 Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds, have you seen
 E'er one so like an Angel tread the Green?

Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts,
 When she appears take the Alarm:
 Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
 And wings an Arrow from each Charm.
 Around her Eyes and Smiles the Graces sport,
 And to her snowy Neck and Breasts resort.

But

But vain must every Caution prove,
When such enchanting Sweetness shines,
The wounded Swain must yield to Love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.
Such Flames the foppish Butterfly shou'd shun;
The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lilly fair,
Her lovely Features are complete ;
Whilst Heav'n indulgent makes her share
With Angels, all that's wise and sweet.
These Virtues which divinely deck her Mind,
Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior Kind.

Whether she love the rural Scenes,
Or sparkle in the airy Town,
O! happy he her Favour gains,
Unhappy! if she on him frown.
The Muse unwilling quits the lovely Theme,
Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her Name.

A Pastoral S O N G.

To the Tune of, *My Apron Deary.*

J A M I E.

WHILE our Flocks' are a feeding,
And we're void of Care,
Come, *Sandy*, let's tune
To praise of the Fair:

For

For inspir'd by my *Susie*,
 I'll sing in such Lays,
 That *Pan*, were he Judge,
 Must allow me the Bays:

S A N D Y.

While under this Hawthorn
 We lie at our Ease,
 By a musical Stream,
 And refresh'd by the Breeze
 Of a Zephyr so gentle,
 Yes, *Jamie*, I'll try
 For to match you and *Susie*,
 Dare *Katie* and I.

J A M I E.

Oh! my *Susie*, so lovely,
 She's without Compare,
 She's so comely, so good,
 And so charmingly fair:
 Sure, the Gods were at Pains
 To make so complete
 A Nymph, that for Love
 There was ne'er one so meet.

S A N D Y.

Oh! my *Katie*, so bright,
 She's so witty and gay,
 Love join'd with the Graces,
 Around her Looks play;
 In her Mein she's so graceful,
 In her Humour so free;
 Sure the Gods never fram'd
 A Maid fairer than she.

J A M I E.

Had my *Susie* been there
 • When the Shepherd declar'd
 For the Lady of *Lemnos*,
 She had lost his Regard:

H

And

And o'ercome by a Presence
 More beautifully bright,
 He had own'd her undone,
 As the Darkneſs by Light.

S A N D Y.

Not fair *Helen* of *Greece*,
 Nor all the whole Train,
 Either of real Beauties,
 Or thoſe Poets feign,
 Cou'd be match'd with my *Katie*,
 Whoſe every ſweet Charm,
 May conquer beſt Judges,
 And coldeſt Hearts warm.

J A M I E.

Neither Riches or Honour,
 Or any thing great,
 Do I aſk of the Gods,
 But that this be my Fate,
 That my *Suſie* to all
 My kind Wiſhes comply;
 For with her wou'd I live,
 And with her I wou'd die.

S A N D Y.

If the Fates give me *Katie*,
 And her I enjoy,
 I have all my Deſires,
 Nought can me annoy;
 For my Charmer has every
 Delight in ſuch ſtore,
 She'll make me more happy,
 Than Swain e'er before.

Love

Love will find out the way.

OVER the Mountains,
 And over the Waves,
 Over the Fountains,
 And under the Graves :
 Over Floods that are deepest,
 Which do *Neptune* obey ;
 Over Rocks that are steepest,
 Love will find out the Way.

Where there is no Place
 For the Glow-worm to ly ;
 Where there is no Space,
 For Receipt of a Fly ;
 Where the Midge dares not venture,
 Lest herself fast she lay ;
 But if Love come, he will enter,
 And soon find out his Way.

You may esteem him
 A Child in his Force ;
 Or you may deem him
 A Coward, which is worse :
 But if she, whom Love doth honour,
 Be conceal'd from the Day,
 Set a thousand Guards upon her,
 Love will find out the Way.

Some think to lose him,
 Which is too unkind ;
 And some do suppose him,
 Poor Thing, to be blind :

But if ne'er so clofs ye wall him,
 Do the beft that ye may,
 Blind Love, if fo ye call him,
 He will find out the Way.

You may train the Eagle
 To ftoop to your Fift;
 Or you may inveagle
 The Phoenix of the Eaft;
 The Lionefs, ye may move her
 To give over her prey:
 But you'll never ftop a Lover,
 He will find out his Way.

A S O N G.

To the Tune of, *Throw the Wood Laddie.*

AS early I walk'd, on the firft of fweet May,
 Beneath a fteep Mountain,
 Befide a clear Fountain,
 I heard a grave Lute foft Melody play,
 Whilft the Eccho refounded the dolorous Lay.

I liften'd and look'd, and fpy'd a young Swain,
 With Afpect diftrefsed,
 And Spirits opprefsed,
 Seem'd clearing afrefh, like the Sky after Rain,
 And thus he discover'd how he ftrove with his Pain.

Tho' *Eliza* be coy, why fhould I repine,
 That a Maid much above me,
 Vouchsafes not to love me?

In her high Sphere of Worth I never could shine;
Then why should I seek to debase her to mine?

No! henceforth Esteem shall govern my Desire,
And in due Subjection,
Retain warm Affection;
To shew that Self-love inflames not my Fire,
And that no other Swain can more humbly admire.

When Passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,
Then Quiet-returning,
Shall hush my sad Mourning.
And Lord of my self, in absolute Rest,
I'll hug the Condition which Heaven shall think best.

Thus Friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
May still be respected,
Tho' Love is rejected:
Eliza shall own, tho' to Love not inclin'd,
That she ne'er had a Friend like her Lover resign'd.

May the fortunate Youth, who hereafter shall woo
With prosp'rous Endeavour,
And gain her dear Favour,
Know as well as I, what t' *Eliza* is due,
Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous Cares,
Sweet Liberty tasting,
On calmest Peace feasting;
Employing my Reason to dry up my Tears,
In Hopes of Heav'n's Bliss I'll spend my few Years.

Ye Powers that preside o'er vertuous Love,
Come aid me with Patience,
To bear my Vexations;

With equal Desires my flutt'ring Heart move,
 With Sentiments purest, my Notions improve.

If Love in his Fetters e'er catch me again,
 May Courage protect me,
 And Prudence direct me;
 Prepar'd for all Fates, rememb'ring the Swain,
 Who grew happily wise, after loving in vain.

ROB'S JOCK.

A very auld Ballad.

ROB'S *Jock* cam to woo our *Jenny*,
 On ae Feast Day when we wer fou;
 She brankit fast and made her bony,
 And said, *Jock*, come ye here to woo?
 She burnist her baith Breast and Brou,
 And made her cleer as ony Clock;
 Then spak her Dame, and said, I trou
 Ye com till woo our *Jenny*, *Jock*.

Jock said, Forsuith I yern fu' fain,
 To luk my Head and sit down by you;
 Then spak her Minny, and said again,
 My Bairn has Tocher enough to gie you.
 Tehie! qo *Jenny*, kiek, kiek, I see you:
 Minny, yon Man maks but a Mock.
 Deil hae the Liars — tu lies me o' you,
 I com to woo your *Jenny*, qo *Jock*.

My Bairn has Tocher of her awin;
 A Guse, a Gryce, a Cock and Hen,
 A Stirk, a Staig, an Acre-sawin,
 A Bak bread and a Bannock-stane;

A Pig, a Pot, and a Kirn there ben,
 A Kame-but and a Kaming Stock;
 With Coags and Luggies nine or ten :
 Com ye to woo our *Fenny, Fock?*

A Wecht, a Peet-Creel and a Cradle,
 A Pair of Clips, a Graip, a Flail,
 An Ark, an Ambry, and a Ladle,
 A Milfie, and a fowine Pale,
 A rousty Whittle to sheer the Nail,
 And a Timber Mell the Beer to knock,
 Twa Shelves made of an auld Fir Dale :
 Com ye to woo our *Fenny, Fock?*

A Furm, a Furllet, and a Peck,
 A Rock, a Reel, and a Wheel-Band,
 A Tub, a Barrow, and a Seck,
 A Spurtil braid, and ane Elwand.
 Then *Fock* took *Fenny* be the Hand,
 And cry'd, a Feast! and slew a Cock,
 And made a Brydal upo' Land,
 Now have I got your *Fenny*, qo *Fock*.

Now Dame, I have your Doughter marri'd,
 And tho ye mak it ne'er sae tough,
 I let you wit she's nae miscarried,
 Its weel kend I have Gear enough :
 Ane auld gawd Gloyd fell owre a Heugh,
 A Spade, a Speer, a Spur, a Sock;
 Withouten Owfen I have a Pleugh :
 May that no ser your *Fenny*, qo *Fock?*

A Treen Truncher, a Ram-Horn Spoon,
 Twa Buits of barkit blasint Leather,
 A' Graith that ganesto coble Shoon,
 And a Thrawcruick to twyne a Teather,

Twa Croks that moup amang the heather,
 A Pair of Branks, and a Fetter-Lock,
 A teugh Purse made of a Swine's Blather,
 To had your Tocher, *Jenny*, qo *Jock*.

Good Elding for our Winter Fire,
 A Cod of Caff wad fill a Cradle,
 A Rake of Iron to clat the Bire,
 A Deuk about the Dubs to padle,
 The Pannel of an auld Led-sadle,
 And *Rob* my Eem hecht me a Stock,
 Twa lusty Lips to lick a Ladle.
 May thir no gane your *Jenny*, qo *Jock*?

A Pair of Hames and Brechom Gne,
 And without Bitts a Bridle-renzie,
 A Sark made of the Linkome Twine,
 A gay green Cloke that will not stenzie;
 Mair yet in Store—I needna fenzie,
 Five hundred Flaes, a fendy Flock,
 And are not thae awakrise Menzie,
 To gae to Bed with *Jenny* and *Jock*?

Tak thir for my Part of the Feast,
 It is weel knawin I ani weel bodin:
 Ye need not say my Part is least,
 Wer they as meikle as they'r lodin.
 The Wife speerd gin the Kail was sodin.
 When we have done, tak hame the Brok;
 The Rost was teugh as Raploch Hodin,
 With which they feasted *Jenny* and *Jock*.

Z.

SONG.

S O N G,

To the Tune of, *A Rock and a wee pickle Tow.*

I Have a green Purse and a wee pickle Gowd,
 A Bony Piece Land and Planting on't,
 It fattens my Flocks, and my Bairns it has stowd;
 But the best Thing of a's yet wanting on't :

To grace it, and trace it,
 And gie me Delight;
 To bless me, and kifs me,
 And comfort my Sight,

With Beauty by Day, and Kindness by Night,
 And nae mair my lane gang fauntring on't.

My *Christy* she's charming, and good as she's fair;
 Her Een and her Mouth are enchanting sweet,
 She smiles me on Fire, her Frowns gie Despair:

I love while my Heart gaes panting wi't.

Thou fairest, and dearest,
 Delight of my Mind,
 Whose gracious Embraces
 By Heaven were design'd:

For happiest Transports, and Blesses refin'd,
 Nae langer delay thy granting Sweet.

For thee, Bony *Christy*, my Shepherds and Hynds,
 Shall carefully make the Year's Dainties thine:
 Thus freed frae laigh Care, while Love fills our Minds,
 Our Days shall with Pleasure and Plenty shine.

Then hear me, and chear me,
 With smiling Consent,
 Believe me, and give me
 No Cause to lament,

Since I ne'er can be happy, till thou say, *Content,*
I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

S O N G.

To its ain Tune.

ALTHO' I be but a Country Lasse,
 Yet a lofty Mind I bear—O,
 And think my self as good as those
 That rich Apparel wear—O.
 Altho' my Gown be hame-spun Gray,
 My Skin it is as fast—O,
 As them that Satin Weeds do wear,
 And carry their Heads aloft—O.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,
 The thing that must be done—O,
 With Garlands of the finest Flowers,
 To shed me frae the Sun—O:
 When they are feeding pleasantly,
 Where Grass and Flowers do spring—O;
 Then on a flowrie Bank at Noon,
 I set me down and sing—O.

My Paisly Piggy, cork'd with Sage,
 Contains my Drink but thin—O:
 No Wines do e'er my Brain enrage,
 Or tempt my Mind to sin—O;
 My Country Curds, and Wooden Spoon,
 I think them unco fine—O,
 And on a flowry Bank at Noon,
 I set me down and dine—O.

Altho' my Parents cannot raise
 Great Bags of shining Gold—O;
 Like them whase Daughters now-a-days,
 Like Swine are bought and sold—O;

Yet

Yet my fair Body, it shall keep
 An honest Heart within—O;
 And for twice Fifty thousand Crowns,
 I value not a Prin—O.

I use nae Gums upon my Hair,
 Nor Chains about my Neck—O,
 Nor shining Rings upon my Hands,
 My Fingers streight to deck—O;
 But for that Lad to me shall fa',
 And I have Grace to wed—O,
 I'll keep a Jewel worth them a',
 I mean my Meadenhead—O.

If canny fortune give to me,
 The Man I dearly love— O,
 Tho' we want Gear, I dinna care,
 My Hands I can improve—O.
 Expecting for a Blessing still,
 Descending from above—O,
 Then we'll embrace, and sweetly kiss,
 Repeating Tales of Love—O.

Z.

Waly, waly, gin Love be bony.

O Waly, waly, upon the Bank,
 And waly, waly down the Brae,
 And waly, waly yon Burn-Side,
 Where I and my Love went to gae.
 I lean'd my Back unto an Aik,
 I thought it was a trusty Tree,
 But first it bow'd and syne it brak,
 Sae my true Love did lightly me.

O

O waly, waly, but Love be bony,
 A little Time while it is new,
 But when 'tis auld it waxeth cauld,
 And fades away like Morning Dew.
 O wherefore shou'd I busk my Head?
 Or wherefore shou'd I kame my Hair,
 For my true Love has me forsook,
 And says he'll never love me mair.

Now *Arthur-Seat* shall be my Bed,
 The Sheets shall ne'er be fyl'd by me,
 Saint *Anton's Well* shall be my Drink,
 Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Martinmas Wind, when wilt thou blaw,
 And shake the green Leaves off the Tree?
 O gentle Death, when wilt thou come,
 For of my Life I am weary.

'Tis not the Frost that freezes fell,
 Nor blawing Snaw's Inclemency;
 'Tis not sic Cauld that makes my Cry,
 But my Love's Heart grown cauld to me.
 When we came in by *Glasgow Town*,
 We were a comely Sight to see;
 My Love was cled in black Velvet,
 And I my sell in Cramasia.

But had I wist before I kis'd,
 That Love had been sae ill to win,
 I'd lock'd my Heart in a Case of Gold,
 And pin'd it with a Silver Pin.
 Oh oh! if my young Babe were born,
 And set upon the Nurse's Knee,
 And I my sell were dead and gane,
 For a Maid again I'll never be.

Z.

The

The Loving Lass and Spinning-wheel.

AS I sat at my Spinning-wheel,
 A bony Lad was passing by:
 I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
 For Trough he had a glancing Eye.
 My Heart new panting, 'gan to feel,
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

With Looks all Kindness he drew near,
 And still mair lovely did appear;
 And round about my slender Waste
 He clasp'd his Arms, and me embrac'd:
 To kiss my Hand, syne down did kneel,
 As I sat at my Spinning-wheel.

My Milk-white Hands he did extol,
 And prais'd my Fingers lang and small,
 And said, There was nae Lady fair
 That ever cou'd with me compare.
 These words into my Heart did steel,
 But still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
 Yet he wad never be deny'd,
 But still declar'd his Love the mair,
 Until my Heart was wounded fair:
 That I my Love cou'd scarce conceal,
 Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

My Hanks of Yarn, my Rock and Reel
 My Winnels and my Spinning-wheel;
 He bid me leave them all with Speed,
 And gang with him to yonder Mead:

My yielding Heart strange Flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my Spinning-wheel.

About my Neck his Arm he laid,
And whisper'd, Rise my bony Maid,
And with me to yon Hay-Cock go,
I'll teach thee better Wark to do.
In Trough I'll o'd the Motion weel,
And loot alane my Spinning-wheel.

Amang the pleasant Cocks of Hay,
Then with my bony Lad I lay;
What Lassie, young and fast as I,
Cou'd sic a handsome Lad deny?
These Pleasures I cannot reveal,
That far surpass the Spinning-wheel.

A S O N G,

To the Tune of, *Woes my Heart that we shou'd sunder.*

A DIEU ye pleasant Sports and Plays,
Farewel each Song that was diverting;
Love tunes my Pipe to mournful Lays,
I sing of *Delia* and *Damon's* parting.

Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
The dear tormenting pleasant Passion,
Till *Delia's* Mildness had prevail'd,
On him to shew his Inclination.

Just as the Fair-one seem'd to give
 A patient Ear to his Love-Story,
Damon must his *Delia* leave,
 To go in quest of toilsome Glory.

Half-spoken Words hung on his Tongue,
 Their Eyes refus'd the usual Meeting;
 And Sighs supply'd their wonted Song,
 These charming Sounds were chang'd to weeping.

Dear Idol of my Soul adieu :-
 Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me,
 While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
 No other Charms shall ever move me.

Alas! who knows, when parted far
 From *Delia*, but you may deceive her?
 The Thought destroys my Heart with Care,
 Adieu, my Dear, I fear for ever.

If ever I forget my Vows,
 May then my Guardian Angel leave me:
 And more to aggravate my Woes,
 Be you so good as to forgive me.

H.

O'er the Hills and far away.

JOCKY met with *Fenny* fair,
 Aft be the Dawning of the Day;
 But *Focky* now is fu' of Care,
 Since *Fenny* staw his Heart away :

Altho'

Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 She proven has alake! unkind;
 Which gars poor *Jocky* aften rue,
 That he e'er loo'd a fickle Mind.
 And it's o'er the Hills and far away,
 It's o'er the Hills and far away,
 It's o'er the Hills and far away,
 The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.

Now *Jocky* was a bony Lad,
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair;
 But now poor Man he's e'en gane wood,
 Since *Jenny* has gart him despair.
 Young *Jocky* was a Piper's Son,
 And fell in Love when he was young;
 But a' the Springs that he cou'd play,
 Was o'er the Hills and far away.
 And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

He fung ——— when first my *Jenny's* Face
 I saw, she seem'd fae fu' of Grace,
 With meikle Joy my Heart was fill'd,
 That's now alas! with Sorrow kill'd,
 Oh! was she but as true as fair,
 'Twad put an end to my despair.
 Instead of that she is unkind,
 And wavers like the Winter-wind.
 And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Ah! cou'd she find the dismal Wae,
 That for her Sake I undergae,
 She coudna chuse but grant Relief,
 And put an End to a' my Grief:
 But oh! she is as fause as fair,
 Which causes a' my Sighs and Care;

But she triumphs in proud Disdain,
 And takes a Pleasure in my Pain.
And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Hard was my Hap to fa' in Love,
 With ane that does so faithless prove.
 Hard was my Fate to court a Maid,
 That has my constant Heart betray'd,
 A thousand times to me she sware,
 She wad be true for evermair;
 But to my Grief alake I say,
 She staw my Heart, and ran away.
And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Since that she will nae Pity take,
 I maun gae wander for her sake,
 And, in ilk Wood and gloomy Grove,
 I'll sighing sing, Adieu to Love;
 Since she is fause whom I adore,
 I'll never trust a Woman more:
 Frae a' their Charms I'll flee away,
 And on my Pipe I'll sweetly play.
*O'er Hills and Dales, and far away,
 Out o'er the Hills and far away,
 Out o'er the Hills and far away
 The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.*

Z.

Jenny Nettles.

SA W ye Jenny Nettles,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Saw ye Jenny Nettles
 Coming frae the Market;

Bag.

Bag and Baggage on her Back,
 Her Fee and Bountith in her Lap;
 Bag and Baggage on her Back,
 And a Babie in her Oxters.

Imet ayont the Kairny,
Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Singing till her Bairny,
Robin Rattle's Bastard;
 To flee the Dool up' the Stool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about seeks *Robin* out,
 To stap it in his Oxters.

Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle,*
Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
 Fy, fy! *Robin Rattle,*
 Use *Jenny Nettles* kindly :
 Score out the Blame, and shun the Shame,
 And without mair Debate o't,
 Take hame your Wain, make *Jenny* fain,
 The leal and leesome Gate o't.

Jocky's fou and Jenny's fain.

JOCKY fou, *Jenny* fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain,
 She was couthy, he was kind,
 And thus the Wooer tell'd his Mind.

Jenny I'll nae mair be Nice,
 Gi' me Love at ony Price.

I winna prig for Red or Whyt,
Love alane can gi'e Delyt.

Others seek they kenna what,
In Looks, in Carriage, and a' that:
Give me Love, for her I court:
Love in Love makes a' the Sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
Common Motives lang finsyne,
Never can engage my Love,
Until my Fancy first approve.

It is na Meat but Appetite
That makes our Eating a Delyt;
Beauty is at best, Deceit;
Fancy only kens nae Cheat.

Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

WHEN *Phœbus* bright the Azure Skies
With golden Rays enlightneth,
He makes all Nature's Beauties rise,
Herbs, Trees, and Flowers he quickneth:
Amongst all those he makes his Choice,
And with Delight goes thorow,
With radiant Beams and Silver Streams,
Are *Leader Haughs and Yarrow.*

When *Aries* the Day and Night,
In equal Length divideth,
Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his Flight,
Nae longer he abideth:

Then

Then *Flora* Queen, with *Mantle* green,
 Casts aff her former *Sorrow*,
 And vows to dwell with *Ceres* fell,
 In *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Pan playing on his *Aiten* Reed,
 And *Shepherds* him attending,
 Do here resort their *Flocks* to feed,
 The *Hills* and *Haughs* commending;
 With *Cur* and *Kent* upon the *Bent*,
 Sing to the *Sun*, *Good-morrow*,
 And swear nae *Fields* mair *Pleasures* yield,
 Than *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

An *House* there stands on *Leader* Side,
 Surmounting my describing,
 With *Rooms* sae rare, and *Windows* fair
 Like *Dedalus'* contriving:
 Men passing by, do aften cry,
 In foorth it hath nae *Marrow*;
 It stands as sweet on *Leader* Side,
 As *New-wark* does on *Yarrow*.

A *Mile* below wha lists to ride,
 They'll hear the *Mavis* singing;
 Into *St. Leonard's* Banks she'll bide,
 Sweet *Birks* her *Head* o'er hinging:
 The *Lintwhite* loud, and *Progne* proud,
 With tuneful *Throats* and narrow,
 Into *St. Leonard's* Banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in *Yarrow*.

The *Lapwing* lilteth o'er the *Lee*,
 With nimble *Wings* she sporteth,
 But vows she'll flee far frae the *Tree*,
 Where *Philomel* resorteth:

By Break of Day the Lark can say,
 I'll bid you all good-morrow,
 I'll streek my Wing, and mounting sing,
 O'er *Leader Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Park, Wantan-waws, and *Wooden-sleugh*,
 The East and Western *Mainfes*,
 The Wood of *Lauder's* fair enough,
 The Corns are good in *Blainshes*,
 Where Aits are fine, and sald be kind,
 That if ye search all theroow
Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
 Than *Leader Haughs* or *Yarrow*.

In *Burn, Mill-bog*, and *Whitflade Shaws*,
 The fearful Hare she haunteth,
Brig-haugh, and *Brade-wood-shiel* she knaws,
 And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth:
 Yet when she irks, to *Kaidsty Birks*
 She rins, and sighs for Sorrow,
 That she shou'd leave sweet *Leader Haughs*,
 And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What sweeter Musick wad ye hear,
 Than Hounds and Beigles crying?
 The started Hare rins hard with Fear,
 Upon her Speed relying;
 But yet her Strength it fails at length;
 Nae Beilding can she borrow
 In *Sorrel's Field, Cleckman* or *Hag's*,
 And sighs to be in *Yarrow*.

For *Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag*,
 With Sight and Scent pursue her,
 Till ah! her Pith begins to flag,
 Nae Cunning can rescue her:

O're Dub and Dyke, o'er Seugh and Syke
 She'll rin the Fields all thorow,
 Till fail'd she fa's in *Leader Haughs*,
 And bids farewell to *Yarrow*.

Sing *Effington* and *Cowden-knows*,
 Where *Homes* had anes commanding;
 And *Dry-grange* with thy milk-white Ews,
 'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing:
 The Bird that flees throw *Reedpath* Trees,
 And *Gledswood* Banks ilk Morrow,
 May chant and sing, sweet *Leader Haughs*,
 And bony Howms of *Yarrow*.

But minstrel *Burn* cannot assuage
 His Grief, while Life endureth,
 To see the changes of this Age,
 That fleeting Time procureth;
 For mony a Place stands in hard Case,
 Where blyth Fowk kend nae Sorrow,
 With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leader* Side,
 And *Scots* that dwelt on *Yarrow*.

Z.

For the Sake of Somebody.

FOR the Sake of Somebody,
 For the Sake of Somebody,
 I cou'd wake a Winter Night,
 For the Sake of Somebody.
 I am gawn to seek a Wife,
 I am gawn to buy a Plaidy;
 I have three Stane of Woo,
 Carling, is thy Doughter ready?
For the Sake of Somebody, &c.

Betty.

Betty, Laffy, say't thy fell,
 Tho' thy Dame be ill to shoo;
 First we'll buckle, then we'll tell,
 Let her flyte and fyne come too :
 What signifies a Mither's Gloom,
 When Love and Kisses come in play ?
 Shou'd we wither in our Bloom,
 And in Summer make nae Hay ?
For the Sake of, &c.

S H E.

Bony Lad, I carena by,
 Tho' I try my Luck with thee,
 Since ye are content to tye,
 The Haff-mark Bridal Band wi' me;
 I'll slip hame and wash my Feet,
 And steal on Linnings fair and clean,
 Syne at the trysting Place we'll meet,
 To do but what my Dame has done.
For the Sake of, &c.

H E.

Now my lovely *Betty* gives
 Consent in sic a heartsome Gate,
 It me frae a' my Care relieves,
 And Doubts that gart me aft look blate ;
 Then let us gang and get the Grace,
 For they that have an Appetite
 Shou'd eat : ——— And Lovers should embrace ;
 If these be Faults, 'tis Nature's Wyte,
For the Sake of, &c.

Norland

Norland Jocky and Southland Jenny.

A Southland *Jenny* that was right bony,
 Had for a Suitor a Norland *Johny*;
 But he was sic an a bashfu' Wooer,
 That he cou'd scarcely speak unto her,
 Till Blinks of her Beauty and Hopes o'her Siller,
 Forc'd him at last to tell his Mind till her.
 My Dear, quoth he, we'll nae langer tarry,
 Gin ye can loo me, let's o'er the March, and marry.

S H E.

Come, come away then, my Norland Laddie,
 Tho' we gang nearly, some are mair gawdy;
 And albeit I have neither Gowd nor Money,
 Come, and I'll wear my Beauty on thee.

H E.

Ye Lassies of the South, ye're a' for dressing;
 Lassies of the North mind milking and threッシング:
 My Minny wad be angry, and fae wad my Daddy,
 Shou'd I marry ane as dink as a Lady.
 For I maun hae a Wife that will rise in the Morning,
 Crudle a' the Milk, and keep the House a scaulding,
 To lie with her Nibours, and learn at my Minny,
 A Norland *Jocky* maun hae a Norland *Jenny*.

S H E.

My Father's only Daughter and twenty thousand Pound,
 Shall never be bestow'd on sic a silly Clown;
 For a' that I said was to try what was in ye,
 Gae hame ye Norland *Jock*, and court your Norland
Jenny.

Z.

The auld yellow-hair'd Ladie.

THE yellow-hair'd Ladie sat down on yon Brae,
 Crys, milk the Ews Lassy, let nane of them gae;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
The yellow-hair'd Ladie shall be my Goodman.
And ay she milked, &c.

The Weather is cauld, and my Claithing is thin;
 The Ews are new clipped, they winna bught in;
 They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
 O yellow hair'd Ladie, be kind to me:
They winna bught in, &c.

The Goodwife cries butt the House, *Fenny*, come ben,
 The Cheefe is to mak, and the Butter's to kirn.
 Tho' Butter and Cheefe, and a' should sour,
 I'll crack and kifs wi' my Love ae haff Hour;
 It's ae haff Hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
 For the yellow-hair'd Ladie my Husband shall be.

Z:

 S O N G.

To the Tune of, BOOTH's *Minnet*.

FAIR, Sweet and Young, receive a Prize,
 Reserv'd for your victorious Eyes:
 From Crowds whom at your Feet you see,
 Oh! pity, and distinguish me.

1

No

No Graces can your Form improve;
 But all are lost unless you love :
 If that dear Passion you disdain,
 Your Charms and Beauty are in vain.

X.

The GENEROUS GENTLEMAN.

A SANG, to the Tune of, *The bony Lass of Brankfom.*

AS I came in by *Tiviot Side,*
 And by the Braes of *Brankfom,*
 There first I saw my bony Bride,
 Young, smiling, sweet and handfom :
 Her Skin was fatter than the Down,
 And white as Alabaster ;
 Her Hair a shining wavy Brown ;
 In Straightness nane surpaff her.

Life glow'd upon her Lip and Cheek,
 Her clear Een were surprifing,
 And beautifully turn'd her Neck,
 Her little Breasts just rifing :
 Nae Silken Hofe with Goofhets fine,
 Or Shoon with glancing Laces,
 On her fair Leg, forbad to shine,
 Well shapen native Graces.

Ae little Coat, and Bodice white,
 Was Sum of a' her Claithing ;
 Even these o'er mickle ;—mair Delyte
 She'd given cled wi' naithing :

She

She lean'd upon a flowry Brae
 By which a Burny troted;
 On her I glow'd my Saul away,
 While on her Sweets I doated.

A thousand Beauties of Desert,
 Before had scarce alarm'd me,
 'Till this dear Artless struck my Heart,
 And bot designing, charm'd me.
 Hurry'd by Love, close to my Breast
 I grasp'd this Fund of Blissess;
 Wha smil'd, and said, without a Priest,
 Sir, hope for nought but Kisses.

I had nae Heart to do her Harm,
 And yet I coudna want her;
 What she demanded, ilka Charm
 Of hers pled, I should grant her.
 Since Heaven had dealt to me a Rowth,
 Straight to the Kirk I led her,
 There plighted her my Faith and Trowth,
 And a young Lady made her.

The happy Clown.

HOW happy is the Rural Clown,
 Who, far remov'd from Noise of Town,
 Contemns the Glory of a Crown,
 And, in his safe Retreat,
 Is pleas'd with his low Degree,
 Is rich in decent Poverty,
 From Strife, from Care and Bus'ness free,
 At once baith good and great?

No Drums disturb his Morning Sleep,
 He fears no Danger of the Deep,
 Nor noisy Law, nor Courts ne'er heap
 Vexation on his Mind :

No Trumpets rouse him to the War,
 No Hopes can bribe, no Threats can dare ;
 From State Intrigues he holds afar,
 And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden Ages born,
 He labours gently to adorn
 His small paternal Fields of Corn,
 And on their Product feeds :
 Each Season of the wheeling Year ;
 Industrious he improves with Care ;
 And still some ripen'd Fruits appear,
 So well his Toil succeeds.

Now by a Silver Stream he lies,
 And angles with his Baits and Flies,
 And next the Silvan Scene he tries,
 His Spirits to regale :
 Now from the Rock or Height he views
 His fleecy Flock, or teeming Cows,
 Then tunes his Reed, or tries his Muse,
 That waits his honest Call.

Amidst his harmless easy Joys,
 No Care his Peace of Mind destroys,
 Nor does he pass his Time in Toys,
 Beneath his just Regard :
 He's fond to feel the Zephyr's Breez,
 To plant and snew his tender Trees ;
 And for attending well his Bees,
 Enjoys the sweet Reward.

The flow'ry Meads, and silent Coves,
 The Scenes of faithful rural Loves,
 And warbling Birds on blooming Groves,
 Afford a wish'd Delight :
 But O ! how pleasant is his Life,
 Blest with a chaste and virtuous Wife,
 And Children prating, void of Strife,
 Around his Fire at Night !

X.

Willy was a wanton Wag.

WILLY was a wanton Wag,
 The blythest Lad that e'er I saw,
 At Bridals still he bore the Brag,
 And carried ay the Cree awa' :
 His Doublet was of *Zetland* Shag,
 And wow ! but *Willy* he was braw,
 And at his Shouder hang a Tag,
 That pleas'd the Lasses b. : t of a'.

He was a Man without a Clag,
 His Heart was frank without a Flaw,
 And ay whatever *Willy* said,
 It was still haden as a Law.
 His Boots they were made of the Jag,
 When he went to the Weapon-Shaw,
 Upon the Green nane durst him brag,
 The Feind a ane among them a'.

And was not *Willy* well worth Gowd ?
 He wan the Love of Great and Sma' ;
 For after he the Bride had kifs'd,
 He kifs'd the Lasses hale-fale a'.

Sae merrily round the Ring they row'd,
 When be the Hand he led them a',
 And Smack on Smack on them bestow'd,
 By Virtue of a standing Law.

And was na *Willy* a great Loun,
 As shyre a Lick as e'er was seen?
 When he danc'd with the Lassies round,
 The Bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
 Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the Ring,
 With bobbing, faith my Shanks are fair;
 Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,
 For *Willy*, he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,
 And for a wee fill up the Ring;
 But, Shame light on his souple Snout,
 He wanted *Willy's* wanton Fling.
 Then straight he to the Bride did fare,
 Says, well's me on your bony Face,
 With bobbing *Willy's* Shanks are fair,
 And I am come to fill his Place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the Daance,
 And at the Ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless like *Willy* ye advance;
 (O! *Willy* has a wanton Leg)
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost ay bears up the Ring;
 We will find nae sick dancing here,
 If we want *Willy's* wanton Fling.

W.W.

CLELIA'S

CLELIA'S Reflections on her self for
sighting Philander's Love.

To the Tune of, *The Gallant Shoo-maker.*

YOUNG Philander woo'd melang,
But I was peevish, and forbad him,
I wadna tent his loving Sang,
But now I wisht, I wish I had him :
Ilk Morning when I view my Glafs,
Then I perceive my Beauty going ;
And when the Wrinkles seize the Face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.

My Beauty, anes sae much admir'd,
I find it fading fast, and flying ;
My Cheeks, which Coral like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying :
Ah! we may see our selves to be
Like Summer Fruit that is unshaker,
When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
And by Corruption quickly taken.

Use then your Time, ye Virgins fair,
Employ your Day before 'tis evil ;
Fifteen is a Season rare,
But five and twenty is the Devil.
Just when ripe, consent unto't,
Hug nae mair your lanely Pillow ;
Women are like other Fruit,
They lose their Relish when too mellow.

If Opportunity be lost,
You'll find it hard to be regained,
Which now I may tell to my Cost,
Tho' but my sell nane can be blamed :

If then your Fortune you respect,
 Take the Occasion when it offers;
 Nor a true Lover's Suit neglect,
 Lest ye be scoff'd for being Scoffers.

I, by his fond Expressions, thought
 That in his Love he'd ne'er prove changing;
 But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my Hope, he's gane a ranging,
 Dear Maidens, then take my Advice,
 And let na Coyne's prove your Ruin;
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
 Your Suitets will give over wooing.

Then *Maidens auld* you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretfu' Rank be number'd
 As lang as Life; and when ye die,
 With leading Apes be ever cumber'd:
 A Punishment, and hated Brand,
 With which nane of us are contented;
 Then be not wise behind the Hand,
 That the Mistake may be prevented.

*The young Ladies Thanks, to the repenting
 Virgin, for her seasonable Advice.*

O Virgin kind! we canna tell
 How many many Thanks we owe you,
 For pointing out to us sae well,
 These very Rocks that did o'erthrow you;
 And we your Lesson sae shall mind,
 That e'en tho' a' our Kin had swore it,
 E'er we shall be an Hour behind,
 We'll take a Year or twa before it.

We'll

We'll catch all Winds blaw in our Sails;
 And still keep out our Flag and Pinnet;
 If young *Philander* anes affails
 To storm Loves Fort, then he shall win it:
 We may indeed, for Modesty,
 Present our Forces for Resistance;
 But we shall quickly lay them by,
 And contribute to his Assistance.

The Step-Daughter's Relief.

To the Tune of, *The Kirk wad let me be.*

I Was anes a well tocher'd Lafs,
 My Mither left Dollars to me;
 But now I am brought to a poor Pass,
 My Step-Dame has gart them flee.
 My Father he's aften frae hame,
 And she plays the Deel with his Gear,
 She neither has Lateth nor Shame,
 And keeps the hale House in a Steer.

She's barmy fac'd, thriftless and bauld,
 And gars me aft fret and repine;
 While hungry, haff naked and cauld,
 I see her destroy what's mine:
 But soon I might hope a Revenge,
 And soon of my Sorrows be free,
 My Poortith to Plenty wad change,
 If she were hung up on a Tree.

Quoth *Ringan*, wha lang time had loo'd
 This bony Lass tenderly,
 I'll tak thee, sweet *May* in thy Snood,
 Gif thou wilt gae hame with me.
 'Tis only your sell that I want,
 Your Kindness is better to me,
 Than a' that your Step-mother, scant
 Of Grace, now has taken frae thee.

I'm but a young Farmer, its true,
 And ye are the Sprout of a Laird;
 But I have Milk-Cattle enow,
 And Rowth of good Rucks in my Yard.
 Ye fall have naithing to fash ye,
 Sax Servants fall jouk to thee:
 Then kilt up thy Coats, my Lassie,
 And gang thy ways hame with me.

The maiden her Reason imploy'd,
 Not thinking the Offer amiss,
 Consented; ——— while *Ringan* o'erjoy'd,
 Receiv'd her with mony a Kiss,
 And now she sits blythly singan,
 And joking her drunken Step-dame,
 Delighted with her dear *Ringan*,
 That makes her Good-wife at hame.

Jeany, where has thou been.

O *Jeany, Jeany*, where has thou been,
 Father and Mother are seeking of thee.
 Ye have been ranting, playing the Wanton,
 Keeping of *Jocky* Company.

O Betty, I've been to hear the Mill clack,
 Getting Meal ground for the Familie,
 As few as it gade I brang hame the Sack,
 For the Miller has taken nae Mowter frae me.

Ha! Jeany, Jeany, there's Meal on your Back,
 The Miller's a wanton Billy, and flee,
 Tho' Victuals come hame again hale, what reek,
 I fear he has taken his Mowter off thee.
 And Betty, ye spread your Linen to bleech,
 When that was done, where cou'd you be?
 Ha! Laff, I saw ye slip down the Hedge,
 And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the Kirk;
 But when it skail'd, where cou'd thou be,
 Ye came nae hame till it was mirk,
 They say the kissing Clerk came w' ye.
 O silly Laffie, what wilt thou do?
 If thou grow great, they'll heez thee high.
 Look to your sell, if Jock prove true:
 The Clerk Creepies will keep me free.

S O N G.

To the Tune, *Last time I came o'er the Moor.*

YE blythest Lads and Lasses gay,
 Hear what my Sang discloses;
 As I ae Morning sleeping lay,
 Upon a Bank of Roses,
 Young *Jamie* whisking o'er the Mead,
 By good-luck chanc'd to spy me;
 He took his Bonnet aff his Head,
 And fastly sat down by me.

Jamie

Jamie tho' I right meikle priz'd,
 Yet now I wadna ken him;
 But with a Frown my Face disguis'd,
 And strave away to send him:
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And by my Side down lying,
 His beating Heart thumped sae fast,
 I thought the Lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,
 An angry Passion feigning,
 I aften roughly shot him by,
 With Words full of disdainning.
 Poor *Jamie* bawk'd, nae Favour wins,
 Went aff much discontented;
 But I in truth for a' my Sins,
 Ne'er haf sae fair repeated.

X.

The Cock Laird.

A Cock Laird fou cadgie,
 With *Jenny* did meet,
 He haws'd her, he kiss'd her,
 And ca'd her his Sweet.
 Wilt thou gae alang
 Wi' me, *Jenny*, *Jenny*?
 Thou' se be my ain Lemmane,
 Jo *Jenny*, quoth he.

If I gae alang w' ye,
 Ye mauna fail,
 To feast me with Cadells
 And good Hacket-Kail.

The

The Deel's in your Nicety,
Jenny, quoth he,
 Mayna Bannocks of Bear-meal
 Be as good for thee.

And I maun hae Pinders
 With Perlings set round,
 A Skirt of Puddy,
 And a Waistcoat of brown.
 Awa with sic Vanities,
Jenny, quoth he,
 For Kurchies and Kirtles
 Are fitter for thee.

My Lairdship can yield me
 As meikle a Year,
 As had us in Pottage
 And good knockit Beer:
 But having nae Tenants,
 O *Jenny*, *Jenny*,
 To buy ought I ne'er have
 A Penny, quoth he.

The Borowstoun Merchants
 Will sell ye on Tick,
 For we maun hae braw things,
 Abeit they soud break.
 When broken, frae Care
 The Fools are set free,
 When we make them Lairds
 In the Abbey, quoth sae.

The Soger Laddie.

MY Soger Laddie
 Is over the Sea,
 And he will bring Gold
 And Money to me;
 And when he comes hame,
 He'll make me a Lady
 My Blessing gang with
 My Soger Laddie.

My doughty Laddie
 Is handsome and brave,
 And can as a Soger
 And Lover behave.
 True to his Country,
 To Love he is steady,
 There's few to compare
 With my Soger Laddie.

Shield him ye Angels
 Frae Death in Alarms,
 Return him with Laurels
 To my langing Arms.
 Syne frae all my Care
 Ye'll pleasantly free me,
 When back to my Wishes
 My Soger ye gie me.

O soon may his Honours
 Bloom fair on his Brow,
 As quickly they must
 If he get his due;

For in noble Actions
 His Courage is ready,
 Which makes me delight
 In my Soger Laddie.

The ARCHERS March.

SOUND, sound the Musick, sound it,
 Let Hills and Dales rebound it,
 Let Hills and Dales rebound it,
 In Praise of Archery:
 Its Origin divine is,
 The Practice brave and fine is,
 Which generously inclines us
 To guard our Liberty.

Art by the Gods employed,
 By which Heroes enjoyed,
 By which Heroes enjoyed
 The Wreaths of Victory.
 The Deity of *Parnassus*,
 The God of soft Careffes,
 Chaste *Cynthia* and her Lasses,
 Delight in Archery.

See, see yon Bow extended!
 'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,
 'Tis *Jove* himself that bends it,
 O'er Clouds on high it glows,
 All Nations, *Turks* and *Parthians*,
 The *Tartars* and the *Scythians*,
 The *Arabs*, *Moors* and *Indians*,
 With Bravery draw their Bows!

Our own true Records tell us,
 That none cou'd e'er excel us,
 That none cou'd e'er excel us,

In martial Archery :

With Shafts our Sires engaging,
 Oppos'd the *Romans* raging,
 Defeat the fierce *Norwegian*,
 And spared few *Danes* to flee.

Witness *Largs* and *Loncartie*,
Dunkel and *Aberlemny*,
Dunkel and *Aberlemny*,
Rosline and *Bannockburn*.

The

Largs, where the *Norwegians* headed by their valiant King *Haco*, were in *Anno* 1263, totally defeat by *Alexander III.* King of *Scots*; the heroick *Alexander*, Great Steward of *Scotland* commanded the right Wing.

Loncartie, near *Perth*, where King *Kenneth III.* obtained the Victory over the *Danes*, which was principally owing to the Valour and Resolution of the first brave *Hay*, and his two Sons.

Dunkel, here, and in *Kyle*, and on the Banks of *Tay*, our great King *Corbredus Galdus* in three Battles overthrew 30000 *Romans* in the Reign of the Emperor *Domitian*.

Aberlemny, four Miles from *Brechin*, where King *Malcolm II.* obtained a glorious Victory over the united Armies of *Danes*, *Norwegians* and *Cumbrians*, &c. commanded by *Sueno* King of *Denmark*, and his warlike Son Prince *Canute*.

Rosline, within five Miles South of *Edinburgh*, where 10000 *Scots*, led by Sir *John Cumin* and Sir *Simon Frazer*, defeat in three Battles in one Day 30000 of their Enemies, *Anno* 1303.

The Battles of *Bannockburn* and *Chiviot*, &c. are so well known, that they require no Notes.

The *Chiviots*——all the Border,
Where Bowmen in brave Order,
Told Enemies, it furdur
They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

Sound, found the Musick, found it,
Let Hills and Dales rebound it,
Let Hills and Dales rebound it,
In Praise of Archery.
Us'd as a Game it pleases,
The Mind to Joy it raises,
And throws off all Diseases
Of lazy Luxury.

Now, now our Care beguiling,
When all the Year looks smiling,
When all the Year looks smiling,
With healthful Harmony:
The Sun in Glory glowing,
With Morning Dew bestowing,
Sweet Fragrance, Life, and Growing,
To Flowers and every Tree.

'Tis now the Archers royal,
An hearty Band and loyal,
An hearty Band and loyal,
That in just Thoughts agree,
Appear in antient Bravery,
Despising all base Knavery,
Which tends to bring in Slavery,
Souls worthy to live free.

Sound, found the Musick, found it,
Fill up the Glass and round wi't,
Fill up the Glass and round wi't,
Health and Prosperity,

T'our great CHIEF and *Officers*,
 T'our *President* and *Counsellors* :
 To all who like their brave *Forbears*,
 Delight in Archery.

An ODE to Mr. F ———

Solvitur acris hiems, ——— HOR.

NOW Gowansprout and Lavrocks sing,
 And welcome West-winds warm the Spring,
 O'er Hill and Dale they softly blow,
 And drive the Winter's Cauld awa'.
 The Ships lang gyzen'd at the Peer,
 Now spread their Sails and smoothly steer.
 The Nags and Nowt hate wifen'd Strae,
 And frisking to the Fields they gae ;
 Nor Hynds wi' Elson and Hemp Lingle,
 Sit solling Shoon out o'er the Ingle.
 Now bonny Haughs their Verdure boast,
 That late were clade wi' Snow and Frost:
 With her gay Train the *Paphian* Queen
 By Moon-light dances on the Green ;
 She leads, while Nymphs and Graces sing,
 And trip around the Fairy Ring.
 Mean time poor *Vulcan* hard at Thrift,
 Gets mony a fair and heavy Lift.
 Whilst rinnen down, his ha'ff blind Lads
 Blaw up the Fire, and thump the Goads.

Now leave your Fisted on the Dew,
 And busk ye'r sell in Habit new :

Be gratefu' to the guiding Powers,
And blythly spend your easy Hours.
O canny F——, tutor Time,
And live as lang's ye'r in your Prime:
That ill-bred Death has nae regard
To King or Cottar, or a Laird:
As soon a Castle he'll attack,
As Waws of Divots roof'd wi' Thack.
Immediately we'll a' take Flight
Into the mirk Realms of Night,
As Stories gang, with Gaists to roam,
In glowmie Pluto's gowsty Dome;
Bid fair Good-day to Pleasure syne
Of bonny Lasses and red Wine.

Then deem ilk little Care a Crime,
Dares waste an Hour of precious Time;
And since our Life's sae unco short,
Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't.

Omitted
f 23

A Col.

A Collection of Celebrated
S O N G S.

S O N G I.

A Nymph of the Plain,
 By a jolly young Swain,
 By a jolly young Swain,
 Was address'd to be kind :
 But relentless I find
 To his Prayers she appear'd,
 Tho' himself he endear'd,
 In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

How much he ador'd her,
 How oft he implor'd her,
 How oft he implor'd her
 I cannot express ;
 But he lov'd to Excess,
 And swore he would die,
 If she would not comply,
 In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

While

While Blushes like Roses,
Which Nature composes,
Which Nature composes,
Vermilion'd her Face,
With an Ardure and Grace,
Which her Lover improv'd,
When he found he had mov'd,

In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

When wak'd from the Joy,
Which their Souls did employ,
Which their Souls did employ;
From her ruby warm Lips,
Thousand Odours he sips,
At the Sight of her Eyes
He faints and he dies,

In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

But how they shall part,
Now becomes all the Smart,
Now becomes all the Smart,
'Till he vow'd to his Fair,
That to ease his own Care,
He would meet her again,
And 'till then be in Pain,

In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

SONG II.

SEND home my long stray'd Eyes to me,
 Which ah! too long have dwelt on thee;
 But if from thee they've learn'd such Ill,
 To sweetly smile,
 And then beguile,
 Keep the Deceivers, keep them still.

Send home my harmless Heart again,
 Which no unworthy Thought could stain;
 But if it has been taught by thine,
 To forfeit both
 Its Word and Oath,
 Keep it, for then 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me home my Heart and Eyes,
 That I may see and know thy Lyes,
 And laugh one Day perhaps when thou
 Shalt grieve for one
 Thy Love will scorn,
 And prove as false as thou art now.

SONG III.

WHILST I fondly view the Charmer,
 Thus the God of Love I sue,
 Gentle *Cupid*, pray disarm her,
 Cupid, if you love me, do:
 Of a thousand Sweets bereave her,
 Rob her Neck, her Lips and Eyes,
 The Remainder still will leave her
 Power enough to tyrannize.

Shape and Feature, Flame and Passion,
 Still in every Breast will move,
 More is Supererogation,
 Meer Idolatry of Love :
 You may dress a World of *Chloes*
 In the Beauties she can spare ;
 Hear him, *Cupid*, who no Foe is
 To your Altars, or the Fair.

Foolish Mortal, pray be easy,
 Angry *Cupid* made reply,
 Do *Florella's* Charms displease you ?
 Die then, foolish Mortal, die :
 Fancy not that I'll deprive her
 Of the captivating Store ;
 Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
 Twenty thousand Beauties more.

Were *Florella* proud and sour,
 Apt to mock a Lover's Care ;
 Justly then you'd pray that Power
 Shou'd be taken from the Fair :
 But tho' I spread a Blemish o'er her,
 No Relief in that you'll find ;
 Still, fond Shepherd, you'll adore her,
 For the Beauties of her Mind,

S O N G I V .

TEN Years, like *Troy*, my stubborn Heart
 Withstood th' Assault of fond Desire ;
 But now, alas ! I feel a Smart,
 Poor I, like *Troy*, am set on fire.

With

With Care we may a Pile secure,
 And from all common Sparks defend:
 But oh! who can a House secure,
 When the celestial Flames descend.

Thus was I safe, 'till from your Eyes
 Destructive Fires are brightly given:
 Ah! who can shun the warm Surprise,
 When lo! the Light'ning comes from Heaven!

S O N G V.

WHILST I gaze on *Chloe* trembling,
 Strait her Eyes my Fate declare;
 When she smiles, I fear dissembling;
 When she frowns, I then despair.
 Jealous of some Rival Lover,
 If a wandering Look she give:
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.

Why should I conceal my Passion,
 Or the Torments I endure?
 I will disclose my Inclination:
 Awful Distance yields no Cure.
 Sure it is not in her Nature,
 To be cruel to her Slave;
 She is too divine a Creature
 To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose Inclination
 Warms but with a gentle Heat:
 Never mounts to raging Passion,
 Love's a Torment, if too great.

When

When the Storm is once blown over,
 Soon the Ocean quiet grows ;
 But a constant faithful Lover
 Seldom meets with true Repose.

S O N G VI.

MY Days have been so wond'rous free,
 The little Birds that fly,
 With careless Ease, from Tree to Tree,
 Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear
 Of mine increas'd their Stream ;
 Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er
 I lent a Sigh to them.

But now my former Days retire,
 And I'm by Beauty caught :
 The tender Chains of sweet Desire
 Are fix'd upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breast
 Does every Doubt controul ;
 And lovely *Nancy* stands confess
 The Favourite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines,
 Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,
 Ye gentle Ecchoes, breezy Winds,
 Ye close Retreats of Love.

With all of Nature, all of Art,
 Assist the dear Design,

O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,
To make her ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,
As much as of Despair,
And hardly covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind
Is mixt with soft Distress;
Yet while the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less.

S O N G VII.

ALL in the *Downs* the Fleet was moor'd,
The Streamers waving in the Wind,
When black-eyed *Susan* came on board;
Oh! where shall I my true Love find?
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet *William* sails among the Crew.

William, who high upon the Yard,
Rock'd with the Billows to and fro;
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his Eyes below:
The Cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,
And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands.

So the sweet Lark, high pois'd in Air,
Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,
(If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he hear)
And drops at once into her Nest:
The noblest Captain in the *British* Fleet
Might envy *William's* Lips those Kisses sweet.

O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely Dear!

My Vows shall ever true remain,

Let me kiss off that falling Tear,

We only Part to meet again :

Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be

The faithful Compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,

Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind ;

They'll tell, the Sailors when away,

In every Port a Mistress find :

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,

For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* Coast we sail,

Thy Eyes are seen in Diamonds bright,

Thy breath is *Africk's* spicy Gale,

Thy Skin is Ivory so white;

Thus every beauteous Object that I view,

Makes in my Soul some Charms of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' Battles call me from thy Arms,

Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn;

Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms

William shall to his Dear return :

Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,

Lest precious Tears should drop from *Susan's* Eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,

The Sails their swelling Bottom spread,

No longer must she stay aboard;

They kiss'd ; she sigh'd ; he hung his Head :

Her lessening Boat unwilling rows to Land,

Adieu, she crys, and wav'd her lilly Hand.

S O N G VIII.

S W E E T are the Charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask Rose,
 Soft as the Down of Turtle Dove,
 Gentle as Winds when *Zephyr* blows,
 Refreshing, as descending Rains
 To sun-burnt Climes, and thirsty Plains.

True as the Needle to the Pole,
 Or as the Dial to the Sun,
 Constant as gliding Waters roll,
 Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon;
 From every other Charmer free,
 My Life and Love shall follow thee.

The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
 The Dam the tender Kid pursues,
 Sweet *Philomel*, in shady Bowers
 Of verdant Spring, her Note renews;
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my Soul's Desire.

Nature must change her beauteous Face,
 And vary as the Seasons rise;
 As Winter to the Spring gives place,
 Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies;
 No Change on Love the Seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.

Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,
 Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow;
 And Marble Towers and Walls of Brass
 In his rude March he levels low:
 But Time, destroying far and wide,
 Love: from the Soul can ne'er divide.

Death

Death only with his cruel Dart
 The gentle Godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
 To mingle with the blest above,
 Where known to all his Kindred Train,
 He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.

Love and his Sister fair, the Soul,
 Twin-born from Heaven together came :
 Love will the Universe controul,
 When dying Seasons lose their Name ;
 Divine Abodes shall own his Power,
 When Time and Death shall be no more.

S O N G IX.

FAIR *Iris* and her Swain
 Were in a shady Bower,
 Where *Thirsis* long in vain
 Had sought the happy Hour ;
 At length his Hand advancing
 Upon her snowy Breast,
 He said, O ! kiss me longer,
 Longer yet and longer,
 If you would make me blest.

I R I S.

An easy yielding Maid
 By trusting is undone,
 Our Sex is oft betray'd
 By granting Love too soon ;
 If you desire to gain me,

K 3

Your

Your Sufferings to redress,
 Prepare to love me longer,
 Longer yet and longer,
 Before you shall possess.

T H I R S I S.

The little Care you show
 Of all my Sorrows past,
 Makes Death appear too slow,
 And Life too long to last;
 Oh *Iris!* kiss me kindly,
 In pity of my Fate,
 Fair *Iris,* kiss me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly,
 Before it be too late.

I R I S.

You fondly court your Bliss,
 And no Advances make,
 'Tis not for Maids to kiss,
 But 'tis for Men to take :
 So you may kiss me kindly,
 And I will not rebel,
Thirsis may kiss me kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly ;
 But never kiss and tell.

A L T E R N A T I V E

And may I kiss you kindly ?
Yes you may kiss me kindly.
 And kindly still and kindly ?
And kindly still and kindly.
 And will you not rebel ?
And I will not rebel.
 Then, Love, I'll kiss thee kindly,
 Kindly still and kindly ;
 But never kiss and tell.

S O N G X.

AH! bright *Belinda*, hither fly,
 And such a Light discover,
 As may the absent sun supply,
 And cheer the drooping Lover.

Arise, my Day, with speed arise,
 And all my Sorrows banish:
 Before the Sun of thy bright Eyes,
 All gloomy Terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,
 And curse the hoarded Treasure:
 Why should you love to give us Pain,
 When you were made for Pleasure?

The petty Powers of Hell destroy;
 To save 's the Pride of Heaven:
 To you the first, if you prove coy;
 If kind, the last is given.

The Choice then sure's not hard to make,
 Betwixt a Good and Evil:
 Which Title had you rather take,
My Goddess, or, *my Devil*?

S O N G XI.

FIE! *Liza*, scorn the little Arts,
 Which meaner Beauties use,
 Who think they ne'er secure our Hearts,
 Unless they still refuse:

Are coy and shy ; will seem to frown
 To raise our Passion higher ;
 But when the poor Delight is known,
 It quickly palls Desire.

Come, let's not trifle Time away,
 Or stop you know not why ;
 Your Blushes and your Eyes betray
 What Death you mean to die !
 Let all your Maiden-Fears be gone,
 And Love no more be crost :
 Ah! *Liza*, when the Joys are known,
 You'll curse the Minutes past.

S O N G XII.

BE wary, my *Celia*, when *Celadon* sues,
 These *Wits* are the Bane of your Charms :
 Beauty, play'd against Reason, will certainly lose,
 Warring naked with Robbers in Arms.

Young *Damon* despis'd for his Plainness of Parts,
 Has Worth that a Woman should prize ;
 He'll run the Race *out*, tho' he heavily starts,
 And *distance* the short-winded *Wife*.

Your *Fool* is a Saint in the Temple of Love,
 And kneels all his Life there to pray ;
 Your *Wit* but looks in, and makes haste to remove,
 'Tis a Stage he but takes in his way.

S O N G

SONG XIII.

STELLA and *Flavia* every Hour,
Do various Hearts surprize;
In *Stella's* Soul lies all her Power,
And *Flavia's* in her Eyes.

More boundless *Flavia's* Conquests are,
And *Stella's* more confin'd :
All can discern a Face that's fair,
But few a lovely Mind.

Stella, like *Britain's* Monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated Lands ;
Like Eastern Tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands.

Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy Face,
Thy Beauty's only Store :
Thy Charms will every Day decrease,
Each Day gives *Stella* more.

SONG XIV.

OF all the Girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty *Sally*;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley :
There is no Lady in the Land
Is half so sweet as *Sally*;
She is the Darling of my Heart,
And she lives in our Alley.

Her Father he makes Cabbage-Nets,
 And thro' the Streets does cry 'em;
 Her Mother she sells Laces long,
 To such as please to buy 'em:
 But sure such Folks cou'd ne'er beget
 So sweet a Girl as *Sally*;
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

When she is by, I leave my Work,
 I love her so sincerely;
 My Master comes like any *Turk*,
 And bangs me most severely:
 But let him bang his Belly full,
 I'll bear it all for *Sally*;
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

Of all the Days are in the Week,
 I dearly love but one Day,
 And that's the Day that comes betwixt
 The *Saturday* and *Monday*;
 For then I'm drest all in my best,
 To walk abroad with *Sally*;
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

My Master carries me to Church,
 And often am I blamed,
 Because I leave him in the Lurch,
 As soon as Text is named:
 I leave the Church in Sermon-Time,
 And flink away with *Sally*;
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

When

When *Christmas* comes about again,
 O! then I shall have Money;
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 And give it to my Honey;
 And wou'd it were ten thousand Pound,
 I'll give it all to *Sally*;
 She is the Darling of my Heart,
 And she lives in our Alley.

My Master and the Neighbours all
 Make Game of me and *Sally*,
 And (but for her) I'd better be
 A Slave, and row a Galley;
 But when my seven long Years are out,
 O! then I'll marry *Sally*,
 O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our Alley.

S O N G X V . .

WOULD you have a young Virgin of fifteen
 Years;
 You must tickle her Fancy with Sweets and Dears,
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly sweetly
 Sing a Love-Sonner, and charm her Ears;
 Wittily prettily talk her down,
 Chase her, and praise her, if fair or brown;
 Sooth her and smooth her,
 And teaze her and please her,
 And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Widow, well known in Man,
 With a Front of Assurance come boldly on;
 Be at her each Moment, and briskly briskly,
 Put her in mind, how her Time steals on;

Rattle

Rattle and prattle altho' she frown,
 Rouse her and touse her from Morn to Noon,
 And shew her some Hour
 You'll answer her Dower,
 And get but her Writings, and all's your own.
 Do you fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
 That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,
 You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her tell her,
 That Pleasure's best Charm is Variety ;
 Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
 Try her and ply her when Cully's gone,
 Dog her and jog her,
 And meet her and treat her,
 And kifs with a Guinea, and all's your own.

S O N G X V I.

S H E.

AH Love! if a God thou wilt be,
 Do Justice in favour of me;
 For yonder approaching I see,
 A Man with a Beard,
 Who, as I have heard,
 Has often undone
 Poor Maids that have none,
 With fighting and toying,
 And crying and lying,
 And such kind of Foolery.

H E.

Fair Maid, by your Leave,
 My Heart does receive
 Strange Pleasure to meet you here;
 Pray tremble not so,
 Nor offer to go,
 I'll do you no harm I swear,
 I'll do you no harm I swear.

S H E.

S H E.

My Mother is spinning at home,
 My Father works hard at the Loom,
 And we are a milking come;
 Their Dinner they want;
 Then pray ye, Sir, don't
 Make more ado on't,
 Nor give us Affront;
 We're none of the Town
 Will lie down for a Crown,
 Then away, Sir, and give us room.

H E.

By *Phœbus* and *Jove*,
 By Honour and Love,
 I'll do thee dear Sweet no harm;
 Ye're as fresh as a Rose,
 I want one of those;
 Ah! how such a Wife wou'd charm,
 Ah how such a Wife wou'd charm!

S H E.

And can you then like the old Rule,
 Be conjugal, honest and dull,
 And marry, and look like a Fool;
 For I must be plain,
 All Tricks are in vain;
 There's nothing can gain
 What you wou'd obtain,
 Like moving and proving,
 By wedding, true loving,
 My Lesson I learnt at School.

H E.

I'll do't by this Hand,
 I've Houses and Land,
 Estate too in good Free-hold;
 My Dear let us join,
 It all shall be thine,
 Besides a good Purse of Gold,
 Besides a good Purse of Gold.

S H E.

S. H. E.

You make me to blush now I vow;
 Ah me! shall I baulk my Cow?
 But since the late Oath you have sworn,
 Your Soul shall not be
 In Danger for me;
 I'll rather agree
 Of two to make three:
 We'll wed, and we'll bed,
 There's no more to be said,
 And I'll ne'er go a milking more:

S O N G XVII.

MAIDEN fresh as a Rose,
 Young, buxom, and full of Jollity,
 Take no Spouse among Beaux,
 Fond of their raking Quality;
 He who wears a long Bush,
 All powder'd down from his Pericrane,
 And with Nose full of Snuff,
 Snuffles out Love in a merry Vein.

Who, to Dames of high Place,
 Does prattle like any Parrot too;
 Yet with Doxies a Brace
 At Night pigs in a Garret too;
 Patrimony out-run,
 To make a fine Show to carry thee:
 Plainly, Friend, thou'rt undone.
 If such a Creature marry thee.

Then, for fear of a Bribe,
 Of flattering Noise and Vanity,
 Yoak a Lad of our Tribe,
 He'll shew the best Humanity;

Flashy

Flashy thou wilt find Love,
 In civil as well as secular;
 But when Spirit doth move,
 We have a Gift particular.

Tho' our Graveness is Pride,
 That Boobies the more venerate,
 He that gets a good Bride,
 Can jump when he's to generate:
 Off then goes the Disguise,
 To Bed in his Arms he'll carry thee;
 Then, to be happy and wise,
 Take Yea and Nay to marry thee.

S O N G. XVIII.

LAST Sunday at Saint James's Pray'rs,
 The Prince and Princess by,
 I, dress'd in all my Whale-bone Airs,
 Sat in a Closet nigh.

I bow'd my Knees, I held my Book;
 Read all the Answers o'er;
 But was perverted by a Look,
 Which pierc'd me from the Door.

High Thoughts of Heav'n I came to use,
 With the devoutest Care;
 Which gay young *Strephon* made me lose,
 And all the Raptures there.

He wait to hand me to my Chair,
 And bow'd with courtly Grace;
 But whisper'd Love into mine Ear,
 Too warm for that grave Place.

Love,

Love, Love, said he, by all ador'd;
 My tender Heart has won :
 But I grew peevish at the Word,
 Desir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of Sight, while I
 A kinder Answer meant ;
 Nor did I for my Sins that Day,
 By half so much repent.

S O N G X I X .

L O V E, thou art the best of human Joys,
 Our chiefeft Happines below ;
 All other Pleasures are but Toys,
 Musick without thee is but Noise,
 Beauty but an empty Show.

Heaven, that knew best what Man cou'd move,
 And raise his Thought above the Brute,
 Said, let him be, and let him love,
 That only must his Soul improve,
 Howe'er Philosophers dispute.

S O N G X X .

D E S P A I R I N G beside a clear Stream,
 A Shepherd forsaken was laid ;
 And while a false Nymph was his Theme,
 A Willow supported his Head,

The Wind that blew over the Plain,
 To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply;
 And the Brook in Return to his Pain,
 Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly Swain that I was;
 (Thus sadly complaining he cry'd)
 When first I beheld that fair Face,
 'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
 She talk'd, and I blest her dear Tongue,
 When she smil'd, it was Pleasure too great;
 I listen'd, and cry'd when she sung,
 Was Nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
 She could doat on so lowly a Clown,
 Or that her fond Heart would not grieve,
 To forsake the fine Folk of the Town?
 To think that a Beauty so gay,
 So kind and so constant would prove;
 Or go clad like our Maidens in gray,
 Or live in a Cottage on Love?

What tho' I have Skill to complain,
 Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd,
 What tho' when they hear my soft Strains,
 The Virgins sit weeping around?
 Ah *Colin*! thy Hopes are in vain,
 Thy Pipe and thy Laurel resign,
 Thy Fair one inclines to a Swain,
 Whose Musick is sweeter than thine.

All you my Companions so dear,
 Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
 Whatever I suffer forbear,
 Forbear to accuse the false Maid,

Tho'

Tho' thro' the wide World I should range,
 'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly;
 'Twas hers to be false and to change,
 'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard Fate I sustain,
 In her Breast any Pity is found,
 Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,
 And see me laid low in the Ground:
 The last humble Boon that I crave,
 Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew;
 And when she looks down on my Grave,
 Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,
 And dack her in golden Array:
 Be finest at every fine Show,
 And frolick it all the long Day:
 While *Colin* forgotten and gone,
 No more shall be talk'd of or seen;
 Unless when beneath the pale Moon,
 His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

S O N G X X I .

T W A S when the Seas were roaring,
 With hollow Blasts of Wind,
 A Damsel lay deploring,
 All on a Rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the roaring Billows,
 She cast a wishful Look;
 Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
 That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious Days;
 Why didst thou ventrous Lover,
 Why didst thou trust the Seas?
 Cease, cease then, cruel Ocean,
 And let my Lover rest :
 Ah! what's thy troubled Motion,
 To that within my Breast?

The Merchant robb'd of Treasure,
 Views Tempests in Despair;
 But what's the Loss of Treasure,
 To losing of my Dear!
 Shou'd you some Coast be laid on,
 Where Gold and Diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer Maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
 Has nothing made in vain;
 Why then beneath the Water
 Do hideous Rocks remain?
 No Eye these Rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the Deep,
 To wreck the wandering Lover,
 And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her Dear,
 Repay'd each Blast with sighing,
 Each Billow with a Tear :
 When o'er the white Waves stooping,
 His floating Corps she spy'd ;
 Then like a Lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her Head, and dy'd.

SONG XXII.

Remember, *Damon*, you did tell,
 In Chastity you lov'd me well;
 But now, alas! I am undone,
 And here am left to make my Moan:
 To doleful Shades I will remove,
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
 Where poor forsaken Nymphs are seen,
 In lonely Walks of Willow-green.

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue,
 Such soft persuasive Language hung,
 That when his Words had Silence broke,
 You wou'd have thought an Angel spoke.
 Too happy Nymph, who'er she be,
 That now enjoys my charming he;
 For oh! I fear it to my Cost,
 She 'as found the Heart that I have lost.

Beneath the fairest Flower on Earth,
 A Snake may hide, or take its Birth;
 So his false Breast, conceal it did
 His Heart, the Snake that there lay hid:
 'Tis false to say, we happy are,
 Since Men delight thus to ensnare;
 In Man no Woman can be blest,
 Their Vows are Wind, their Love a Jest.

Ye Gods, in Pity to my Grief,
 Send me my *Damon*, or Relief;
 Return the wild delicious Boy,
 Whom once I thought my Spring of Joy:

But whilst I'm begging of this Bliss,
 Methinks I hear you answer thus;
When Damon has enjoy'd, he flies;
Who sees him, loves; who loves him, dies.

There's not a Bird that haunts the Grove,
 But is a Witness of my Love :
 Now all the Bleeters on the Plain
 Seem Sympathizers in my Pain :
 Ecchoes repeat my plaintive Moans;
 The Waters imitate my Groans;
 The Trees their bending Boughs recline,
 And droop their Heads as I do mine.

S O N G XXIII.

ON a Bank beside a Willow,
 Heaven her Covering, Earth her Pillow,
 Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone :
 From the cheerless Dawn of Morning,
 Till the Dews of Night returning,
 Singing, thus she made her moan :
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
Damon my Belov'd is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a Youth and such a Lover :
 Oh, so true so kind was he !
Damon was the Pride of Nature,
 Charming in his every Feature ;
Damon liv'd alone for me :
 Melting Kisses,
 Murm'ring Blisses,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we ?

Never

Never shall we curse the Morning,
 Never blefs the Night returning,
 Sweet Embraces to restore;
 Never shall we both lie dying,
 Nature failing, Love supplying
 All the Joys he drain'd before:
 To befriend me,
 Death, come, end me,
 Love and *Damon* are no more.

S O N G XXIV.

ALEXIS shunn'd his fellow Swains,
 Their rural Sports and jocund Strains,
 (Heaven guard us all from *Cupid's* Bow;)
 He lost his Crook, he left his Flocks,
 And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,
 He nourish'd endless Woe.

The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came;
 His Grief some pity, others blame;
 The fatal Cause all kindly seek:
 He mingled his Concern with theirs,
 He gave them back their friendly Tears,
 He sigh'd; but could not speak.

Clarinda came among the rest,
 And she too, kind Concern express'd,
 And ask'd the Reason of his Woe:
 She ask'd; but with an Air and Mien,
 As made it easily foreseen,
 She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,
 And will you pardon me, he said,
 While I the cruel Truth reveal :
 Which nothing from my Breast should tear,
 Which never should offend your Ear,
 But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
 Since you appear'd upon the Plain ;
 You are the Cause of all my Care ;
 Your Eyes ten thousand Dangers dart ;
 Ten thousand Torments vex my Heart ;
 I love, and I despair.

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,
 'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd ;
 And yet I pardon you, the cry'd :
 But you shall promise, ne'er again
 To breathe your Vows, or speak your Pain,
 He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

S O N G XXV.

WH Y so pale and wan, fond Lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't ?
 Prithee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit for Shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her ;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her :
 The Devil take her.

S O N G X X V I .

MY Friend and I,
 We drank whole Pifs-pots
 Full of Sack up to the Brim :
 I drank to my Friend,
 And he drank his Pot,
 So we put about the Whim :
 Three Bottles and a Quart
 We swallow'd down our Throat,
 (But hang such puny Sips as these ;)
 We laid us all along,
 With our Mouths unto the Bung,
 And tip'd whole Hogheads off with Ease.

I heard of a Fop
 That drank whole Tankards,
 Stil'd himself the Prince of Sots :
 But I say now, Hang
 Such silly Drunkards,
 Melt their Flagons, break their Pots,
 My Friend and I did join
 For a Cellar full of Wine,

And

And we drank the Vintner out of Doors:
 We drank it all up
 In a Morning, at a Sup,
 And greedily rov'd about for more.

My Friend to me
 Did make this Motion,
 Let us to the Vintage skip,
 Then we imbark'd
 Upon the Ocean,
 Where we found a *Spanish* Ship,
 Deep laden with Wine,
 Which was superfine,
 The Sailors swore five hundred Tun;
 We drank it all at Sea,
 E'er we came unto the Key,
 And the Merchant swore he was quite undone.

My Friend, not having
 Quench'd his Thirst,
 Said, let's to the Vineyards haste:
 Straight then we sail'd
 To the *Canaries*,
 Which afforded just a Taste;
 From thence unto the *Rhine*,
 Where we drank up all the Wine,
 'Till *Bacchus* cry'd, hold ye Sots, or ye die,
 And swore he never found
 In his uniyersal Round,
 Such thirsty Souls as my Friend and I.

Out fie! crys one,
 What a Beast he makes him,
 He can neither stand nor go:
 Out you Beast, you,
 You're much mistaken,
 When e'er knew you a Beast drink so?

'Tis when we drink the least,
 That we drink most like a Beast;
 But when we carouse it fix in Hand;
 'Tis then and only then,
 That we drink the most like Men,
 When we drink till we can neither go nor stand.

S O N G XXVII.

L E T Soldiers fight for Prey or Praise,
 And Money be the Miser's Wish;
 Poor Scholars study all their Days,
 And Gluttons glory in their Dish:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives sad Souls;
Therefore fill us the chearing Bowls.

Let Minions marshal every Hair,
 And in a Lover's Lock delight,
 And artificial Colours wear;
 Pure Wine is native red and white
'Tis Wine, &c.

The backward Spirit it makes brave,
 That lively which before was dull;
 Opens the Heart that loves to save,
 And Kindness flows from Cups brim-full;
'Tis Wine, &c.

Some Men want Youth, and others Health,
 Some want a Wife, and some a Punk,
 Some Men want Wit, and others Wealth;
 But they want nothing that are drunk:
'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives sad Souls,
Therefore give us the chearing Bowls.

SONG XXVIII.

FArewel, my bonny, bonny, witty, pretty *Maggy*;
 And a' the rosie Lasses milking on the Down:
 Adieu the flow'ry Meadows, aft sae dear to *Focky*,
 The Sports and merry Glee of *Edinborow Town*:
 Since *French* and *Spanish* Louns stand at Bay,
 And valiant Lads of *Britain* hold 'em Play,
 My Reap-hook I maun cast quite away,
 And fight too like a Man,
 Among 'em, for our Royal Queen *Anne*.

Each Carle of *Irish* Mettle battles like a Dragon;
 The *Germans* waddle and straddle to the Drum;
 The *Italian* and the Butter bowzy *Hogan Mogan*:
 Good-faith then *Scottish Focky* mauna ly at hame:
 For since they are ganging to hunt renown,
 And sweer they'll quickly ding auld *Monsieur* down,
 I'll follow for a Pluck at his Crown,
 To shew that *Scotland* can
 Excel 'em for our Royal Queen *Anne*.

Then welcome from *Vigo*,
 And cudgelling *Don Diego*,
 With strutting Rascallions,
 And plundering the Galleons;
 Each brisk valiant Fellow
 Fought at *Rondondellow*,
 And those who did meet
 With the *Newfoundland* Fleet;
 When, for late Successes,
 Which *Europe* confesses,
 At Land by our gallant Commanders;
 The *Dutch* in strong Beer,
 Shou'd be drunk for a Year,
 With their General's Health in *Flanders*.

S O N G XXIX.

THE Ordnance a-board,
 Such Joys does afford,
 As no Mortal, no Mortal, no Mortal,
 No Mortal e'er more can desire:
 Each Member repairs,
 From the Tower to the Stairs,
 And by Water *Whush*, and by Water *Whush*,
 By Water they all go to Fire.

Of each Piece that's a-shore,
 They search from the Bore;
 And to proving, to proving, to proving,
 To proving they go in fair Weather:
 Their Glasses are large,
 And whene'er they discharge,
 There's a *Boo huzza*, a *Boo huzza*, a *Boo huzza*,
 Guns and Bumpers go off together.

Old *Vulcan* for *Mars*,
 Fitted Tools for his Wars,
 To enable him, enable him, enable him,
 Enable him to conquer the faster:
 But *Mars* had he been
 Upon our *Woolwich Green*,
 To have heard *Boo huzza*, *Boo huzza*, *Boo huzza*,
 He'd have own'd great *Marlborough* his Master.

S O N G

SONG XXX.

LEAVE off your foolish Prating,
 Talk no more of *Whig* and *Tory*,
 But drink your Glafs,
 Round let it pass,
 The Bottle stands before ye;
 Fill it up to the Top,
 Let the Night with Mirth be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and Friendship still go round.

If Claret be a Blessing,
 This Night devote to Pleasure;
 Let worldly Cares,
 And State Affairs,
 Be thought on at more Leasure:
 Fill it up to the Top,
 Let the Night with Joy be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Love and Friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous,
 To be a Party-minion,
 Let him drink like me,
 We'll soon agree,
 And be of one Opinion:
 Fill your Glafs, name your Lafs,
 See her Health go sweetly round,
 Drink about, see it out,
 Let the Night with Joy be crown'd.

S O N G XXXI.

WE'LL drink, and we'll never have done, Boys,
 Put the Glafs then around with the Sun, Boys,
 Let *Apollo's* Example invite us,
 For he's drunk every Night,
 That makes him fo bright,
 That he's able next Morning to light us,
 Drinking's a Christian Diversion,
 Unknown to the *Turk* and the *Persian*;
 Let *Mahometan* Fools
 Live by Heathenish Rules,
 And dream o'er their Tea-pots and Coffee;
 While the brave *Britons* fing,
 And drink Healths to their *King*,
 And a Fig for the *Sultan* and *Sophy*.

S O N G XXXII.

WHILE the Lover is thinking,
 With my Friend I'll be drinking,
 And with Vigour pursue my Delight;
 While the Fool is designing
 His fatal confining,
 With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole Night.

With the God I'll be jolly,
 Without Madnefs and Folly,
 Fickle Woman to marry implore;
 Leave my Bottle and Friend,
 For fo foolish an End!
 When I do, may I never drink more.

S O N G

SONG XXXIII.

CELIA, let not Pride undo you,
 Love and Life fly swiftly on;
 Let not *Damon* still pursue you,
 Still in vain, till Love is gone:
 See how fair the blooming Rose is,
 See by all how justly pris'd;
 But when it its Beauty loses,
 See the wither'd Thing despis'd.

When these Charms that Youth hath lent you,
 Like the Roses are decay'd,
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a Maid!
 Die a Maid! die a Maid! die a Maid!
Celia, you'll too late repent you,
 And be forc'd to die a Maid!

SONG XXXIV.

I'LL range around the shady Bowers,
 And gather all the sweetest Flowers;
 I'll strip the Garden and the Grove,
 To make a Garland for my Love.

When in the sultry Heat of Day,
 My thirsting Nymph does panting lie;
 I'll hasten to the Fountain's Brink,
 And drain the Stream that she may drink.

At Night, when she shall weary prove,
 A grassy Bed I'll make my Love,
 And with green Boughs I'll form a Shade,
 That nothing may her Rest invade.

And whilst dissolv'd in sleep she lies,
 My self shall never close these Eyes;
 But gazing still with fond Delight,
 I'll watch my Charmer all the Night.

And then, as soon as chearful Day
 Dispels the gloomy Shades away,
 Forth to the Forest I'll repair,
 And find Provision for my Fair.

Thus will I spend the Day and Night,
 Still mixing Pleasure with Delight;
 Regarding nothing I endure,
 So I can Ease for her procure.

But if the Maid whom thus I love,
 Shou'd e'er unkind and faithless prove,
 I'll seek some dismal distant Shore,
 And never think of Woman more.

S O N G X X X V .

TH O' cruel you seem to my Pain,
 And hate me because I am true;
 Yet, *Phillis*, you love a false Swain,
 Who has other Nymphs in his View:
 Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
 To me what a Heaven it would be;
 To him but a Woman you seem,
 But ah you're an Angel to me.

Those Lips which he touches in Haste,
 To them I for ever could grow,
 Still clinging around that dear Waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go;

That

That Arm, like a Lilly so white,
 Which over his Shoulders you lay,
 My Bosom could warm it all Night,
 My Lips they would press it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,
 Were Graces my Subjects to be,
 I'd leave them, and fly to the Plain,
 To dwell in a Cottage with thee :
 But if I must feel thy Disdain,
 If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,
 O! let me not live in this Pain,
 But give me my Death in a Frown.

S O N G XXXVI.

FROM rosy Bowers, where sleeps the God of Love,
 Hither, ye little waiting *Cupids*, fly ;
 Teach me, in soft melodious Song, to move
 With tender Passion my Hearts Darling Joy :
 Ah! let the Soul of Musick tune my Voice,
 To win dear *Strepson*, who my Soul enjoys,

Or if more influencing
 Is, to be brisk and airy,
 With a Step and a Bound,
 And a Frisk from the Ground,
 I'll trip like any Fairy :
 As once on *Ida* dancing,
 Were three celestial Bodies,
 With an Air and a Face,
 And a Shape and a Grace,
 Let me charm like Beauty's Goddess,

Ah! ah! 'tis vain, 'tis all in vain,
 Death and Despair must end the fatal Pain;
 Cold Despair, disguis'd like Snow and Rain,
 Falls on my Breast; black Winds in Tempests blow,
 My Veins all shiver, and my Fingers glow;
 My Pulse beats a dead March for lost Repose,
 And to a solid Lump of Ice my poor fond Heart is
 froze.

Or say, ye Powers, my Peace to crown,
 Shall I thaw myself, or drown
 Among the foaming Billows,
 Increasing all with Tears I shed;
 On Beds of Ooze and chrystal Pillows,
 Lay down my Love-sick Head?

No, no, I'll straight run mad,
 That soon my Heart will warm;
 When once the Sense is fled,
 Love has no Power to charm:
 Wild thro' the Woods I'll fly,
 My Robes and Locks shall thus be tore;
 A thousand thousand Deaths I'll die,
 E'er thus in vain! e'er thus in vain adore.

S O N G X X X V I I .

OH! lead me to some peaceful Gloom,
 Where none but sighing Lovers come,
 Where the shrill Trumpets never sound,
 But one eternal Hush goes round.

There

There let me sooth my pleasing Pain,
 And never think of War again ;
 What Glory can a Lover have
 To conquer, yet be still a Slave ?

S O N G XXXVIII.

OH! lead me to some peaceful Room,
 Where none but honest Fellows come,
 Where Wives loud Clappers never sound,
 But an eternal Laugh goes round.

There let me drown in Wine my Pain,
 And never think of Home again :
 What Comfort can a Husband have,
 To rule the House where he's a Slave ?

S O N G XXXIX.

PIOUS *Selinda* goes to Prayers,
 If I but ask the Favour ;
 And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
 When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this Restraint,
 Or else had Hopes to win her ;
 Would she cou'd make of me a Saint,
 Or I of her a Sinner.

S O N G

S O N G X L.

SEE, see, she wakes, *Sabina* wakes,
 And now the Sun begins to rise;
 Less Glorious is the Morn that breaks
 From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.

With Light united, Day they give:
 But different Fates e'er Night fulfil:
 How many by his Wrath will live!
 How many will her Coldness kill!

S O N G X L I.

YO U N G *Corydon* and *Phyllis*
 Sat in a lovely Grove,
 Contriving Crowns of Lillies,
 Repeating Tales of Love,
And something else; but what, I dare not name,

But as they were a playing
 She ogled so the Swain,
 It sav'd her plainly saying,
 Let's kifs to ease our Pain, &c.

A thousand times he kifs'd her,
 Upon the flow'ry Green;
 But as he further prest her,
 A pretty Leg was seen, &c.

So many Beauties viewing,
 His Ardour still increas'd;
 And, greater Joys pursuing,
 He wander'd o'er her Breast, &c.

A last Effort she trying,
 His Passion to withstand,
 Cry'd, (but 'twas faintly crying)
 Pray take away your Hand, &c.

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,
 The Minutes wou'd improve;
 This is the Time, he told her,
 To shew how much I love, &c.

The Nymph seem'd almost dying,
 Dissolv'd in am'rous Heat;
 She kiss'd and told him sighing,
 My dear, your Love is great, &c.

But *Phyllis* did recover,
 Much sooner than the Swain;
 She blushing, ask'd her Lover,
 Shall we not kiss again? &c.

Thus Love his Revels keeping,
 Till Nature at a Stand,
 From Talk they fall to sleeping,
 Holding each other's Hand, &c.

S O N G XLII.

SEE, see, my *Seraphina* comes,
 Adorn'd with every Grace;
 Look, Gods, from your celestial Domes,
 And view her charming Face,

The

Then search, and see if you can find
In all your sacred Groves,
A Nymph or Goddess so divine,
As she whom *Strephon* loves.

S O N G XLIII.

S H E.

P R A Y now, *John*, let *Jug* prevail,
Doff thy Sword, and take a Flail;
Wounds and Blows, and scorching Heat,
Will abroad be all you'll get.

H E.

Oons! you are mad, ye simple Jade,
Be gone, and don't Prate.

S. H. E.

How think ye I shall do,

With *Hob* and *Sue*,

And all our Brats when wanting you?

H E.

When I am rich with Plunder,
Thou my Gain shall share.

S H E.

My Share will be but small, I fear,
When bold Dragoons have been pickering there,
And the Flea-flints the *Germans* strip 'em bare.

H E.

Mind your spinning,
Mend your Linnen,
Look to your Cheefe you,
Your Pigs and your Geese too!

S H E.

No, no, I'll ramble out with you.

H E.

H E.

Blood and Fire, if you tire
Thus my Patience,
With Vexations and Narrations,
Thumping, thumping, thumping.
Is the fatal Word, *Joan*.

S H E.

Do, do, I'm good at thumping too.

H E.

Morbleau! that Huff shall never do.

S H E.

Come, come, *John*, let's buss and be Friends,
Thus still, thus Love's Quarrel ends;
I my Tongue sometimes let run,
But alas! I soon have done:

H E.

'Tis well you're quash'd,
You'd else been thrash'd,
Sure as my Name is *John*.

S H E.

Yet fain I'd know for what
You're all so hot,
To go to fight where nothing's got.

H E.

Fortune will prove kind,
And we shall then grow great.

S H E.

Grow great!

And want both Drink and Meat,
And Coin, unless the pamper'd *French* you beat:

Ah *John*! take care *John*!

And learn more Wit.

H E.

Dare you prate still,
At this Rate still,
And like a Vermin,
Grudge me Preferment.

S H E.

S H E.

You'll beg, or get a Wooden Leg,

H. E.

Nay, if bawling, caterwawling,

Tittle tattle, prittle prattle,

Still must rattle;

I'll be gone, and straight aboard.

S H E.

Do, do, and so shall *Hob* and *Sue*,*Jug* too, and all the ragged Crew.

S O N G LXIV.

H. E.

SINCE Times are so bad, I must tell thee, Sweet-
heart,

I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart,

And to the fair City a Journey I'll go,

To better my Fortune, as other Folks do:

Since some have from Ditches,

And coarse Leather Breeches,

Been rais'd to be Rulers,

And wallow'd in Riches,

Pray thee, come, come, come, come from thy Wheel;

For if the Gipsies don't lye,

I shall be a Governor too e'er I die.

S H E.

Ah *Colin*! by all thy late Doings I find,

With Sorrow and Trouble, the Pride of thy Mind;

Our Sheep now at random disorderly run,

And now *Sunday's* Jacket goes every Day on;Ah! what do'st thou, what do'st thou, what do'st thou
mean!

H E.

H E

To make my Shoes clean,
And foot it to Court to the King and the Queen,
Where, shewing my Parts, I Preferment shall win.

S H E.

Fie! 'Tis better for us to plough and to spin;
For, as to the Court, when thou happen'st to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou can'st buy;
For Money, the Devil and all's to be found,
But no good Parts minded without the good Pound.

H E.

Why, then I'll take Arms, and follow Alarms,
Hunt Honour, that now-a-days plaguily charms.

S H E.

And so lose a Limb by a Shot or a Blow,
And curse thy self after for leaving the Plough.

H E.

Suppose I turn Gamester?

S H E.

So cheat and be hang'd.

H E.

What think'st of the Road then?

S H E.

The high Way to be hang'd.

H E.

Nice Pimping howe'er yields Profit for Life;
I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife.

S H E.

That's dangerous too amongst the Town-Crew;
For some of them will do the same Thing by you;
And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in:
Faith *Colin*, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

H E.

Will nothing prefer me, what think'st of the Law?

S H E.

Oh! while you live *Colin*, keep out of that Paw.

H E.

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HE.

I'll cant and I'll pray.

SHE.

Ah! there's nought got that way ;
There's no one minds now what those black Cattle say ;
Let all our whole Care be our farming Affair :

HE.

To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees bear.

BOTH.

Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show.

SHE.

So I'll to my Distaff.

HE.

And I'll to my Plough.

BOTH AGAIN.

Let all our whole Care, &c.

S O N G XLV.

HE.

WHERE Oxen do low,
And Apple-Trees grow ;
Where Corn is sown,
And Grass is mown ;
Fate give me for Life a Place.

SHE.

Where Hay is well cock'd,
And Udders are stroak'd ;
Where Duck and Drake
Cry, quack, quack, quack ;
Where Turkeys lay Eggs,
And Swine suckle Pigs ;
Oh! there I would pass my Days.

HE.

H E.

On nought we will feed,
But what we can breed :

S H E.

And wear on our Backs
The Wool of our Flocks;
And tho' Linnen feel
Rough, spun from the Wheel,
'Tis cleanly tho' coarse it comes.

H E.

Town Follys and Cullys,
And Mollys and Dollys,
For ever adieu, and for ever :

S H E.

And Beaux, that in Boxes
Lye smuggling their Doxies,
With Wigs that hang down to their Bums,

H E.

Good b'ye to the Mall,
The Park and Canal,
St. James's Square,
And Flaunters there,
The Gaming House too,
Where high Dice and low
Are manag'd all by Degrees.

S H E.

Adieu to the Knight
Was bubbled last Night,
That keeps a Blowze,
And beats his Spouse,
And then in great Haste,
To pay what he's lost,
Sends home to cut down his Trees :

H E.

And well fare the Lad
Improves ev'ry Clod,

Who

Who ne'er lets his Hand
To Bill or to Bond :

S H E.

Nor barter his Flocks,
For Wine or the Pox,
To chouse him of half his Days.

H E.

But fishing and fowling,
And hunting and bowling,
His Pastime is ever and ever.

S H E.

Whose Lips, when ye bufs 'em,
Smell like the Bean Blossom;
Oh! he it's shall have my Praise.

H E.

To Taverns, where goes
Sour Apples and Sloes,
A long Adieu!
And farewell too
The House of the Great,
Whose Cook has no Meat,
And Butler can't quench my Thirst.

S H E.

Farewel to the Change,
Where Rantipoles range;
Farewel cold Tea,
And Ratafee,
Hide-Park, where Pride
In Coaches ride,
Altho' they be choak'd with Dust.

H E.

Farewel the Law-Gown,
The Plague of the Town,
And Foes of the Crown,
That shou'd be run down;

S H E.

SHE.

With City Jack-daws,
That make staple Laws,
To measure by Yards and Ells.

HE.

Stock-jobbers and Swobbers,
And Packers and Tackers,
For ever adieu, and for ever :
We know what you're doing ;
And home we are going ;
And so you may ring your Bells.

S O N G XLVI.

HE.

OF all Comforts I miscarry'd,
When I play'd the Sot and marry'd ;
Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't,
Those that are in, would fain get out on't.

SHE.

Fie! my Dear, pray come to Bed,
That Napkin take, and bind your Head,
Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

HE.

'Oons! 'tis all one if I'm up or lie down,
For as soon as the Cock crows I'll be gone.

SHE.

'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,
Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone?

HE.

From your Arms myself divorcing,
I this Morn must ride a coursing,
A Sport that far excels a *Madam*,
Or all the Wives that have been since *Adam*.

SHE.

S H E.

I, when thus I've lost my Due,
Must hug my Pillow wanting you;
And whilst you tope it all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmless Tea.

H E.

Pox, what care I? drink your Slops till you die;
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Month from home.

S H E.

If thus parted, I'm broken hearted;
When I, when I send for you, my Dear, pray come.

H E.

E'er I'll be from rambling hindred,
I'll renounce my Spouse and Kindred;
To be sober I've no Leisure,
What's a Man without his Pleasure?

S H E.

To my Grief then I must see,
Strong Wine and Nantz my Rivals be;
Whilst you carouse it with your Blades,
Poor I sit stitching with my Maids.

H E.

Oons! you may go to your Gossips, you know,
And there, if you meet with a Friend, pray do.

S H E.

Go, ye Joker, go, Provoker,
Never, never shall I meet a Man like you.

S O N G XLVII.

PRETTY Parrot, say, when I was away,
And in dull Absence past the Day,
What at home was doing?

With

*With Chat and Play
We were gay,
Night and Day
Good Cheer and Mirth renewing;
Singing laughing all, like pretty pretty Poll.*

Was no Fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a faucy Lover wou'd
Court and teaze my Lady?
*A thing you know,
Made for show,
Call'd a Beau,
Near her was always ready,
Ever at her call, like pretty pretty Poll.*

Tell me with what Air, he approach'd the Fair,
And how she could with Patience bear,
All he did and utter'd?
*He still address'd,
Still caress'd,
Kiss'd and press'd,
Sung, prattl'd, laugh'd and flutter'd:
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty Poll.*

Did he go away, at the Close of Day,
Or did he ever use to stay,
In a Corner dodging?
*The Want of Light,
When 't was Night,
Spoil'd my Sight;
But I believe his Lodging
Was within her Call, like pretty pretty Poll.*

SONG XLVIII.

*Sung by Pinkanello, Merry-Andrew to Leverigo the
Mountebank Doctor.*

HERE are People and Sports,
Of all Sizes and Sorts,
Coach'd *Damsel* and *Squire*,
And *Mob* in the Mire,
Tarpaulians, *Trugmallions*,
Lords, Ladies, Sows Babies,
And *Lobbies* in Scores;
Some hawling, some bawling,
Some leering, some fleering,
Some loving, some shoving,
With Legions of furbelow'd *Whores*:

To the Tavern some go,
And some to a Show,
See Poppets for Moppets,
Jack-Puddens for Cuddens,
Rope-dancing, Mares prancing,
Boats flying, *Quacks* lying,
Pick Pockets, pick Plackets,
Beasts, *Butchers*, and *Beaux*;
Fops prattling, Dice rattling,
Rooks shamming, *Putts* damning,
Whores painted, *Masks* tainted
In Tally-man's furbelow'd Cloaths.

The Mob's Joys wou'd ye know,
To yon Musick-house go,
See *Taylors* and *Sailors*,
Whores oily and doily

Hear musick makes you sick;
Some skipping, some tripping,
Some smoaking, some joaking,
Like Spiggit and Tap;
Short measure, strange Pleasure,
Thus billing and swilling,
Some yearly get fairly
For Pairings, Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

The Second Part.

SEE, Sirs, see here! a *Doctor* rare,
Who travels much at home!
Here take my Pills, they cure all Ills,
Past, present, and to come;
The Cramp, the Stich, the Squirt, the Itch,
The Gout, the Stone, the Pox,
The Mulligrubs, the wanton Scrubs,
And all *Pandora's* Box:
Thousands I've dissected,
Thousands new erected,
And such Cures effected,
As none e'er can tell;
Let the Palsy shake ye,
Let the Cholick rake ye,
Let the Crinkoms break ye,
Let the Murrain take ye,
Take this, take this, and you are well:
Thousands, &c.

Come *Wits* so keen, devour'd with Spleen,
And *Beaux* who've sprain'd your Backs,
Great-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades,
And pepper'd Vizard Cracks;

I soon remove the Pains of Love,
 And cure the amorous Maid,
 The hot, the cold, the young, the old,
 The Living and the Dead;
 I clear the Lads with Wainscot-face,
 And from Pim-gennets free,
 Plump Ladies red like *Saracen's* Head
 With toping Ratafee.
 This, with a Jirk, will do your Work,
 And scour ye o'er and o'er;
 Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
 Never believe me more.

S O N G XLIX.

O H! the charming Month of *May*,
 When the Breezes
 Fan the Trees, is
 Full of Blossoms fresh and gay:
Oh! the charming Month of May,
Charming, charming Month of May.

Oh! what Joy our Prospects yield,
 When in new Livery
 We see every
 Bush and Meadow, Tree and Field:
Oh! what Joy, &c. Charming Joys, &c.

Oh! how fresh the Morning Air,
 When the *Zephyrs*,
 And the Heifers
 Their odoriferous Breath compare:
Oh! how fresh, &c. Charming fresh, &c.

Oh!

Oh! how sweet at Night to dream,
 On Mossy Pillows,
 By the Trillows

Of a gentle purling Stream :

Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh! how kind the Country Lass,
 Who, her Cow bilking,
 Leaves her Milking

For a Green-gown on the Grass :

Oh! how kind, &c. Charming kind, &c.

Oh! how sweet it is to spy,
 At the Conclusion,
 Her deep Confusion,

Blushing Cheeks and down-cast Eye :

Oh! how sweet, &c. Charming sweet, &c.

Oh! the charming Curds and Cream,
 When all is over,
 She gives her Lover,

Who on the Skimming-Dish carves her Name :

*Oh! the charming Curds and Cream,
 Charming, charming, &c.*

S O N G L.

CUPID, God of pleasing Anguish,
 Teach th' enamour'd Swain to languish,
 Teach him fierce Desires to know;
 Heroes would be lost in Story,
 Did not Love inspire their Glory,
 Love does all that's great below.

S O N G L I.

MY *Chloe*, why do ye slight me,
 Since all you ask you have ?
 No more with Frowns affright me,
 Nor use me like a Slave :
 Good-Nature to discover,
 Use well your faithful Lover,
 I'll be no more a Rover,
 But constant to my Grave.

Could we but change Conditions,
 My Grief would all be flown ;
 Were I the kind Physician,
 And you the Patient grown :
 Allown you're wond'rous pretty,
 Well snap'd, and also witty,
 Enforc'd with generous Pity,
 Then make my Case your own.

The Silver Swan, when dying,
 Has most melodious Lays,
 Like him, when Life is flying,
 In Songs I'll end my Days :
 But know, thou cruel Creature,
 My Soul shall mount the flecter,
 And I shall sing the sweeter,
 By warbling forth thy Praise.

S O N G L I I.

IN this Grove my *Strephon* walk'd,
 Here he lov'd, and there he talk'd ;
 Here he lov'd, &c.

In this Place his Loss I prove,
 A sad Remembrance of our Love :
 Oh! sad Remembrance of our Love.

In this Grove my *Strephon* stray'd,
 Here he smil'd, and there betray'd,
Here he smil'd, &c.

Every whispering Breeze can tell,
 How I, poor I believing, fell ;
 Ah! by too soon believing, fell.

By this Stream my *Strephon* mov'd,
 Here he sung, and there he lov'd ;
Here he sung, &c.

Every Stream and every Tree
 Cries out, perfidious cruel he,
 And helpless poor forsaken she.

On this Bank my *Strephon* lean'd,
 A lovely Foe, but faithless Friend ;
A lovely Foe, &c.

Ye verdant Banks, each Stream and Grove,
 Once joyous Scenes, now dismal prove,
 Since *Strephon's* false to me and Love.

S O N G LIII.

TRansported with Pleasure,
 I gaze on my Treasure,
 And ravish'd my Sight ;
 While she gayly smiling,
 My Anguish beguiling,
 Augments my Delight.

How blest is a Lover,
 Whose Torments are over,
 His Fears and his Pain ;
 When Beauty relenting,
 Repays with consenting,
 Her scorn and Disdain!

S O N G L I V .

A Quire of bright Beauties
 In Spring did appear,
 To chuse a *May-Lady*
 To govern the Year ;
 All the Nymphs were in white,
 And the Shepherds in green,
 The Garland was given,
 And *Phyllis* was Queen :
 But *Phyllis* refused it,
 And sighing did say,
 I'll not wear a Garland
 While *Pan* is away.

While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 Are fled from the Shore,
 The Graces are banish'd,
 And Love is no more :
 The soft God of Pleasure
 That warm'd our Desires,
 Has broken his Bow,
 And extinguish'd his Fires ;
 And vows that himself
 And his Mother will mourn,
 Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 In Triumph return.

Forbear your Addresses,
 And court us no more;
 For we will perform
 What the Deity swore:
 But if you dare think
 Of deserving our Charms,
 Away with your Sheep-hooks,
 And take to your Arms:
 Then Laurels and Myrtles
 Your Brows shall adorn,
 When *Pan* and fair *Syrinx*
 In Triumph return.

S O N G L V.

AS charming *Clara* walk'd alone,
 The feather'd Snow came softly down,
 Like *Jove* descending from his Tower,
 To court her in a silver Shower:
 The shining Flakes flew to her Breasts,
 As little Birds into their Nests;
 But being outdone with Whiteness there,
 For Grief dissolv'd into a Tear,
 Thence flowing down her Garment's Hem,
 To deck her, froze into a Gem.

S O N G L V I.

YE Beaux of Pleasure,
 Whose Wit at Leisure,
 Can count Love's Treasure,
 Its Joy and smart;

At my Desire,
 With me retire,
 To know what Fire
 Consumes my Heart.

Three Moons that hasted,
 Are hardly wasted,
 Since I was blasted
 With Beauty's Ray.

Aurora shews ye
 No Face so Rosie,
 No *July* Posie
 So fresh and gay.

Her Skin by Nature,
 No *Ermin* better,
 Tho' that fine Creature
 Is white as Snow:
 With blooming Graces
 Adorn'd her Face is,
 Her flowing Tresses
 As black as Sloe.

She's tall and slender,
 She's soft and tender,
 Some Gods commend her,
 My Wit's too low:
 'Twere joyful Plunder,
 To bring her under,
 She's all a Wonder
 From Top to Toe.

Then cease, ye Sages,
 To quote dull Pages,
 That in all Ages
 Our Minds are free a

Tho' great your Skill is,
 So strong the Will is,
 My Love for *Phillis*
 Must ever be.

S O N G L V I I,

O N E Evening as I lay,
 A musing in a Grove,
 A Nymph exceeding gay,
 Came there to seek her Love;
 But finding not her Swain,
 She sat her down to grieve,
 And thus she did complain,
 How Men her Sex deceive.

Believing Maids, take care
 Of false deluding Men,
 Whose Pride is to ensnare
 Each Female that they can.
 My perjur'd Swain he swore
 A thousand Oaths to prove;
 (As many have done before)
 How true he'd be to Love.

Then Virgins, for my Sake,
 Ne'er trust false Man again,
 The Pleasure we partake,
 Ne'er answers half the Pain;
 Uncertain as the Seas,
 Is their unconstant Mind,
 At once they burn or freeze,
 Still changing like the Wind.

When she had told her Tale,
 Compassion seiz'd my Heart;
 And *Cupid* did prevail
 With me, to take her Part :
 Then bowing to the Fair,
 I made my kind Address,
 And vow'd to bear a Share
 In her Unhappiness.

Surpriz'd at first she rose,
 And strove from me to fly :
 I told her I'd disclose
 For Grief a Remedy,
 Then, with a smiling Look,
 Said she, to assuage the Storm,
 I doubt you've undertook
 A Task you can't perform.

Since Proof convinces best,
 Fair Maid, believe it true,
 That Rage is but a Jest,
 To what Revenge can do :
 Then serve him in his Kind,
 And fit the Fool again ;
 Such Charms were ne'er design'd,
 For such a faithless Swain.

I courted her with Care,
 Till her soft Soul gave way,
 And from her Breast so fair,
 Stole the sweet Heart away :
 Then she with Smiles confess'd,
 Her Mind felt no more Pain,
 While she was thus carefs'd
 By such a lovely Swain.

S O N G L V I I I .

DO not ask me, charming *Phillis*,
 Why I lead you here alone,
 By this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
 And of Roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the Beauty,
 Of these Flowers that crown the Spring;
 'Tis to——but I know my Duty,
 And dare never name the Thing.

'Tis at worst but her denying,
 Why shou'd I thus fearful be?
 Every Minute gently flying,
 Smiles and says, make use of me.

What the Sun does to the Roses,
 While the Beams play sweetly in,
 I would,——but my Fear opposes,
 And I dare not name the Thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it;
 Ask my Eyes; or ask your own,
 And if neither can reveal it,
 Think what Lovers think alone.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lillies,
 Might I speak what I would do,
 I wou'd——with my lovely *Phillis*,
 I wou'd; I wou'd——Ah! wou'd you,

SONG LIX.

PHILLIS the fairest of Love's Foes,
 Tho' fiercer than a Dragon,
Phillis that scorn'd the powder'd Beaux,

What has she now to brag on?

What has she now to brag on?

What has she, &c.

So long she kept her Limbs so close;

Till they have scarce a Rag on.

Compell'd thro' Want, the wretched Maid

Did sad Complaints begin,

Which surly *Strephon* hearing, said,

It was both Shame and Sin,

It was both Shame and Sin,

It was both, &c.

To pity such a lazy Jade,

Wou'd neither kiss nor spin.

SONG LX.

WHEN *Chloe* we ply,
 We swear we shall die,
 Her Eyes do our Hearts so enthrall;

But 'tis for her Pelf,

And not for herself;

'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Maidens are coy,

They'll pish! and they'll fie!

And

And swear, if you're rude, they will call,
 But whisper so low,
 By which you may know,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

My Dear, the Wives cry,
 If ever you die,
 To marry again I ne'er shall;
 But less than a Year,
 Will make it appear,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

In Matters of State,
 And Party Debate,
 For Church and for Justice we bawl;
 But if you'll attend,
 You'll find in the End,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

S O N G L X I.

The Parson among the Pease.

O NE long *Whitson* Holy-day,
 Holy-day, Holy-day, it was a jolly Day;
 Young *Ralph* buxom *Phillida*,
Phillida, ah welladay!
 Met in the Pease;
 They long had Community,
 He lov'd her, she lov'd him,
 Joyful Unity, nought but Opportunity
 Scanting was wanting,
 Their Bosoms to ease,

But now Fortune's Cruelty, Cruelty,
 You will see ; for as they lie
 In close Hug, Sir *Domine*
Gemini Gomini

 Chanc'd to come by,
 He read Prayers i' the Family,
 No Way now to frame a Eye,
 They fear'd at old *Homily*,
Homily, Homily,
 Both away fly.

Home, soon as he saw the Sight,
 Full of Spight, as a Knight, runs the *Rechabite*,
 Like a noisy *Hypocrise*,
Hypocrite, Hypocrite,

 Mischief to say ;
 Save he wou'd fair *Phillida*,
Phillida, Phillida drest that Holy-day ;
 But poor *Ralph*, ah, welladay !
 Welladay ! welladay !
 Turn'd was away.

Ads Nigs, cries *Sir Domine*
Gemini Gomini, shall a Rogue stay,
 To baulk me, as commonly,
 Commonly, commonly,

 Has been his Way ?
 No, I serve the Family,
 They know nought to blame me by,
 I read Prayers and *Homily*,
Homily, Homily,
 Three Times a Day.

S O N G LXII.

HO W happy are we,
 Who from thinking are free,
 That curbing Disease of the Mind?
 Can indulge every Taste,
 Love where we like best,
 Not by dull Reputation confin'd.

When we are young, fit to toy,
 Gay Delights we enjoy,
 And have Crowds of new Lovers still wooing;
 When we are old and decay'd,
 We procure for the Trade,
 Still in every Age we are doing.

If a Cully we meet,
 We spend what we get
 Every Day, for the next never think;
 When we die, where we go
 We have no Sense to know,
 For a Bawd always dies in her Drink.

S O N G LXIII.

ONE *April* Morn, when from the Sea
Phœbus was just appearing,
Damon and *Celia* young and gay,
 Long settled Love endearing,
 Met in a Grove to vent their Spleen:
 On Parents unrelenting;
 He bred of *Tory* Race had been,
 She of the *Tribe* Dissenting.

Celia,

Celsa, whole Eyes outshone the God
 Newly the Hills adorning,
 Told him, *Mamma* would be stark mad,
 She missing Prayers that Morning;
Damon, his Arm about her Waist,
 Swore, tho' nought should them sunder,
 Shou'd my rough *Dad* know how I'm blest;
 'Twou'd make him roar like Thunder.

Great Ones made by Ambition blind,
 By Faction still support it;
 Or where vile Money taints the Mind,
 They for Convenience court it:
 But might Love that scorns to shew
 Party should raise his Glory,
 Swears he'll exalt a Vassal true,
 Let him be *Whig* or *Tory*.

S O N G L X I V .

Amongst the Willows on the Grass,
 Where Nymphs and Shepherds lie,
 Young *Willy* courted bonny *Bess*,
 And *Nell* stood list'ning by;
 Says *Will*, we will not tarry
 Two Months before we marry.
 No, no, fie no, never never tell me so;
 For a Maid I'll live and die:
 Says *Nell*, so shall not I,
 Says *Nell*, &c.

Long time betwixt Hope and Despair,
 And Kisses mixt between,
 He with a Song did charm her Ear,
 Thinking she chang'd had been;

Says

Says *Will*, I want a Blessing,
 Substantialler than kissing.
 No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,
 For I will never change my Mind :
Says Nell, *she'll prove more kind*,
Says Nell, &c.

Smarting Pain the Virgin finds,
 Altho' by Nature taught,
 When she first to Man inclines :
Quoth Nell, *I'll venture that*.
 Oh! who wou'd lose a Treasure,
 For such a puney Pleasure!
 Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and die,
 And to my Vow be true.
Quoth Nell, *the more Fool you*,
Quoth Nell, &c.

To my Closet I'll repair,
 And read on godly Books,
 Forget vain Love, and worldly Care;
Quoth Nell, *that likely looks!*
 You Men are all perfidious,
 But I will be religious,
 Try all, fly all, and while I breath defy all,
 Your Sex I now despise.
Says Nell, *by Jove*, *she lyes*,
Says Nell, &c.

S O N G L X V .

SELINDA sure's the brightest Thing,
 That decks the Earth, or breathes our Air;
 Mild are her Looks like opening Spring,
 And like the blooming Summer fair.

But then her Wit's so very small,
 That all her Charms appear to lie,
 Like glaring Colours on a Wall,
 And strike no further than the Eye.

Our Eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our Ears are absent from the Feast,
 One Sense is surfeited with Sweets,
 Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with Aspect bright,
 And taudry Pride, a Tulip swell,
 Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,
 Dull and insipid to the Smell.

S O N G L X V I.

A Trifling Song ye shall hear,
 Begun with a Trifle and ended;
 All trifling People draw near,
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for Trifles a few,
 That lately came into Play,
 The Men would want something to do,
 The Women want something to say,

What makes Men trifle in dressing?
 Because the Ladies they know,
 Admire, by often caressing
 That eminent Trifle, a Beau,

When

When the Lover his Moments has trifled,
The Trifle of Trifles to gain,
No sooner the Virgin is rifled,
But a Trifle shall part them again.

What Mortal wou'd ever be able,
At *White's* half a Moment to sit?
Or who is't could bear a Tea-table,
Without talking Trifles for Wit?

The Court is from Trifles secure,
Gold Keys are no Trifles, we see;
White Rods are no Trifles, I'm sure,
Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place,
Where Trifles abundantly breed;
The Levee will shew you his Grace
Makes Promises Trifles indeed!

A Coach with six Footmen behind,
I count neither Trifle nor Sin;
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A scandalous Trifle within.

A Flask of *Champaign* People think it
A Trifle, or something as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no Trifle, Egad.

A Parson's a Trifle at Sea,
A Widow's a Trifle in Sorrow;
A Peace is a Trifle To-day,
To break it a Trifle To-morrow.

A Black-Coat a Trifle may cloak,
 Or to hide it the Red may endeavour;
 But if once the Army is broke,
 We shall have more Trifles than ever.

The Stage is a Trifle they say,
 The Reason pray carry along;
 Because that at every new Play,
 The House they with Trifles so throng.

But with People's Malice to trifle,
 And to set us all on a Foot;
 The Author of this is a Trifle,
 And his Song is a Trifle to boot.

S O N G L X V I I .

FROM grave Lessons and Restraint,
 I'm stole out to revel here;
 Yet I tremble and I faint,
 In the middle of the Fair.

Oh! would Fortune in my Way
 Throw a Lover kind and gay;
 Now's the Time he soon might move
 A young Heart unus'd to Love.

Shall I venture? No, no, no,
 Shall I from the Danger go?
 Oh! no, no, no, no, no,
 I must not try, I cannot fly,
 I must not, durst not, cannot fly.

Help me, Nature ; help me, Art ;
 Why should I deny my Part ?
 If a Lover will pursue,
 Like the wisest let me do ;
 I will fit him if he's true,
 If he's false I'll fit him too.

S O N G L X V I I I .

Women and Wine.

SOME say Women are like Seas,
 Some the Waves, and some the Rocks,
 Some the Rose that soon decays,
 Some the Weather, some the Cocks ;
 But if you'll give me leave to tell,
 There's nothing can be compar'd so well,
 As Wine, Wine, Women and Wine,
 They run in a Parallel.

Women are Witches when they will,
 So is Wine, so is Wine,
 They make the Statesman lose his Skill,
 She Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine ;
 They put a Gigg in the gravest Skull,
 And send their Wits to gather Wool ;
 'Tis Wine, Wine, Women and Wine,
 They run in a Parallel.

What is't that makes your Face so pale,
 What is't that makes your Looks divine,
 What makes your Courage rise and fall,
 Is it not Women, is it not Wine ?

Whence

Whence proceed th' inflaming Doses,
That set Fire to your Noses?
From Wine, Wine, Women and Wine,
They run in a Parallel.

S O N G LXIX.

WOU'D you chuse a Wife,
For a happy Life,
Leave the Court, and the Country take,
Where *Dolly* and *Sue*,
Young *Molly* and *Prue*,
Follow *Roger* and *John*,
Whilst Harvest goes on,
And merrily merrily rake.

Leave the *London Dames*,
(Be it spoke to their Shames)
To lie in their Beds till Noon,
Then get up and stretch,
And paint too and patch,
Some Widgeon to catch,
Then look on their Watch,
And wonder they rose up so soon.

Then Coffee and Tea,
Both Green and Bohea,
Are serv'd to their Tables in Plate,
Where Tattles do run,
As swift as the Sun,
Of what they have won,
And who is undone
By their gaming and sitting up late,

The Lads give me here,
 Tho' brown as my Beer,
 That knows how to govern her House,
 That can milk her Cow,
 Or farrow her Sow,
 Make Butter and Cheese,
 Or gather green Pease
 And values fine Clothes not a Soufe.

This is the Girl
 Worth Rubies and Pearl,
 A Wife that will make a Man rich :
 We Gentlemen need
 No Quality Breed,
 To squander away
 What Taxes wou'd pay ;
 We care not in faith for such.

S O N G LXX.

YES I could love, if I could find
 A Mistrefs fitted to my Mind,
 Whom neither Gold nor Pride could move,
 To change her Virtue or her Love :

Loves to go neat, not to go fine,
 Loves for myself, and not for mine ;
 Not City proud, nor nice and coy,
 But full of Love, and full of Joy :

Not Childish young, nor Beldame old,
 Not fiery hot, nor icy cold,
 Not gravely wise to rule the State,
 Not foolish to be pointed at :

Not

Not worldly rich, nor basely poor,
 Nor chaste, nor a reputed Whore :
 If such an one you can discover,
 Pray, Sir, intitle me her Lover.

S O N G LXXI.

Bless'd as th' immortal Gods is he,
 The Youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while,
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this bereav'd my Soul of Rest,
 And rais'd such Tumults in my Breast ;
 For while I gaz'd in Transport tost,
 My Breath was gone, my Voice was lost.

My Bosom glow'd; the subtle Flame
 Ran quick thro' all my vital Frame ;
 O'er my dim Eyes a Darkness hung,
 My Ears with hollow Murmurs rung.

In dewy Damps my Limbs were chill'd,
 My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd,
 My feeble Pulse forgot to play,
 I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

S O N G LXXII.

YO U may cease to complain,
 For your Suit is in vain,
 All Attempts you can make
 But augments her Disdain ;

She bids you give over
 While 'tis in your Power,
 For except her Esteem
 She can grant you no more ;
 Her heart has been long since
 Assaulted and won,
 Her Truth is as lasting
 And firm as the Sun ;
 You'll find it more easy
 Your Passion to cure,
 Than for ever those fruitless
 Endeavours endure.

You may give this Advice
 To the Wretched and Wife,
 But a Lover like me
 Will those Precepts despise ;
 I scorn to give over,
 Were it in my Power ;
 Tho' Esteem were deny'd me,
 Yet her I'll adore,
 A Heart that's been touch'd
 Will some Sympathy bear,
 'Twill lessen my Sorrows,
 If she takes a Share ;
 I'll count it more Honour
 In dying her Slave,
 Than did her Affections
 The Steadiness crave.

You may tell her I'll be
 Her true Lover, tho' she
 Should Mankind despise
 Out of Hatred to me.

'Tis mean to give o'er
 'Cause we get no Reward,
 She lost not her Worth
 When I lost her Regard :
 My Love on an Altar
 More noble shall burn,
 I still will love on
 Without Hopes of Return ;
 I'll tell her some other
 Has kindled the Flame,
 And I'll sigh for herself
 In another one's Name.

S O N G LXXIII.

The Tippling Philosophers.

D I O G E N E S surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth,
 Delighted in Wine that was good,
 Because in good Wine there was Truth;
 But growing as poor as a *Job*,
 Unable to purchase a Flask,
 He chose for his Mansion a Tub,
 And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
 A Bumper to cherish his Heart;
 And when he was maudlin would cry,
 Because he had empty'd his Quart :

Tho' some are so foolish to think,
 He wept at Men's Follies and Vice,
 'Twas only his Custom to drink,
 Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

Democritus always was glad
 To tipple, and cherish his Soul;
 Would laugh like a Man that was mad,
 When over a good flowing Bowl;
 As long as his Cellar was stor'd,
 The Liquor he'd merrily quaff;
 And when he was drunk as a Lord,
 At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wife *Solon*, who carefully gave
 Good Laws unto *Athens* of old,
 And thought the rich *Cræsus* a Slave
 (Tho' a King) to his Coffers of Gold;
 He delighted in plentiful Bowls;
 But drinking, much Talk would decline,
 Because 'twas the Custom of Fools,
 To prattle much over their Wine.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content,
 Till a Bottle had heighten'd his Joys,
 Who in's Cups to the Oracle went,
 Or he ne'er had been counted so wise:
 Late Hours he most certainly lov'd,
 Made Wine the Delight of his Life,
 Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd
 Such a damnable Scold of a Wife.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his Parts,
 Who tutor'd the Bully of *Rome*,
 Grew wise o'er his Cups and his Quarts,
 Which he drank like a Miser at home;

And, to shew he lov'd Wine that was good
 To the last (we may truly aver it)
 He tinctur'd his Bath with his Blood,
 So fancy'd he dy'd in his Claret.

Pythagoras did Silence enjoin
 On his Pupils who wisdom would seek ;
 Because he tipp'd good Wine,
 Till himself was unable to speak ;
 And when he was whimsical grown,
 With sipping his plentiful Bowls,
 By the Strength of the Juice in his Crown,
 He conceiv'd Transmigration of Souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,
 And thought that a Cup of the Best
 Made Reason the brighter to shine ;
 With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,
 And made his Philosophy reel ;
 Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,
 Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

Aristotle, that Master of Arts,
 Had been but a Dunce without Wine,
 And what we ascribe to his Parts,
 Is due to the Juice of the Vine :
 His Belly, most Writers agree,
 Was big as a Watering-trough ;
 He therefore leap'd into the Sea,
 Because he'd have Liquor enough.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
 He fondly to Wisdom was prone ;
 But had it not been for good Wine,
 His Merits had never been known.

By Wine we are generous made,
 It furnishes Fancy with Wings,
 Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
 Philofophers, Poets, or Kings.

S O N G LXXIV.

Down among the dead Men.

HERE's a Health to the King, and a lasting Peace;
 May Faction be damn'd, and Discord cease;
 Come, let us drink it while we've Breath,
 For there's no drinking after Death;
 And he that won't with this comply,
Down among the dead Men,
Down among the dead Men,
Down, down, down, down,
Down among the dead Men, let him lie.

Now a Health to the Queen, and may she long
 Be our first fair Toast to grace our Song;
 Off wi' your Hats, wi' your Knee on the Ground,
 Take off your Bumpers all around;
 And he that will not drink this dry,
Down among, &c. let him lie.

Let charming Beauty's Health go round,
 In whom celestial Joys are found;
 And may Confusion still pursue
 The senseless Woman-hating Crew;
 And he that will this Health deny,
Down among, &c. let him lie.

Here's thriving to Trade, and the Common-weal,
 And Patriots to their Country leal;
 But who for Bribes gives *Satan* his Soul,
 May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing Bowl;
 And all that with such Rogues comply,
Down among, &c. let him lie.

In smiling *Bacchus*' Joys I'll roll,
 Deny no Pleasure to my Soul;
 Let *Bacchus*' Health round swiftly move,
 For *Bacchus* is a Friend to Love;
 And he that does this Health deny,
Down among, &c. let him lie,

S O N G LXXV.

HE that will not merry merry be,
 With a generous Bowl and a Toast,
 May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,
 And fast bound to a Post:
Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here;
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another Year?

He that will not merry merry be,
 And take his Glass in Course,
 May he be oblig'd to drink small Beer,
 Ne'er a Penny in his Purse:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
 With a Company of jolly Boys,

May he be plagu'd with a scolding Wife;
To confound him with her Noife :

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With his Mistress in his Bed,
Let him be buried in the Church-yard,
And me put in his Stead:

Let him be merry, &c.

S O N G LXXVI.

JOLLY Mortals, fill your Glasses;
Noble Deeds are done by Wine;
Scorn the Nymph and all her Graces:
Who'd for Love or Beauty pine?

Look upon this Bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand Charms you'll find,
More than in *Chloe* when just going,
In the Moment to be kind.

Alexander hated Thinking;
Drank about at Council-board,
Made Friends, and gain'd the World by drinking,
More than by his conquering Sword,

S O N G LIX.

SINCE we die by the help of good Wine,
I will that a Tun be my Shrine;
And engrave it on my Tomb,

Here lies a Body, once so brave,
 Who with drinking made his Grave,
Who with, &c.

Since thus to die will purchase Fame,
 And leave an everlasting Name,
Since thus to die, &c.

Drink, drink away, drink, drink away,
 And let us be nobly interr'd,
Drink, drink, &c.

Let Misers and Slaves
 Pop into their Graves,
 And rot in a dirty Church-yard,
 And rot in a dirty Church-yard,
Let Misers, &c.

S O N G LXXVIII.

BACCHUS is a Power divine ;
 For he no sooner fills my Head
 With mighty Wine,
 But all my Cares resign,
 And droop, and droop, and sink down dead :
 Then, then the pleasing Thoughts begin,
 And I in Riches flow,
 At least I fancy so ;
 And without Thought of Want I sing,
 Stretch'd on the Earth, my Head all around
 With Flowers, weav'd into a Garland, crown'd :
 Then, then I begin to live,
 And scorn what all the World can show or give.
 Let the brave Fools that fondly think
 Of Honour, and delight
 To make a Noise, a Noise, and fight,

Go seek out War whilst I seek Peace,
 Whilst I seek Peace, seek Peace, and drink.
 Whilst I seek Peace, seek Peace, and drink;
 Then fill my Glafs, fill fill it high;
 Some perhaps think it fit to fall and die;
 But when Bottles are rang'd
 Make War with me,
 The fighting Fool shall see,
 When I am funk,
 The Difference to lie dead,
 And lie dead drunk;
The fighting Fool, &c.

S O N G LXXIX.

YE Virgin Powers, defend my Heart,
 From amorous Looks and Smiles;
 From saucy Love, or nicer Art,
 Which most our Sex beguiles.

From Sighs and Vows, and awful Fears,
 That do to Pity move;
 From speaking Silence, and from Tears,
 Those Springs that water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow blind,
 Let Honour be my Guide;
 And when frail Nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a Guard of Pride.

An Heart, whose Flames are seen, tho' pure,
 Needs every Virtue's Aid;
 And she who thinks herself secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.

S O N G LXXX.

WH Y shou'd a foolish Marriage-Vow,
 Which long ago was made,
 Oblige us to each other now,
 When Passion is decay'd ?
 We lov'd, and we lov'd
 As long as we cou'd,
 Till Love was lov'd out of us both :
 But our Marriage is dead,
 When the Pleasure is fled ;
 'Twas Pleasure first made it an Oath.

If I have Pleasure for a Friend,
 And further Love in store,
 What Wrong has he whose Joys did end,
 And who cou'd give no more ?
 'Tis a Madness that he
 Shou'd be jealous of me,
 Or that I shou'd bar him of another ;
 For all we can gain,
 Is to give our selves Pain,
 When neither can hinder the other.

S O N G LXXXI.

MY dear Mistress has a Heart,
 Soft as these kine Looks she gave me,
 When with Love's resistless Art,
 And her Eyes she did enslave me ;

But

But her Constancy's so weak,
 She's so wild and apt to wander,
 That my jealous Heart would break,
 Shou'd we live one Day afunder.

Melting Joys about her move,
 Killing Pleasures, wounding Blissess;
 She can dress her Eyes in Love,
 And her Lips can arm with Kisses:
 Angels listen when she speaks;
 She's my Delight, all Mankind's Wonder;
 But my jealous Heart wou'd break,
 Shou'd we live one day afunder.

S O N G LXXXII.

I 'L L sail upon the *Dog-star*,
 And then pursue the Morning;
 I'll chase the Moon till it be Noon,
 I'll make her leave her Horning.

I'll climb the frosty Mountain,
 And there I'll coin the Weather;
 I'll tear the Rainbow from the Sky,
 And tye both Ends together:

The Stars pluck from their Orbs too,
 And croud them in my Budget;
 And whether I'm a roaring Boy,
 Let *Gresham* College judge it:

While I mount yon blue Cor'um,
 To shun the tempting Gipsies;
 Play at Foot-ball with the Sun and Moon,
 And fright ye with Eclipses.

S O N G LXXXIII.

JAMES.

PRithee, *Susan*, what dost muse on,
By this doleful Spring?
You are, I fear, in love, my Dear;
Alas poor Thing!

SUSAN.

Truly, *Jamie*, I must blame ye,
You look so pale and wan;
I fear 'twill prove you are in love;
Alas poor Man!

JAMES.

Nay, my *Suey*, now I view ye;
Well I know your Smart,
When you're alone you sigh and groan;
Alas poor Heart!

SUSAN.

Jamie, hold; I dare be bold
To say, thy Heart is stole,
And know the She as well as thee;
Alas poor Soul!

JAMES.

Then, my *Sue*, tell me who;
I'll give thee Beads of Pearl,
And ease thy Heart of all this Smart;
Alas poor Girl!

SUSAN.

Jamie, no, if you shou'd know,
I fear 'twou'd make you sad,
And pine away both Night and Day,
Alas poor Lad;

JAMES.

JAMES.

Why then, my *Sue*, it is for you,
That I burn in these Flames;
And when I die, I know you'll cry,
Alas poor *James*!

SUSAN.

Say you so, then, *Jamie*, know,
If you shou'd prove untrue,
Then must I likewise cry,
Alas poor *Sue*!

Quoth he, then join thy Hand with mine,
And we will wed to-day:
I do agree, here'tis, quoth she,
Come let's away.

S O N G LXXXIV.

WHEN, lovely *Phillis*, thou art kind,
Nought but Raptures fill my Mind;
'Tis then I think thee so divine,
T'excel the mighty Power of Wine:
But when thou insult'st, and laughs at my pain;
I wash thee away with sparkling *Champaign*;
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother;
And drive out one God by the Power of another.

When Pity in thy Looks I see,
I frailly quit my Friends for thee;
Persuasive Love so charms me then,
My Freedom I'd not wish again:

But

But when thou art cruel, and heeds not my Care,
 Then straight with a Bumper I banish Despair;
 So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,
 And drive out one God by the Power of another.

S O N G LXXXV.

YOU that love Mirth, attend to my Song,
 A Moment you never can better employ;
Sawny and *Teague* were trudging along,
 A bony *Scots* Lad and an *Irish* Dear-Joy;
 They neither before had seen a Wind-mill,
 Nor had they heard ever of any such Name:
 As they were a walking,
 And merrily talking,
 At last by meer Chance to a Wind-mill they came.

Haha! crys *Sawny*, what do ye ca' that?
 To tell the right Name o't I am at a Loss.
Teague very readily answer'd the *Scot*,
 Indeed I believe it'sh Shaint *Patrick's* Cross,
 Says *Sawny*, ye'll find your fell meikle mistaken,
 For it is Saint *Andrew's* Cross I can swear;
 For there is his Bonnet,
 And Tartans hang on it,
 The Plaid and the Trews our Apostle did wear.

Nay, o' my Shoul, Joy, thou tellest all Lees,
 For that I will shwear is Shaint *Patrick's* Coat;
 I shew't him in *Irland* buying the Freeze,
 And that I am shure ish the shame that he bought;
And

And he is a Shaint mufh better than ever
 Made either the Covenantfh fholem'n or League :
 For o' my Shalwation,
 He was my Relafhion,
 And had a great Kindnefh for honefht poor *Teague*.

Wherefore fays *Teague* I will by my Shoul,
 Lay down my Napfhak, and take out my Beads,
 And under thifholy Crofs, Fet I will fall,
 And fhay *Pater-nofhter*, and fhome of our Creeds :
 So *Teague* began with humble Devotion,
 To kneel down before St. *Patrick's* Crofs ;
 The Wind fell a blowing,
 And fet it a-going,
 And it gave our Dear-Joy a terrible Tofs.

Sawny tehee'd, to fee how poor *Teague*
 Lay fcratching his Ears and roll on the Grafs,
 Swearing, it was furely the De'il's Whirlygig,
 And none (he roar'd out) of St. *Patrick's* Crofs :
 But ifh it indeed, crys he in a Paffion,
 The Crofs of our Shaint that has crofht me fo fore,
 Upo' my Salwafhion,
 This fhall be a Cawfhion,
 To trust to St. *Patrick's* Kindnefh no more.

Sawny to *Teague* then merrily cry'd,
 This Patron of yours is a very fad Loun,
 To hit you fic a fair Thump on the Hide,
 For kneeling before him, and feeeking a Boan ;
 Let me advife ye to ferve our St. *Andrew*,
 He, by my Saul, was a fpecial gude Man ;
 For fince your St *Patrick*
 Has fery'd you fic a Trick,
 I'd fee him hung up e'er I'd ferve him again.

SONG LXXXVI.

MAY the Ambitious ever find
 Success in Crouds and Noise,
 While gentle Love does fill my Mind
 With silent real Joys.

May Knaves and Fools grow rich and great,
 And all the World think them wise,
 While I lie at my *Nanny's* Feet,
 And all the World despise.

Let conquering Kings new Triumphs raise,
 And melt in Court-Delights :
 Her Eyes can give much brighter Days,
 Her Arms much softer Nights.

SONG LXXXVII.

CELIA, too late you wou'd repent:
 The offering all your Store,
 Is now but like a Pardon sent,
 To one that's dead before.

While at the first you cruel prov'd,
 And grant the Blifs too late,
 You hinder'd me of one I lov'd,
 To give me one I hate.

I thought you innocent as fair,
 When first my Court I made ;
 But when your Falshoods plain appear,
 My Love no longer stay'd.

Your

Your Bounty of these Favours shown,
 Whose Worth you first deface,
 Is melting valu'd Medals down,
 And giving us the Brass.

O! since the Thing we beg's a Toy,
 That's pris'd by Love alone,
 Why cannot Women grant the Joy,
 Before the Love is gone.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

YES, all the World will sure agree,
 He who's secur'd of having thee,
 Will be entirely blest ;
 But 'twere in me too great a Wrong,
 To make one who has been so long
 My *Queen*, my *Slave* at last.

Nor ought these Things to be confin'd,
 That were for publick Good design'd :
 Cou'd we, in foolish Pride,
 Make the Sun always with us stay,
 'Twould burn our Corn and Grass away,
 To starve the World beside.

Let not the Thoughts of parting, fright
 Two Souls which Passion does unite ;
 For while our Love does last,
 Neither will strive to go away,
 And why the Devil should we stay,
 When once that Love is past.

S O N G LXXXIX.

MY Goddess *Lydia*, heavenly fair,
 As Lilly sweet, as soft as Air,
 Let loose thy Tresses, spread thy Charms,
 And to my Love give fresh Alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright Eyes,
 Tho' sacred Lightning from them flies,
 Shew me that soft that modest Grace,
 Which paints with charming Red thy Face.

Give me *Ambrosia* in a Kifs,
 That I may rival *Jove* in Blifs,
 That I may mix my Soul with thine,
 And make the Pleasure all divine.

O hide thy Bosom's killing White,
 (The milky Way is not so bright)
 Lest you my ravish'd Soul oppress,
 With Beauty's Pomp, and sweet Excess.

Why draw'st thou from the Purple Flood
 Of my kind Heart the vital Blood?
 Thou art all over endless Charms;
 O! take me dying to thy Arms.

S O N G XC.

WH Y we love, and why we hate,
 Is not granted us to know;
 Random Chance, or wilful Fate,
 Guides the Shaft from *Cupid's* Bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
 'Tis madneſs all in me to grieve;
 Since her will is not her own,
 Why ſhould I uneaſy live ?

If I for *Zelinda* die,
 Deaf to poor *Mizella's* Cries,
 Ask me not the Reason why,
 Seek the Riddle in the Skies.

S O N G XCI.

H A R K how the Trumpet ſounds to Battle;
 Hark how the thundring Cannons rattle;
 Cruel Ambition now calls me away,
 While I have ten thouſand ſoft things to ſay;
 While Honour alarms me,
 Young *Cupid* difarms me,
 And *Celia* ſo charms me,
 I cannot away.

Hark again, Honour calls me to Arms,
 Hark how the Trumpet ſweetly charms;
Celia no more then muſt be obey'd,
 Cannons are roaring, and Enſigns diſplay'd;
 The Thoughts of Promotion,
 Inſpire ſuch a Notion,
 Of *Celia's* Devotion,
 I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celeftial Powers,
 Ye Gods, bleſs the Nymph with happy ſoft Hours;
 O may ſhe ever to love me incline,
 Such lovely Perfections I cannot reſign;

Firm

Firm Constancy grant her,
 My true Love shall haunt her,
 My Soul cannot want her,
 She's all so divine.

S O N G X C I I .

SHALL I, wasting in Despair,
 Die because a Woman's fair?
 Shall my Cheeks look pale with Care,
 'Cause another's roses are?
 Be she fairer than the Day,
 Or the flow'ry Meads in May;
 Yet if she think not well of me,
 What care I how fair she be.

Shall a Woman's Goodness move
 Me to perish for her Love;
 Or, her worthy Merits known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with that Goodness blest,
 As may merit Name the best;
 Yet if she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
 I will never more despair;
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die e're she shall grieve;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I will scorn, and let her go:
 So if she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be.

SONG XCIII.

AS the Snow in Vallies lying,
Phæbus his warm Beams applying,
 Soon diffolves and runs away;
 So the Beauties, fo the Graces,
 Of the moſt bewitching Faces,
 At approaching Age decay.

As a Tyrant, when degraded,
 Is deſpis'd, and is upbraided,
 By the Slaves he once control'd;
 So the Nymph, if none could move her,
 Is contemn'd by every Lover,
 When her Charms are growing old.

Melancholick Looks and whining,
 Grieving, quarelling, and pining,
 Are th' Effects your Rigours move;
 Soft Careſſes, am'rous Glances,
 Melting Sighs, transporting Trances,
 Are the bleſt Effects of Love.

Fair ones! while your Beauty's blooming,
 Imploy Time, leſt Age reſuming
 What your Youth profuſely lends;
 You are robb'd of all your Glories,
 And condemn'd to tell old Stories,
 To your unbelieving Friends.

SONG

S O N G X C I V .

FAIR *Amoret* is gone astray,
 Pursue, and seek her, ev'ry Lover;
 I'll tell the Signs by which you may
 The wand'ring Shepherdes discover.

Coquet and coy at once her Air,
 Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;
 Careless she is with artful Care,
 Affecting too seems unaffected.

With Skill her Eyes dart ev'ry Glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect 'em;
 For she'd persuade they wound by Chance,
 Tho' certain Aim and Art direct them.

She likes her self, yet others hates,
 For that which in herself she prizes;
 And while she laughs at them, forgets
 She is the Thing that she despises.

S O N G X C V .

DA M O N, if you will believe me,
 'Tis not fighting round the Plain,
 Song nor Sonnet can relieve ye;
 Faint Attempts in Love are vain.

Urge but home the fair Occasion,
 And be Master of the Field;
 To a powerful kind Invasion,
 'Twere a Madness not to yield.

Tho'

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,
 Cries you're rude, and much to blame,
 And with Tears implores your Pity;
 Be not merciful for Shame.

When the fierce Assault is over,
Chloris Time enough will find
 This her cruel furious Lover,
 Much more gentle, not so kind.

S O N G XCVI.

IF she be not kind as fair,
 But peevish and unhandy,
 Leave her, she's only worth the Care
 Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.

I would not have thee such an Ass,
 Hadst thou ne'er so much Leisure,
 To sigh and whine for such a Lass,
 Whose Pride's above her Pleasure.

S O N G XCVII.

H E.

AWAKE, thou fairest Thing in Nature,
 How can you sleep when Day does break?
 How can you sleep, my charming Creature,
 When half a World for you are awake.

S H E.

SHE.

What Swain is this that sings so early,
Under my Window, by the Dawn?

HE.

'Tis one, dear Nymph, that loves you dearly,
Therefore in Pity ease my Pain.

SHE.

Softly, else you'll 'wake my Mother,
No Tales of Love she let's me hear;
Go tell your Passion to some other,
Or whisper't softly in my Ear.

HE.

How can you bid me love another,
Or rob me of your beauteous Charms?
'Tis time you were wean'd from your Mother,
You're fitter for a Lover's Arms.

S O N G XCVIII.

IN spite of Love, at length I've found,
A Mistress that can please me,
Her Humour free, and unconfin'd,
Both Night and Day she'll ease me ;
No jealous Thoughts disturb my Mind,
Tho' she's enjoy'd by all Mankind ;
Then drink and never spare it,
'Tis a *Bottle of good Claret.*

If you thro' all her naked Charms,
Her little Mouth discover,
Then take her blushing to your Arms,
And use her like a Lover ;

Such

Such Liquor she'll distil from thence,
 As will transport your ravish'd Sense:
 Then kifs and never spare it,
 'Tis a *Bottle of good Claret.*

But best of all! she has no Tongue,
 Submissive she obeys me,
 She's fully better old than young,
 And still to smiling sways me;
 Her Skin is smooth, Complexion black;
 And has a most delicious Smack;
 Then kifs and never spare it,
 'Tis a *Bottle of good Claret.*

If you her Excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir,
 Clap your Hand about her Waist,
 And raise her up behind, Sir;
 As for her bottom never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out;
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a *Bottle of good Claret.*

S O N G X C I X .

O Surprizing lovely Fair!
 Who with *Chloe* can compare?
 Sure she's form'd for Beauty's Queen,
 Her Wit, her Shape, her Grace, her Mien,
 By far excels all Nymphs I've seen,
 No Mortal Eye
 Can view her nigh,

Too exquisite for Human Sight to see :
 Tho' she ne'er may be kind,
 Nor for me e'er design'd,
 Yet I love, I love, I love
 The charming She.

S O N G C.

WHEN bright *Aurelia* trip'd the Plain,
 How chearful then were seen,
 The Looks of every jolly Swain,
 That strove *Aurelia's* Heart to gain,
 With Gambols on the Green?

Their Sports were innocent and gay,
 Mixt with a manly Air ;
 They'd sing and dance, and pipe and play,
 Each strove to please some different Way,
 This dear enchanting Fair.

The ambitious Strife she did admire,
 And equally approve,
 Till *Phaon's* tuneful Voice and Lyre,
 With softest Musick did inspire
 Her Soul to generous Love.

Their wonted Sports the rest declin'd,
 Their Arts prov'd all in vain ;
Aurelia's constant now they find,
 The more they languish and repine,
 The more she loves the Swain.

S O N G C I.

AWAY you Rover,
 For shame give over,
 You play the Lover
 So like an 'Afs ;
 You are for storming,
 You think you're charming,
 Your faint performing,
 We read in your Face.

S O N G C II.

HE, who for ever,
 Wou'd hope for Favour,
 He must endeavour
 To charm the Fair :
 He dances, he dances,
 He da--a--a--a--a--ances,
 He sighs, and glances,
 He makes Advances,
 He sings, and dances,
 And mends his Air.

S O N G C III.

GO, go, go, go, falsest of thy Sex be gone ;
 Leave, leave, ah leave, leave me to myself alone !
 Why would you strive by fond Pretence,
 Thus to destroy my Innocence ?
 Go, go, &c. — Leave, leave, &c.

Young *Celia*, you too late betray'd,
 Then thus you did the Nymph upbraid,
 " Love like a Dream usher'd by Night,
 " Flies the approach of Morning Light.
Go, go, &c.— Leave, leave, &c.

She that believes Man when he swears,
 Or least regards his Oaths and Prayers,
 May she, fond she, be most accurst;
 Nay more, be subject to his Lust.
Go, go, &c.— Leave, leave, &c.

S O N G C I V.

BELINDA, with affected Mien,
 Tries all the Power of Art;
 Yet finds her Efforts all in vain,
 To gain a single Heart:
 Whilst *Chloe* in a different Way,
 Is but her self, to please,
 And makes new Conquests every Day,
 Without one borrowed Grace.

Belinda's haughty Air destroys
 What native Charms inspire;
 While *Chloe's* artless shining Eyes
 Set all the World on fire.
Belinda may our Pity move;
 But *Chloe* gives us Pain,
 And while she smiles us into Love,
 Her Sister frowns in vain.

S O N G

SONG CV.

ON a Bank of Flowers,
 In a Summer Day,
 Inviting and undrest,
 In her bloom of youth,
 Fair *Celia* lay,
 With Love and Sleep opprest;
 When a youthful Swain,
 With admiring Eyes,
 Wish'd that he durst
 The sweet Maid surprize;
With a fa, la, la, la, la, &c.
 But fear'd approaching Spies.

As he gaz'd,
 A gentle *Zephyr* arose,
 That fann'd her Robes aside;
 And the sleeping Nymph
 Did the Charms disclose,
 Which waking she would hide:
 Then his Breath grew short,
 And his Pulse beat high,
 He long'd to touch
 What he chanc'd to spy;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
 But durst not still draw nigh.

All amaz'd he stood,
 With her Beauties fir'd,
 And bless'd the courteous Wind;
 Then in Whispers sigh'd,
 And the Gods desir'd,
 That *Celia* might be kind;

When with Hopes grown bold,
 He advanc'd amain ;
 But she laugh'd aloud
 In a Dream, and again,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
 Repell'd the timorous Swain.

Yet the amorous Youth,
 To relieve his soft pain,
 The slumbering Maid caress'd ;
 And with trembling Hand
 (O simple poor Swain !)
 Her glowing Bosom press'd :
 When the Virgin awak'd,
 And affrighted flew,
 Yet look'd as wishing
 He would pursue ;
With a fa, la, la, &c.
 But *Damon* miss'd his Cue.

Now, now repenting,
 That he had let her fly,
 Himself he thus accus'd,
 What a dull and a stupid
 Blockhead was I,
 That such a Chance abus'd ;
 To my Shame 'twill now
 On the Plains be said,
Damon a Virgin
 Asleep betray'd,
With a fa, la, la, &c.
 And let her go a Maid.

S O N G C V I .

W H I L E silently I lov'd, nor dar'd
 To tell my Crime aloud,
 The Influence of your Smiles I shar'd,
 In common with the Crowd.

But when I once my Flame express'd,
 In hopes to ease my Pain,
 You sing'd me out from all the rest,
 The Mark of your Disdain.

If thus, *Corinna*, you shall frown
 On all that do adore,
 Then all Mankind must be undone,
 Or you must smile no more.

S O N G C V I I .

O H! happy, happy Grove;
 Witness of our tender Love;
 Oh! happy, happy Shade,
 Where first our Vows were made:
 Blushing, sighing, melting, dying,
 Looks would charm a *Jove*;
 A thousand pretty Things she said,
 And all — and all was Love:
 But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,
 And forsakes the shady Groves;
 When I speak of mutual Joys,
 She knows not what I mean;
 Wanton Glances, fond Caresses,
 Now no more are seen,
 Since the false deluding Fair,
 Has left the flowry Green:

Mourn, ye Nymphs, that sporting play'd
 Where poor *Strepson* was betray'd:
 There the secret Wound she gave,
 When I was made her Slave.

S O N G C V I I I .

THE Sages of old,
 In Prophecy told,
 The Cause of a Nation's undoing ;
 But our new *English* Breed,
 No Prophecies need,
 For each one here seeks his own Ruin;

With Grumbling and Jars,
 We promote civil Wars,
 And preach up false Tenets to many ;
 We snarl and we bite,
 We rail and we fight
 For Religion, yet no Man has any.

Then him let's commend,
 That's true to his Friend,
 And the Church and the Senate would settle ;
 Who delights not in Blood,
 But draws when he should,
 And braveiy stands brunt to the Battle.

Who rails not at Kings,
 Nor politick Things,
 Nor Treason will speak when he's mellow,
 But takes a full Glass,
 To his Country's Success,
 This, this is an honest brave Fellow.

S O N G

S O N G . C I X .

WE all to conquering Beauty bow,
 It's pleasing Power admire;
 But I ne'er knew a Face till now,
 That cou'd like yours inspire:
 Now I may say, I met with one,
 Amazes all Mankind;
 And, like Men gazing on the Sun,
 With too much Light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving Sighs,
 When longing Lovers meet;
 Like the divining Prophets, wife;
 Like new-blown Roses, sweet:
 Modest, yet gay; reserv'd, yet free;
 Each happy Night a Bride;
 A Mien like awful Majesty,
 And yet no Spark of Pride.

The Patriarch, to win a Wife,
 Chaste, beautiful and young,
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
 And never thought it long:
 Ah! were you to reward such Care,
 And Life so long would stay,
 Not fourteen, but four hundred Years,
 Would seem but as one Day,

S O N G . C X .

PRithee, *Billy*, be'n't so silly,
 Thus to waste thy Days in Grief;
 You say, *Betty* will not let ye;
 But can Sorrow bring Relief?

Leave repining, cease your whining;
 Fox on Torment, Tears and Woe:
 If she's tender, she'll surrender,
 If she's tough, — e'en let her go.

S O N G C X I.

KINDLY, kindly, thus, my Treasure,
 Ever love me, ever charm;
 Let thy Passion know no Measure,
 Yet no jealous Fear alarm.

Why shou'd we, our Bliss beguiling,
 By dull doubting fall at odds?
 Meet my soft Embraces smiling,
 We'll be as happy as the Gods.

S O N G C X I I.

A Sour Reformation
 Crawls out thro' the Nation,
 While dunder-head Sages,
 Who hope for good Wages,
 Direct us the Way.
 Ye Sons of the Muses,
 Then cloke your Abuses;
 And, lest you shou'd trample
 On pious Example,
 Observe and obey.

Time-frenzy Curers,
 And stubborn Nonjurors,
 For want of Diversion,
 Now scourge the leud Times:

They've

They've hinted, they've printed,
 Our Vein it profane is,
 And worst of all Crimes;
 The clod-pated Railers,
 Smiths, Coblers and *Colliers*,
 Have damn'd all our Rhimes.

Under the Notion
 Of Zeal for Devotion,
 The Humour has fir'd 'em,
 And Malice inspir'd 'em,
 To tutor the Age :
 But if in Season,
 You'd know the true Reason;
 The Hopes of Preferment,
 Is what makes the Vermin
 Now rail at the Stage.

Cuckolds and Canters,
 With Scruples and Banters,
 Old *Oliver's* Peal,
 Against Poetry ring :
 But let State Revolvers,
 And Treason Absolvers,
 Excuse, if I sing,
 The Rebel that chuses
 To cry down the Muses,
 Wou'd cry down the King.

S O N G

SONG CXIII.

To the Tune of, *To you fair Ladies now at Land.*

I.

TO you fair Ladies now I write,
 Of *Arlington* I mean,
 To you with Pleasure I indite,
 Bright Beauty is my Theme;
 Oh then inspire my feeble Lays
 To sing *Selinda's* matchless Praise.
With a fa, la, la, la.

II.

But where shall I her Fame begin?
 Her Beauties how rehearse?
 Her Wit exceeds what I can sing.
 In soft harmonious Verse:
 Then since my Muse cannot commend,
 My Wishes still shall her attend.
With a fa, la, &c.

III.

Whene'er she does a bathing go,
 Then guard her from all Harms,
 Nor let th' invading Waters know
 Her secret beauteous Charms,
 Lest that the Floods should her retain,
 And chuse her Goddesses of the Main.
With a fa, la, &c.

IV.

Surprizing to each dazel'd Eye,
 The Waters shew her Face,
 Nor can the lovely Brilliant Sky
 Its radiant Charms surpass,

The Sun behind a Cloud does run,
Finding his brightness quite outdone.

With a fa, la, &c.

V.

But gentle Nymphs her Beauties hide,

Conduct her safe to shore,

For fear th' applauding rapid Tide

Affright her with its Roar :

Or rudely force her from your Sight,

Then 'twou'd with me be endless night.

With a fa, la, &c.

VI.

Whene'er to glad deserving Eyes,

She dances on the Green,

Exulting Swains with fond Surprise,

Survey her graceful Mien ;

Then gentle *Zephyrs* fan the Air.

To cool the blooming sprightly Fair.

With a fa, la, &c.

VII.

Or when to pass a tedious Hour

She deigns at Cards to play,

Let Fortune smiling shew her Power,

And wait on her all Day ;

For Honours are her just Deserts,

She is herself the Queen of Hearts.

With a fa, la, &c.

VIII.

Ye Nymphs of *Arlington* I pray,

Let her be all your Care,

In bathing, dancing, or at play,

Yet still preserve the Fair.

So may you ever happy prove,

As you are tender of my Love.

With a fa, la, la, la, la.

T. G.

S O N G

SONG CXIV.

CHLOE my Breast did fire,
 I flew to Wine for Aid,
 But *Bacchus* did conspire
 With *Cupid* and the Maid.
 I found 'em all agreed
 To wound a roving Heart;
 But thus myself I freed,
 I kifs'd the Punk,
 Made *Bacchus* drunk;
 And stole away Love's Dart.

T. G.

SONG CXV.

To the Tune of, *The Bonny Broom.*

I.

WHAT gars me sigh, ye often say?
 What gars me make sick Moan?
 The Lad that stole my Heart away,
 Has left me now forlorn.
Ah! the Loon, the Loon, the bonny Loon,
The Loon that stole my Heart,
Gin I shou'd ever see his Face.
We never more wou'd part.

II.

All cheerless are thy dreary Hours,
 My Life is spent in Woe,
 And trickling Tears like *April* Showers,
 Now down my Cheeks do flow.
Ah! the Loon, &c.

III.

III.

For blythfome Days I ne'er mun see,

But weep still and complain,

Since he from *Aberdeen* does flee,

Regardless of my Pain.

Ah! the Loon, &c.

IV.

To *Britain's* Isle makes mickle Speed

To woe some Lats does hie,

And cares not since he has past the *Tweed*,

Whether I live or die.

Ah! the Loon, &c.

V.

Ah! lovely *Jockey* hear my Moan,

Return and save my Life,

I'll work my Fingers to the Bone

'Gin thou'lt make me thy Wife.

Ah! the Loon, &c.

VI.

But since I ne'er mun hope to hear

His wily 'witching Tongue,

Where'er my *Jockey* shou'd appear

You'll ken him by my Song.

Ah! the Loon, &c.

VII.

Black Eye-brows do his Face adorn,

His Teeth like Ivory white,

His twinkling Eyes does shine ilk Morn,

Like Stars, i'th' darkest Night.

Ah! the Loon, &c.

VIII.

His rosie Lips like silk did feel,

When he his Leave did take,

But ah! his Heart is hard as Steel,

Which gars my heart to break.

Ah! the Loon, &c.

IX.

Ye bony Lassies blyth and fair,
 My lovely Jockey thun,
 And of your tender Hearts take care;
 Or soon you'll be undone.

By the Loon, &c.

X.

With guiling Words he tells his Tale,
 And sweetly does complain;
 But if he once with ye prevail,
 You'll feel full nine Months Pain

By the Loon, the Loon, the bonny Loon,

The Loon that stole my Heart.

Gin I shou'd ever see his Face,

We never more wou'd part.

T. G.

SONG CXVI.

To the Tune of, *The Lass of Peaty's Mill,*

KE N ye the blythsome Lass
 That dwells near *Aberdeen*?

Wha featly treads the Grass,
 When dancing on the Green.

The Graces do commend
 Whene'er she 'gins to move,

And *Cupid* does attend,
 As she were Queen of Love.

II.

The Bards of auld, did feign
 That *Venus* was most fair,

But sure with sparkling *Fane*,
 She never cou'd compare;

Her

Her Een they shine more bright
Than Stars which Skies adorn,
Than *Luna* in the Night,
Or *Phœbus* in the Morn.

III.

Fair Lillies of the Field,
Which grace the flow'ry Plain,
Nor Rosés Sweetness yield,
Compar'd to bonny *Jane* ;
Their Colour, and their Smell
Seem faded and decay'd,
As they untimely fell,
When near the blooming Maid.

IV.

I wish na for the Wealth
Of *India's* distant Shore,
Give me but her, and Health,
And then I ask no more ;
Whilst of her Heart possess't,
And ruling there alone,
I envy not the best
Of Monarchs on his Throne.

T. G.

To L. M. M.

Tune, *Rantin roaring Willie!*

O MARY! thy graces and glances,
Thy smiles so enchantingly gay,
And thoughts so divinely harmonious,
Clear wit and good humour display.

B. G.

But say not thou'lt imitate angels
 Ought farrer, tho' scarcely, ah me!
 Can be found equalizing thy merit,
 A match amongst mortals for thee.

Thy many fair beauties shed fires
 May warm up ten thousand to love,
 Who despairing, may fly to some other,
 While I may despair, but ne'er rove.
 What a mixture of sighing and joys
 This distant adoring of thee,
 Gives to a fond heart too aspiring,
 Who loves in sad silence like me?

Thus looks the poor beggar on treasure,
 And shipwreck'd on landskips on shore:
 Be still more divine, and have pity;
 I die soon as hope is no more.
 For, *MARY*, my soul is thy captive,
 Nor loves, nor expects, to be free;
 Thy beauties are fetters delightful,
 Thy slavery's a pleasure to me.

This is no mine ain House.

THIS is not mine ain house,
 I ken by the rigging o't;
 Since with my love I've changed vows,
 I dinna like the bigging o't
 For now that I'm young *Robie's* bride,
 And mistress of his fire-side,
 Mine ain House I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the trigging o't.

Then

Then farewell to my father's house,
 I gang where love invites me;
 The strictest duty this allows,
 When love with honour meets me.
 When *Hymen* moulds us into ane,
 My *Robie's* nearer than my kin,
 And to refuse him were a sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain house,
 True love shall be at hand ay
 To make me still a prudent spouse,
 And let my man command ay;
 Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
 The common pest of married life,
 That makes ane wearied of his wife,
 And breaks the kindly band ay.

Fint a Crum of thee she faws.

Return hameward, my heart, again,
 And bide where thou was wont to be,
 Thou art a fool to suffer pain
 For love of ane that loves not thee:
 My heart, let be sic fantasie,
 Love only where thou hast good cause;
 Since scorn and liking ne'er agree,
 The fint a crum of thee she faws.

To what effect should thou be thrall?
 Be happy in thine ain free will,
 My heart, be never bestial,
 But ken wha does thee good or ill:

At hame with me then tarry still,
 And see wha best can play their paws;
 And let the filly fling her fill,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Tho' she be fair, I will not fenzie,
 She's of a kind with mony mae;
 For why, they are a felon menzie
 That seemeth good, and are not fae.
 My heart, take neither sturt nor wae
 For *Meg*, for *Marjory*, or *Mause*,
 But be thou blyth, and let her gae,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Remember how that *Medea*
 Wild for a sight of *Jason* yied,
 Remember how young *Cressida*
 Left *Troilus* for *Diomedes*;
 Remember *Helen*, as we read,
 Brought *Troy* from blifs unto bair waws :
 Then let her gae where she may speed,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws,

Because she said I took it ill,
 For her depart my heart was fair,
 But was beguil'd ; gae where she will,
 Beshrew the heart that first takes care :
 But be thou merry, late and air,
 This is the final end and clause,
 And let her teed and fooly fair,
 For fint a crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my breast,
 Ne'er let her slights thy courage spill,
 Nor gi'e a fob, altho' she sneest,
 She's fairest paid that gets her will.

She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
 When she glaicks paughty in her braws;
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
 For sint a crum of thee she faws. Z.

To Mrs. E. C.

Tune, Sae mēry as we have been.

NOW *Phæbus* advances on high,
 Nae footsteps of winter are seen;
 The birds carrol sweet in the sky,
 And lambkins dance reels on the green.
 Thro' plantings, by burnies fae clear,
 We wander for pleasure and health,
 Where buddings and blossoms appear,
 Giving prospects of joy and wealth.

View ilka gay scene all around,
 That are, and that promise to be;
 Yet in them a' nothing is found,
 Sae perfect *Eliza* as thee.
 Thy een the clear fountains excel,
 Thy locks they out-rival the grove;
 When zephyres those pleasingly swell,
 Ilk wave makes a captive to love.

The roses and lillies combin'd,
 And flowers of maist delicate hue,
 By thy cheek and dear breasts are out-shin'd,
 Their tinctures are naithing so true.

What

What can we compare with thy voice?
 And what with thy humour sae sweet?
 Nae musick can blefs with sic joys;
 Sure angels are just sae complete.

Fair blossom of ilka delight
 Whose beauties ten thousand out-shine,
 Thy sweets shall be lasting and bright,
 Being mixt with sae many divine.
 Ye powers who have given sic charms
 To *Eliza*, your image below,
 O save her frae all humane harms!
 And make her hours happily flow.

My Dady forbad, and my Minny forbad.

When I think on my lad,
 I sigh and am sad,
 For now he is far frae me.
 My dady was harsh,
 My minny was warse,
 That gart him gae yont the sea,
 Without an estate,
 That made him look blate;
 And yet a brave lad is he.
 Gin safe he come hame,
 In spite of my dame,
 He'll ever be welcome to me.

 Love speers nae advice
 Of parents o'er wise,
 That have but ae bairn like me,
 That looks upon cash,
 As naithing but trash,
 That shackles what shou'd be free.

And

And tho' my dear lad
 Not ae penny had,
 Since qualities better has he ;
 Abiet I'm an heirefs,
 I think it but fair is,
 To love him, since he loves me.

Then my dear *Jamie*,
 To thy kind *Jeanie*,
 Haste, haste thee in o'er the sea,
 To her wha can find
 Nae ease in her mind,
 Without a blyth sight of thee.
 Tho' my dady forbad,
 And my minny forbad,
 Forbidden I will not be ;
 For since thou alone
 My favour hast won,
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me.

Yet them I'll not grieve,
 Or without their leave,
 Gi'e my hand as a wife to thee :
 Be content with a heart,
 That can never desert,
 Till they cease or oppose to be.
 My parents may prove
 Yet friends to our love,
 When our firm resolves they see ;
 Then I with pleasure
 Will yield up my treasure,
 And a' that love orders to thee.

Tune,

Tune, Steer her up, and had her gawn.

O Steer her up, and had her gawn,
 Her mither's at the mill, jo;
 But gin she winna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, jo.
 Pray thee, lad, leave filly thinking,
 Cast thy cares of love away;
 Let's our sorrows drown in drinking,
 'Tis daffin langer to delay.

See that shining glass of claret,
 How invitingly it looks;
 Take it aff, and let's have mair o't,
 Pox on fighting, trade and books.
 Let's have pleasure while we're able,
 Bring us in the meikle bowl,
 Plac'd on the middle of the table,
 And let wind and weather gowl.

Call the drawer, let him fill it
 Fou, as ever it can hold;
 O tak tent ye dinna spill it,
 'Tis mair precious far than gold.
 By you've drunk a dozen bumpers,
Bacchus will begin to prove,
 Spite of *Venus* and her *Mumpers*,
 Drinking better is than love.

Clout the Caldron.

HAve you any pots or pans,
 Or any broken chandlers?
 I am a tinkler to my trade,
 And newly come frae *Flanders*,
 As scant of filler as of grace,
 Disbanded, we've a bad-run;
 Gar tell the lady of the place,
 I'm come to clout her caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Madam, if you have wark for me,
 I'll do't to your contentment,
 And dinna care a single flie
 For any man's resentment;
 For lady fair, tho' I appear
 To every ane a tinkler,
 Yet to your fell I'm bauld to tell,
 I am a gentle jinker.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Love *Jupiter* into a swan
 Turn'd, for his lovely *Leda*;
 He like a bull o'er meadows ran,
 To carry aff *Europa*.
 Then may not I, as well as he,
 To cheat your *Argos* blinker,
 And win your love like mighty *Jove*,
 Thus hide me in a tinkler.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

Sir, ye appear a cunning man,
 But this fine plot you'll fail in,
 For there is neither pot nor pan
 Of mine you'll drive a nail in.

Then bind your budget on your back,
 And nails up in your apron,
 For I've a tinkler under tack
 That's us'd to clout my caldron.
Fa adrie, didle, didle, &c.

The Malt-Man.

THE malt-man comes on *Munday*,
 He craves wonder fair,
 Cries, *dame, come gi'e me my filler,*
Or malt ye fall ne'er get mair.
 I took him into the pantry,
 And gave him some good cock-broo,
 Syne paid him upon a gantree,
 As hostler wives should do.

When malt-men come for filler,
 And gaugers with wands o'er soon,
 Wives, tak them a' down to the cellar,
 And clear them as I have done.
 This bewith, when cunzie is scanty,
 Will keep them frae making din,
 The knack I leav'd frae an auld aunty,
 The snackest of a' my kin.

The malt-man is right cunning,
 But I can be as flee,
 And he may crack of his winning,
 When he clears scores with me :
 For come when he likes, I'm ready ;
 But if frae hame I be,
 Let him wait on our kind lady,
 She'll answer a bill for me.

Bonny

*Bonny B E S S Y.*Tune, *Bessy's Haggies.*

B E S S Y's beauties shine so bright,
 Were her many vertues fewer,
 She wad ever give delight,
 And in transport make me view her;
 Bonny *Bessy*, thee alane
 Love I, naithing else about thee;
 With thy comeliness I'm tane,
 And langer cannot live without thee.

B E S S Y's bosom's fast and warm,
 Milk-white fingers still employ'd,
 He who takes her to his arm,
 Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.
 My dear *Bessy*, when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Vertue, which thy mind discloses,
 Will keep love frae growing caulder.

B E S S Y's tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 These enchanting sweets in plenty
 Must intice a thousand lovers.
 It's not Money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon,
 Petted things can nought but teeze ye.

Omnia vincit amor.

AS I went forth to view the Spring
 Which *Flora* had adorned
 In raiment fair; now every thing
 The rage of winter scorned:
 I cast mine eye and did espy
 A youth, who made great clamor;
 And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,
 Hard by a murm'ring river,
 And mournfully his doleful song
 With sighs he did deliver;
 Ah! *Jeany's* face and comely grace,
 Her locks that shin'd like lammer,
 With burning rays have cut my days;
 For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets sheen;
 The morning sun out-shining,
 Have caught my heart in *Cupid's* net,
 And make me die with pining,
 Durst I complain, nature's to blame,
 So curiously to frame her,
 Whose beauties rare make me with care
 Cry, *omnia vincit amor.*

Ye chrystal streams that swiftly glide,
 Be partners of my mourning,
 Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
 Condemn her for her scorning:
 Let every tree a witness be,
 How justly I may blame her;
 Ye chanting birds note these my words,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had she been kind as she was fair,
 She long had been admir'd,
 And been ador'd for vertues rare,
 Wh' of life now makes me tir'd.
 Thus said, his breath began to fail,
 He could not speak, but stammer;
 He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
 But *omnia vincit amor*.

When I observ'd him near to death,
 I run in haste to save him,
 But quickly he resign'd his breath,
 So deep the wound love gave him.
 Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
 My tongue shall ay defame her,
 While on his herse I'll write this verse,
 Ah! *omnia vincit amor*.

Straight I consider'd in my mind
 Upon the matter rightly,
 And found, tho' *Cupid* he be blind,
 He proves in pith most mighty.
 For warlike *Mars* nor thund'ring *Jove*,
 And *Vulcan* with his hammer,
 Did ever prove the slaves of love,
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may see the effects of love,
 Which Gods and men keep under,
 That nothing can his bonds remove,
 Or torments break asunder:
 Nor wise, nor fool, need go to school,
 To learn this from his grammar;
 His heart's the book where he's to look,
 For *omnia vincit amor*.

EXPLANATION of the Scots Words.

A' All *Abiet*, *Albeit*. *Aboon*, Above. *Ae*, One. *Aff*, Off. *Aften*, Often. *Ailz*, Oak. *Ain*, Own. *Aith*, Oath. *Air*, Early. *Alane*, Alone. *Amaist*, Almost. *Ambry*, Cupboard. *Ane*, One. *Anither*, Another, *Awa*, Away. *Auld*, Old, *A-yont*, Beyond.

Ba', Ball. *Baith*, Both. *Bane*, Bone. *Banrocks*, Oat-bread. *Baps*, Roll-bread. *Bawm*, Balm. *Bauk*, Baulk. *Be-dralls*, Beedles. *Beet*, to help or repair. *Bend*, to drink. *Bennison*, Blessing. *Bent*, the open Fields. *Bewith*, somewhat, in the mean time. *Birks*, Birch. *Bigg*, Build. *Billy*, Brother. *Bindging*, Becking, Bending. *Blate*. Bashful. *Blaw*, Blow. *Bleeze*, Blaze. *Blink*, Glance of the Eye. *Blutter*, Blunder. *Bode*, Predict. *Bodin*, Stored. *Bot* or *But*, Without. *Bougil*, sounding Horns. *Bountith*, a Gratuity. *Bowt*, Bolt. *Brachen*, a sort of Broth. *Bre*, Rising Ground. *Brankit*, prim'd up. *Braid*, Broad. *Brander*, a Gridiron. *Braw*, Finely dress'd. *Broach*, a Buckle. *Brak*, broken Parts, or Refuse. *Brow*, the Forehead. *Bruick*, to love and enjoy. *Bught*, Sheep-fold. *Burnist*, Polished. *Burn*, a Rivulet: *Busk*, to deck. *But and Ben*, be out and be in. *Byer*, a Cow-house.

Ca, Call. *Cadzie*, Cheerful. *Caff*, Calf. *Id*, Chaff, *Canna*, Cannot. *Canker'd*, Angry. *Canny*, Cautious, Lucky. *Carlings*, Old Women. *Id*. Boyl'd Pease. *Cauld*, Cold. *Cauller*, Cool, Fresh. *Cawk*, Chalk, *Clag*, Failing or Imperfection. *Clat*, a Rake. *Claiths*, Cloaths, *Clashes*, Tittle tattle. *Clock*, a Bettle. *Cockernony*, the Hair bound up. *Cod*, a Pillow. *Ceft*, Bought. *Cogg*, a wooden Dish. *Coof*, a Blockhead. *Coots*, Joint of the Ankle. *Courtchea* or *Kyrthcea*, a Handkerchief. *Crack*, to boast. *Creel*, Basket or Hamper. *Crocks*, lean Sheep: *Croft*, Corn-land. *Crouse*, Brisk, Bold. *Crowdymowdy*, a sort of Gruel. *Crummy*, a Cow's Name. *Cunzie*, Coin.

Daffin, Folly, Wantonness. *Daft*, Mad, Foolish. *Dawt*, Fondle, Carefs. *Dight*, to wipe. *Dimma*, do not. *Ding*, Beat. *Dool*, Trouble. *Dofend*, Frozen, Cold, *Dorty*, Haughty. *Dow*, Can, *Id*. Dove. *Downa*, Cannot. *Dowf*, Spiritless. *Doughtna*, Could not. *Dowy*, Weary, Lonely. *Drant*, to speak slow. *Drammock*, Cold Gruel. *Drap*, Drop. *Dwining* decaying. *Dunting*, Beating. *Dulce and Tangle*, Sea-Plants. *Durk*, a Dagger.

Eard, Earth. *Een*, Eyes. *Eild*, Age. *Eith*, Easy. *Elding*, Fuel. *Eem*, Cousin. *Ettle*, Aim. *Eydent*, Diligent.

Fa',

Fa', Fall. *Fadge*, a coarse sort of Roll-Bread. *Fae*, Foe. *Fand*, Found. *Fangle*, *Newfangle*, Fond of what's new. *Farles*, thin Oat-cakes. *Fash*, Trouble. *Fause*, False. *Faut*, Fault. *Fee*, Wages. *Feirs*, Brothers. *Fendy*, Active, Industrious. *Fenzie*, Feign. *Ferly*, Wonder. *Fey*, Attended by a Fatality. *Flee*, Fly. *Flouks*, Flounders. *Flyte*, to scold. *Fog*, Mofs. *Fore*, to the fore, in being or lasting. *Fouth*, Plenty. *Frae*, From. *Fraising*, Babbling with a foolish wonder. *Fou*, or *Fu'*, Full.

Gab, the Mouth, *Gabocks*, large Mouthfuls. *Gaberlunzie*, a Wallet that hangs on the Side or Loin. *Gae*, Gave. *Id*. Go. *Game*, Gone. *Gar*, make or cause. *Gawfy*, Jolly, Large. *Gate*, Way. *Gawn*, Going. *Gawd*, Gall'd. *Id*. Goad. *Gawky*, Empty, Foolish. *Gaunt*, to yawn. *Geck*, to flout and jeer. *Genty*, Small and neat. *Gin*, and *Gef*, If. *Glaiive*, a Sword. *Glakit*, Idle and rompish. *Glee*, Joy. *Gleed*, Squinting. *Glen*, a Hollow between Hills. *Gloyd*, an old Horse. *Glower*, to stare. *Gowk*, the Cuckow. *Id*. a Fool. *Gowping*, Handful. *Graip*, to grop. *Id*. a trident Fork for Dung. *Graith*, Accoutrements. *Groats*, Skin'd Oats. *Gutcher*, Grandfather.

Ha, Hall, *Hae*, Have. *Haf*, Half. *Hagies*, a boy'd Pudding made of a Sheep's Pluck minc'd with Suet. *Halucket*, Light-headed, Whimsical. *Hale*, Whole. *Haly*, Holy. *Hame*, Home. *Hames*, and *Brechome*, Wore about the Neck of a Cart-horse. *Haruse*, Embrace. *Heeze*, to lift. *Hecht*, Promised. *Heugh*, any steep Place. *Hodle*, to rock in walking. *Hodin*, Coarse Cloth. *Hows*, Hollows. *Howms*, Valleys on River-sides.

Fee, to jee back and again, the Motion of a Ballance. *A-jee*, Aside. *Ill-fard*, Ill-favoured or ugly. *Ilk*, Each. *Ilka*, Every. *Ingle*, Fire. *Jo*, Sweetheart. *Fouk*, to bow. *Irk*, Weary or tired. *Ire*, Afraid of Ghosts. *Ishocles*, Iceficles. *Ise*, I shall. *Ither*, Other.

Kairn or *Cairn*, Heaps of monumental Stones. *Kame*, Comb. *Kail*, Coleworts. *Id*. Broth. *Kebuck*, a Cheese. *Keek*, Peep. *Ken*, Know. *Kepp*, to catch. *Kilted*, Tuck'd up. *Kirn*, Churn. *Kirtle*, Upper Petticoat. *Kimmer*, a she Gossip. *Kurchie*, Handkerchief.

Lag, to fall behind. *Laigh*, Low. *Lain* Ownself. *Laiih*, Loth. *Lapperd*, Crudled. *Law*, Low. *Lawty*, Justice. *Lave*, the rest. *Lee*, Fallow Ground. *Leesome*, Lovely. *Lexeme*, a Phrase used when one loves or is pleased with a Person. *Leil*, Exact. *Lengh*, Laughed. *Lib*, to geld. *Lilt*, a Tune. *Linkan*, to move quickly. *Loor*, Rather. *Loos*, Loves. *Loun*, a fly Wencher. *Lout*, to bow. *Lown*, Calm. *Lowan*, Flaming. *Lucken*, Gathered together, or close joyn'd to one another. *Lyart*, Hoary or Gray.

Maik, a Mate. *Mair*, More. *Maist*, Most. *Maksna*, it matters not. *Mave*, Mone. *March*, Limits or Border of Grounds.

Marrow, Match. *Maun*, Must. *Mawking*, a Hare. *Ma-vis*, the Thrush. *Meickle* or *Muckle*, Much. *Meise*, Move. *Mends*, Revenge. *Menſe*, Manners. *Id.* to decore. *Menzie*, a Company or Retinue. *Milſy*, a Search for Milk. *Mint*, Attempt. *Minny*, Mother. *Mirk*, Dark. *Mons-meg*, a very large Iron Cannon in the Caſtle of *Edinb.* capable to hold two People. *Mou*, Mouth. *Moup*, to eat as wanting Teeth. *Mouſer*, the Miller's Toll. *Muck*, Dung. *Mutches*, Linen Quois or Hoods.

Na and *Nae*, No, None. *Nane*, None. *Nees*, Noſe. *Neiſt*, Next. *Nither*, Starve or Pinch. *Norwither* Neither.

Oe, Granchild. *Ony*, Any. *Owrly*, a Cravat. *Owſen*, Oxen. *Oxter*, Arm-pit.

Pantry, a Buttery. *Partans*, Crab-fiſh. *Pat*, Put. *Pawky*, Cunning. *Paunches*, Tripe. *Peat-pot*, Peat Coal-pit. *Pibroch*, a Highland Tune. *Pickle*, a ſmall Share. *Pig*, Earthen-pot. *Pillar*, Stool of Repentance. *Pine*, Pain. *Pith*, Strength. *Plet*, to fold. *Id.* twiſt. *Poortith*, Poverty. *Pou* or *Pu*, Pull. *Pow*, Poll. *Powſowdy*, Ram-head Sup. *Prig*, Hidle. *Prive*, to prove or taſte.

Rair, Roar. *Raſhes*, Ruſhes. *Red-up*, Put in order. *Renzie*, Rein. *Rever*, Robber. *Rifarts*, Radishes. *Rife*, Plenty. *Riggs*, Ridges. *Row*, Roll. *Rowth*, Wealth. *Rude*, Crois. *Runkled*, Wrinkled. *Rung*, a Club. *Ruſe*, or *Roofe*, to praife.

Sae, So. *Saft*, Soft. *Sair*, Sore. *Sawt*, Salt. *Seim*, Appearance. *Seli*, Self. *Sey*, Try. *Shanna*, Shall not. *Shanny-mouth'd* or *Shevil gabit*, the Mouth much to one Side. *Sharn*, Cow-dung. *Shaw*, Show. *Id.* a Woody-bank. *Shoo*, a Shoe. *Shoon*, Shoes. *Shore*, to threaten. *Shire*, Thin. *A ſhire Lick*, A ſmart Fellow. *Sic* or *Sick*, Such. *Sican*, Such an one. *Sin* or *Syne*, Since. *Sindle*, Seldom. *Sinſyn*, Since that time. *Skair*, Share. *Skaith*, Harm, Loſs. *Skink*, Strong Sup. *Sma*, Small, *Snack*, Smart. *Sna*, Snow. *Sneift*, to ſnarl. *Snifhing*, Snuff. *Snood*, a Headband. *Snug*, Convenient, Neat. *Sodden*, Boyl'd. *Sonſy*, Fortunate, Jolly. *Sowens*, a kind of ſow'd Gruel boyl'd like Paſte. *Soum*, of Sheep, 20. *Spake*, Spoke. *Spær*, to aſk. *Spelding*, dry'd White-fiſh. *Stalwart*, Strong, well-made. *Stane*, Stone. *Starns*, Stars. *Steek*, Shut. *Stend*, Stalk haſtily. *Stirk*, a young Bullock. *Stoup*, a Prop. *Strae*, Straw. *Streek*, Stretch. *Stenzie*, to ſtain. *Swats*, Small Ale. *Sweer*, Unwilling, Lazy. *Swither*, in doubt. *Sybows*, young Onions. *Syne*, Then.

Tae, Toc. *Tald*, Told. *Taiken*, Token. *Tane*, Taken, *Id.* the one. *Tap* Top. *Tauk*, Talk. *Tent*, Notice. *Thae*, Thoſe. *Theyſe*, they ſhall. *Thole*, to ſuffer. *Thowles*, Spiritleſs. *Thud*, Noiſe of a Stroke. *Tine*, Loſe. *Tint*, Loſt. *Titter*, Rather. *Techer*, Dowry. *Tgoly*, Fight, Contend. *Todden*, a rolling ſhort

short Step. *Touzele*, to ruffle. *Trig*, Neat. *Trow*, Believe, *Tryst*, Appointment. *Twin*, to part from.

Wad, Would. *Wae*, Woe, *Wale*, to chuse, the Choice. *Waen*, Child *Wallowit*, Faded or Wither'd. *Wan*, Pale, *Id.* *Won*. *Walop*, Galop. *Wame*, Womb. *Ware*, Bestow. *War*, Worse. *Wat*, Know. *Waws*, Walls. *Wawlk*, Walk. *Id.* *Wake*. *Wawkrife*, not inclined to sleep. *Wear in*, Hem in *Wee*, Little. *Weind*, Thought. *Weirs*, Wars. *Wha*, Who. *Whang*, a large Cut. *Whatrecks*, What matters it. *Whilk*, Which. *Whinging*, Whining. *Whisht*, Hold your Peace. *Whillywba*, a Cheat or Bite. *Wilks*, Sea-snails *Win* or *Won*, Dwell. *Winna*, Will not. *Winsome*, Handsome *Wist*, Known. *Withershins*, to move contrary. *Woo*, Wool. *Wood*, Mad. *Woody*, a Withy. *Wow!* Wonderful! *Id.* Ah! *Wylie*, Cunning. *Wyson*, the Gullet. *Wyte*, to blame. *Unco*, very strange.

Yad, a Mare. *Yese*, Ye shall. *Tern*, Desire. *Yestreen*, Yesternight.

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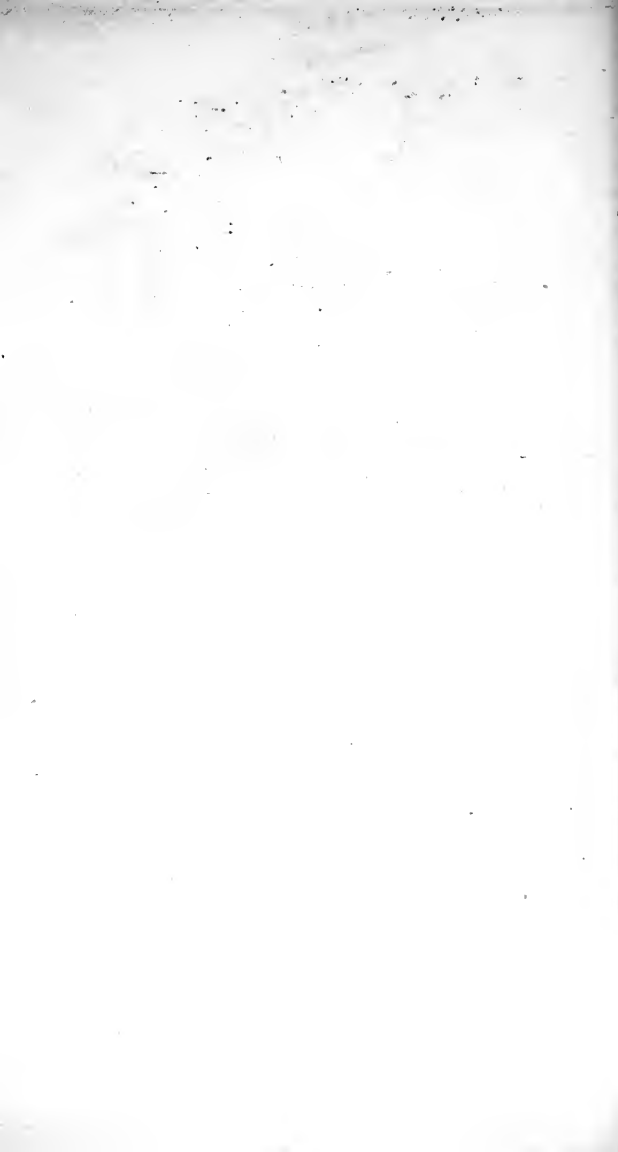
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